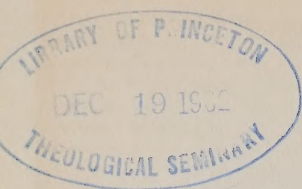


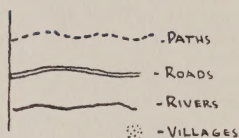
INTIMATE DISCIPLE

A Portrait of
WILLARD RICHARDS

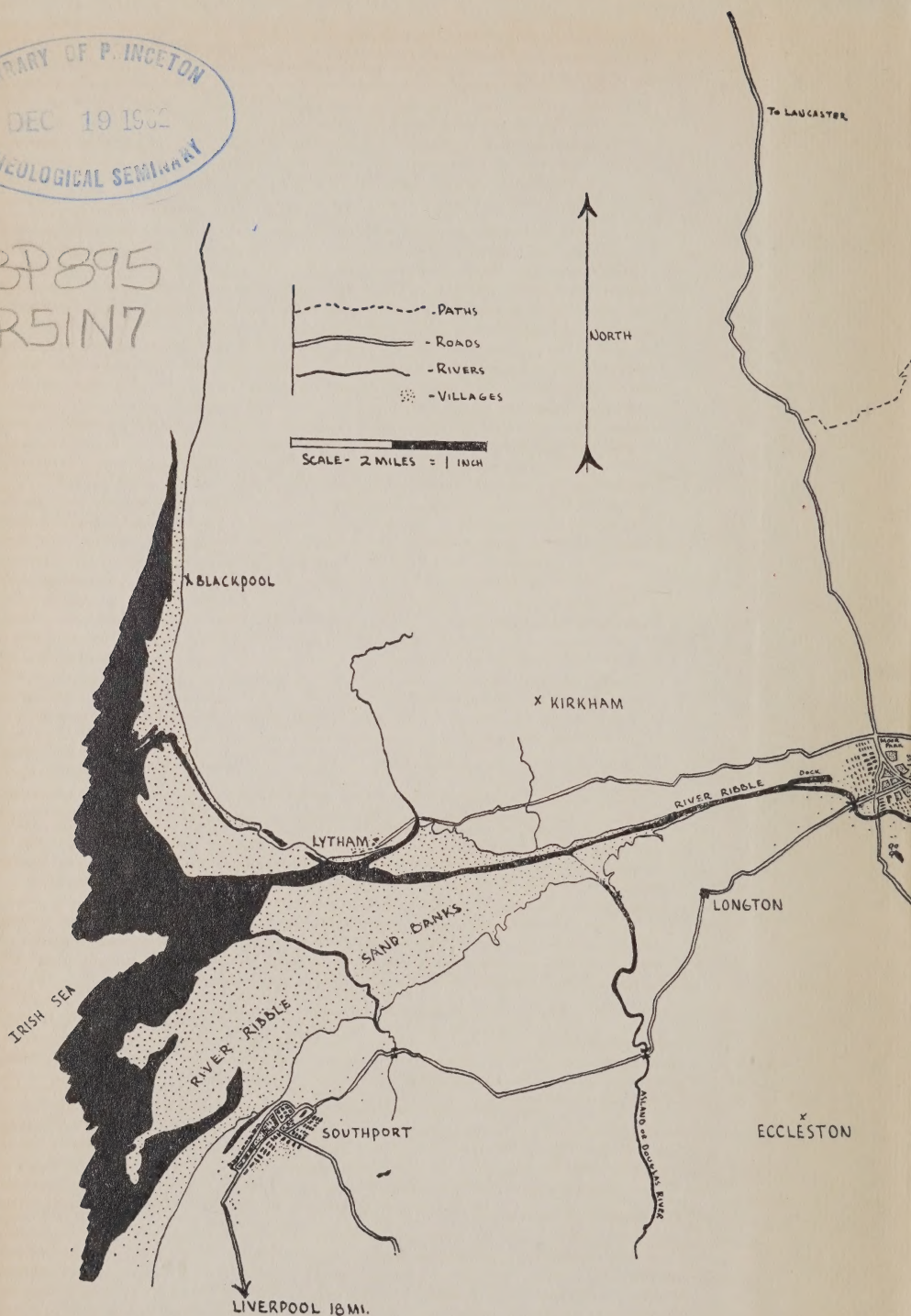
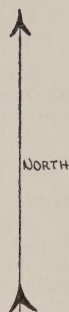
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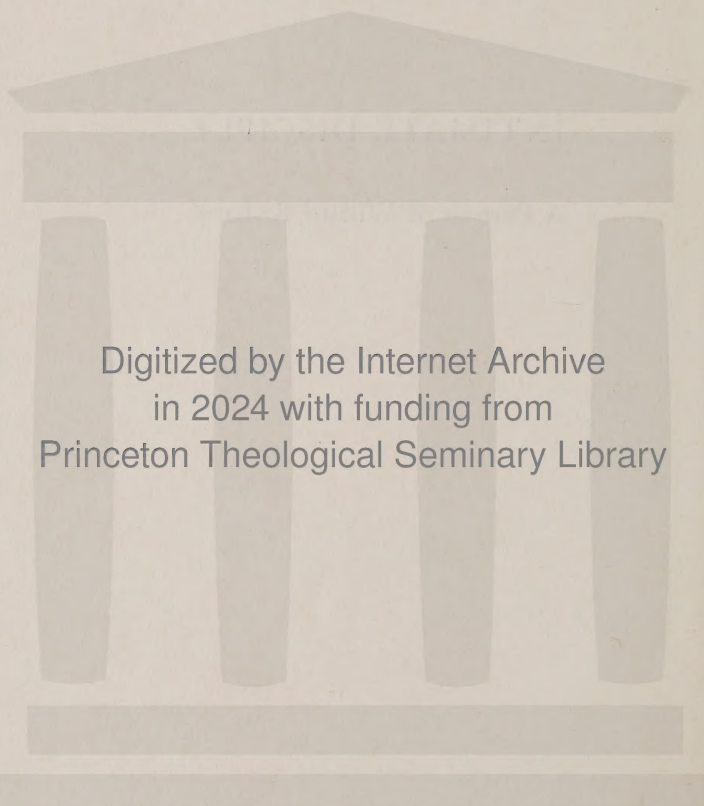
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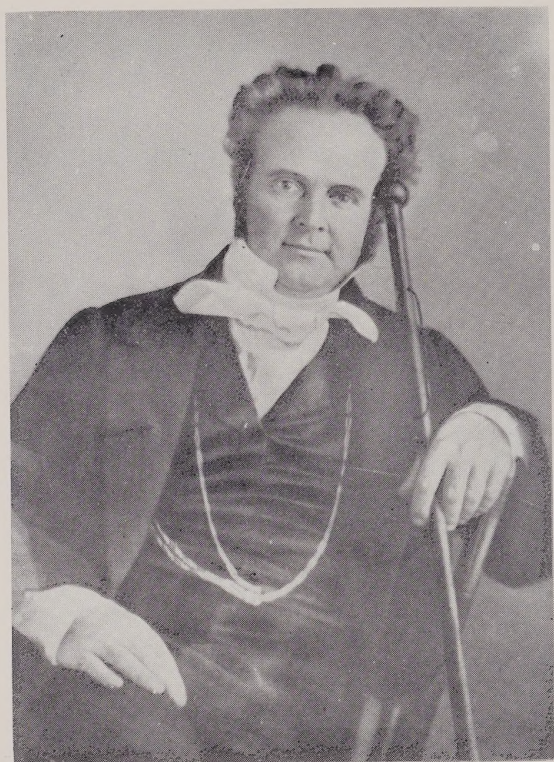


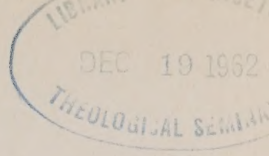
INTIMATE DISCIPLE

A Portrait of Willard Richards



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INTIMATE DISCIPLE

A Portrait of

WILLARD RICHARDS

Apostle to Joseph Smith — Cousin of Brigham Young

BY

✓
CLAIRE NOALL



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FIRST PRINTING

TO MY HUSBAND

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a grant-in-aid from Willard B. Richards, Jr.*

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As a boy Willard Richards lived in western Massachusetts. He was taught that through Adam's fall "... Mankind by nature are dead in trespasses and sin, children of wrath and justly condemned to everlasting punishment ..." But he was also taught that through Christ's atonement and the mediation of a regularly ordained minister, a person might be saved were he one of the fortunate few to whom God had extended grace.

When Willard could not turn to his minister for hope of his own salvation, he had need of other spiritual aid. For he was a lad who stood with his feet at the brink of hell and his back against the straight wall of Puritanism, six generations of it on both sides of his family.

Still, his father's children dwelt in affection, with high ideals for the thriftiest use of time and means to hoe the ground, keep the house, and preserve the altar. But Willard, the youngest of the eleven children, worked with more than hoe in hand. His mind tarried in the paths of the stars, the rain, and the clouds. Even on the Lord's Day, he — by his own word a careless youth in both habit and dress — felt no inclination to smooth his hair or fasten his garters around his long black stockings. Books were made to be read, even on the Sabbath, and, if read, to question. And at whom should he fire his questions except the learned man of the cloth who lived for over six months with the Richards family?

Because of Willard's nonconformity, the minister folded his dark arms over his spotless white ruff, refusing the plea for admission to the Richmond Congregational Society. The boy's adolescent love of God became a deep-seated sense of unease, a compass leading him straight to the burning pit, as if the world were really flat. Above the dark hills the stars then hung in more remote and tantalizing light.

Willard Richards taught school; he barnstormed with an electrical show and practiced medicine before his hoe struck fire from

the rock in the form of his soul's truth. He saw this light in the *Book of Mormon* but was not yet ripe for the "gold bible." That state required a long period of contemplative study. When at last he accepted the shelter of its doctrine, he was ready to offer his life to keep the leaves of the book open, and their message far-spreading.

The story of his life seems best told through his own eyes. I have frequently used his words, but have supplied many others. The latter have largely been chosen from his own statements and the language of his lucid family, who left thousands and thousands of lines in letters, journals, and maxims, as he himself did. I have employed in my portrait the pigments supplied by his brothers, sisters, friends, and enemies, striving always to grasp the inner truth of a situation.

I could not do this alone. Help has at times come to me almost miraculously at the precise moment I have needed it most. Through Elder Oscar McConkie of the New England States Mission, I met the Reverend Kenneth Beckwith, Amherst, Massachusetts, head of the Congregational Churches in western Massachusetts. He added to my understanding of Congregationalism. But more important, he introduced me to Mr. Henry W. Dwight of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a direct descendant of Reverend E. W. Dwight, the minister in question in Willard Richards' life. Mr. Dwight opened to me the "Dwight Collection," which contains among other fascinating memorabilia six original sermons of the Reverend E. W. Dwight. One of these presents the minister's exact views on science.

The late Reverend J. Frank Robinson, former pastor of the Phillips Congregational Church in Salt Lake City, and at one time pastor of an eastern Massachusetts Society, referred me to the Reverend Harry Butman, former pastor of the Dedham, Massachusetts, Congregational Church. Mr. Butman read the first chapter of *Intimate Disciple*, and offered a few suggestions. In eastern Massachusetts two gentlemen, now deceased — Mr. J. Howard Leman, a financier; and Mr. Harry A. Cheney, a farmer who kept a collection of some 5,000 books in a shed, where he frequently read, studied, and chuckled — were extremely gracious in helping me to feel the spirit of Hopkinton and Holliston. Through their copies of original maps, I established the location of the Phineas Howe, the Joseph Richards, the John Young, and the John Haven farmsteads.

Mrs. Ruth Babb, curator, Holliston Historical Society, and Miss Minnie Marshall, librarian, Hopkinton public library, have given their time and interest to this work.

In Richmond, Massachusetts, Mrs. F. B. Sherrill sent me to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark. They led me to the home of Nancy Richards Peirson, and to a spot where, because I had pieced together half-sentences from various journals, I discovered the Joseph Richards house on Dublin Road. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thomas, the present owners of this place, showed me through their hospitable home.

In Boston Dr. Janet MacArthur and Dr. Madelaine R. Brown gave clinical consideration to the illness that Willard Richards suffered immediately following his first reading of the *Book of Mormon*.

Elder Harlan Y. Hammond, formerly of the British Mission, introduced me through correspondence to Mrs. Margery Pollard of Nelson, Lancashire, England, who did the research necessary to my acquaintance with the valleys of the Ribble and Hodder Rivers. She found almost as they stood in his own day the Reverend John Richards' manse and chapel at Walkerfold. Mrs. Pollard photographed them and sent me the pictures. She visited the homes around the Primrose Mills in Clitheroe, reconstructing for me the surroundings of the Stephen Longstroth home. She also read part of my manuscript, offering suggestions on the folkways and idiom of northern Lancashire, and thus on my interpretation of a people I had not met. I have since visited England.

In Salt Lake City I called together a representative group of grandsons and granddaughters of Willard Richards, asking permission to write the biography in the form of the novel. After hearing a portion of the manuscript, they gave their full consent. Members of the family, J. Richards Smith, Preston Richards, Bryan Barton, and Richards Whitmore, have proved their interest through "token-aid."

Mrs. Florence Saxton, who loaned me the Nancy Peirson journal, having rescued it from a bonfire at her father's home in Oakley, Utah, sent me from her hard earnings a check to help with the "work on Uncle Willard's life." This touched me deeply, as did Mrs. Addie Hardy's loan of her late husband's signed volumes of Joseph Smith's *History of the Church*, unavailable for purchase at the time I commenced my research.

Mrs. Ethel Goates showed me the note on Nanny Longstroth's marriage to Willard Richards, and a letter from Ann Gill Longstroth's sister Alice, written at Yorkshire and sent to Ann in Salt Lake City. Miss Joy Richards not only accompanied me on one of my research trips to Massachusetts but loaned me her historical collection. Mrs. Leone Olson, a grandniece of Rhoda Foss Richards, supplied the picture of her aunt and loaned me the typed biographical sketch of Rhoda F. Richards, written by her brother, the late Matthias F. Cowley.

Mrs. Barbara Fickinger drew the map of the Ribble River country, presenting me with her work. The late Dr. H. T. Plumb referred me to the Benjamin Franklin books, and discussed with me the electrical experiments performed in Willard Richards' show. The late president-emeritus of the University of Utah, Dr. George Thomas, opened his extensive collection of religious works, his hobby and my salvation. Several of these volumes were then available to me through no other source.

I cannot thank sufficiently the men at the University of Utah who have given their unstinted time to the literary aspects of my work. Professor Brewster Ghiselin has offered patient and tireless criticism of my writing. Dean Sterling M. McMurrin opened the way for an enlarged view of the Puritan movement. Dr. William Mulder read the complete manuscript. From his broad knowledge of the American humanities he gave me some interesting suggestions. His encouragement helped me to see the book through.

Mr. Harold Lundstrom, *Deseret News* editorial writer, read the work from the point of view of the Church, passing it almost as written.

In the Historian's Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I have had the unqualified support of Mr. A. William Lund, librarian. And there Mr. Preston Nibley, assistant Church historian has led me to some interesting source materials on Willard Richards. Joseph Fielding Smith, President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and Church historian, gave me permission to see the original Nauvoo Temple records, now in the archives of the Salt Lake temple.

Miss Regina McRae has never lost patience in typing and retyping the manuscript. My sister, Ramona W. Cannon, has offered suggestions over and again. Beyond thanks is the long-continued,

whole-hearted support of my husband, Dr. Matthew F. Noall. Without his appreciation of my efforts I could not have enjoyed the privilege of continuing this work through the years.

Still, without the invitation of Rhoda Richards Stevenson I could never have started it. She and her sister, Jennetta R. Whitmore, granddaughters of Willard and Jennetta Richards, put into my hands the first bundle of his personal papers that I ever saw. These sisters gave me permission to use the Willard Richards Journals and the Richards family letters in the Church library. I shall never forget the day, long ago, when Rhoda Stevenson said to me, "Why couldn't you write Grandpa's life?"

In my ignorance of the stupendous, faith-requiring job ahead, I blithely answered that I would write this book. But only through the work of years have I been able to keep that frail but binding promise.

CHAPTER ONE

The shadows beyond the four-square clapboard house in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, were deep, even at midmorning, in early August, 1804. The forest loomed thick where Wood Street was cut, the ravine narrow. On the farmstead of Joseph and Rhoda Howe Richards only the spots of ground cleared for the plow held the sharp thrust of the Sabbath sun. In these thornlands back of Boston eagles could fly over the island meadows, rabbits could nuzzle through the bracken, but a man driving his white-topped carriage to meeting on a Lord's Day must follow the steep road.

Joseph stood in the open doorway of his house wishing his wife would get a move on her. But all at once shame stung him. Impatience was a sin. Setting his lips, he looked with contracted pupils at the cradle in the prised sunlight under the east window of the brown-stained kitchen. Willard, his eleventh child, born June 24th, and still unbaptized, lay sleeping contentedly, his hair a spit of gold in the sun.

Joseph waited for a moment in quiet, the nerves and sinews of his slight frame like a fretted unleafed tree. He was wearing his black coat, long pants and white ruff. But now his thin foot again began to tap the floor. If Ma made him late to meeting he would not care to show his face among his fellow Congregationalists. If the child went another month unbaptized, he might die out of Christ and so be condemned to everlasting *domnation*.

Joseph heard the sound of deliberate footsteps behind the closed door of the bedroom. For goodness' sake, that Rhodee could be as stubborn as a stump when it came to making time! Has she just buckled her shoe?

Pa faced the hearth where on the immaculate shelf the lower chamber of the hourglass was filling grain by grain, as if the sand breathed in time to the finger of the Lord Himself. The builder observed the gleam of copper and the shining maple candleaucer,

lathed by himself. Dustpan, broom, bedwarmer hung in order — a place for everything and everything in its place — all except Ma. At this moment she should be at his side in her cloak and bonnet.

Joseph turned on his heel to see if the boys were holding. The white-topped carriage waited in the lane, with Needle, the black horse, between the shafts, pawing and pricking his hairy ears. In the second seat Levi, five years old, remained all but motionless on one side of eighteen-year-old Susan; on her other side sat three-year-old William like a statute to the Lord. Dear Susan. Though her gloved hands rested on her lap, and though she barely moved her lips for a hush or her eye for a warning, she did exert a calming influence. Still Ma could not expect the boys to sit forever like the cat in the chair or the dog on the stoop.

Joseph's tight muscles lengthened when he heard the door from the bedroom open. Gracious heaven, what was Mother doing now, stopping at the looking glass to tuck a wayward curl under her bonnet? Only an hour ago, I saw her with the jar of turkey grease in her hand. Why can't she plaster her hair down for the Sabbath, like other God-fearing women? Joseph's exasperation almost escaped him.

"We'll soon be ready, Mr. Richards." With calm, up-curved lips, Rhoda stopped at the cradle, gazing for a second at this fine fellow for whom she had prayed. Turning forty, she had gone on her knees to ask the Lord for one more child. Her mother had brought home eleven; her sisters gave no evidence of shirking their duty in this respect. Rhoda's smile broadened as she held the child's face against her cheek. A certain softness of line marked her stout figure, as gathered into her Mother Hubbard and sheer white fichu. Her full-fleshed, held-in chin curved true to the upright posture of the Howes.

With the boy on her lap, she wedged the too-narrow yoke of the baptismal robe over the sturdy shoulders and square chest. "Sweet," she cooed, folding without one unseemly wrinkle the long, embroidered dress.

Pa picked up the cap from the table. With cool condescension he asked, "Could I, perhaps, be of some help with the stockinette?"

"Thank you all the same, Mr. Richards, I can take care of it." Ma gave him her choicest smile.

Despite its teaching, his heart warmed. Willard was, after all,

her own little plum. He with his well-rounded face, tantalizingly-cleft chin, and fine nose, if it was short! And like Ma's his eyes had stolen the blue of the flax flowers. But suddenly, in answer to a noise in the lane, Pa turned. "Will you not come?" he asked his wife. "The boys are snatching at each other!"

"Yes, I will, I will." The soft, mannered reply brought Pa to Rhoda's side. He helped her with her cloak, and at last boosted her over the wheel of the carriage.

Once in the driver's seat, Joseph flicked the reins. With a whinny Needle slipped down the lane, while overhead the dark fronds of ash and elm nodded to each other, whispering of God and the devil.

The horse turned sharply into Wood Street. Rhoda drew a breath of pleasure. "The first time I've been out, I do declare! I never was so long in picking up." She enjoyed the sight of the ferns fudging into the narrow road, crowding the wild blackberries for right of place. She said, "It's good to go to meeting."

Joseph held the reins tight, the bones in the back of his hand rising like the ribs of a boat. Again he tapped Needle.

Pleasantly, Rhoda said, "That's right, Mr. Richards. I've been a-thinking it was time you drove like you meant to get there."

Joseph's hand fell. He had been about to urge Needle again, but he merely sat up straight, thin and close-framed. Moments later, as if unable to endure the burden of his unrelieved feelings, he suggested, "And raise a dust to soil my ruff?"

Rhoda studied the leafy avenue as if she had not heard.

"What a pity," said Pa, "that a man can't build a road without piling the rocks in the center of the pike! In wet weather the wheels mire in their tracks; in dry seasons the dust smells of the devil!"

"Perhaps the Lord is testing our patience." Ma blandly wiped the sweat from beneath her lip. When the trees thinned the heat became more noticeable, but now she sniffed the pleasant odor of the orchard in a clearing beside the lane. "How lovely the sops o' wine do smell!" she exclaimed.

Pa had been much aware of the ripening winesaps, but he had not sinned by reveling in their perfume. When Ma again mentioned it, he said he wished she would observe the Lord's Day.

The child's eyelids fluttered; his lips turned in an angel smile.

"I think the boy'd be a-warming of his own accord if he really

knew what we're about." Daintily, Rhoda flicked a speck of dirt from her brown pongee cloak, trimmed only where it was fastened with one frog. She surveyed her correctly plain glove, taking no notice of Joseph's sidelong glance.

In a voice as dry as an old squash seed, he said, "I wonder now, if I should speak to the Reverend Nathan'l about your woman's pride."

"Nay, Pa, nay, you would not." Ma rejected his emphasis, and she put her hand to her black bonnet to remind him that like her cloak and glove, it, too, was plain except for the bow under her chin. She smoothed her full bosom.

At Pa's sharp intake of breath, her hand dropped like a well stone.

Needle drew the white-top around a huge granite boulder without grating a hub; then over some sun-tinted slabs, golden in the light. But now the wheels barely missed being caught between forest and stone as, toward the brow of Church Street, he pulled the heavy carriage.

Susan had not spoken. The boys had sat in decent silence, as if the dark glance from the kitchen stoop still ruled the day. The church bell was calling, and Pa said with a glimmer of relief, "The Reverend Nathan'l cannot have arrived. This horse is nobody's slouch."

From the common, in the unusual clearness of distance, Pa caught sight of the spires of Boston, remembering that his ancestors had fought in King Philip's War to defend those churches. Since Edward Richards had landed at Lynn in 1633, not a man of his direct line had been denied the right to enter the Church. All had been freemen; all had thus been permitted membership in some Society. Joseph himself had fought England to defend the rights of America. Each spire was a trellis to the Lord, and a tower of religious aristocracy. Each represented the particular grace of its own Society. Joseph pulled Needle up a proper six rods from the brown weatherboard meeting house on Hopkinton Common.

The brass fellow in the square cage was still singing his low-throated tune when Pa dropped the anchor iron. He exerted his self-control to move slowly down from the carriage. He took the baby from his wife's arms while the tufts of wild hay swished against his legs.

Basking in the aristocratic aura of the farmers' religion, Rhoda followed her husband through the pilastered door, the New England mark of classic restraint. From the threshold she regarded the judaic sign of the law in the distant chancel, where the two orders mingled in this Society's covenant with the Lord. Except for the Bible, open between two candles, the high white altar remained unadorned, a symbol of sovereign grace and the doctrine of the elect, which, as everybody knew, was the theme of Paul. The theme of New England.

Rhoda's broad back remained straight, her lips proud, as she made her way to the window. Without a smile for the sons and daughters who had walked to meeting and had been waiting for her, she sat down in the pew, which was as black with age as the dirt beneath a farmer's nails on week days. From here she observed the "neighbors," or nonmembers of the Society. Not permitted to buy compartments they were limited to the unsegregated, or middle, section of the Church.

Next to Pa at the opposite end of the Richards stall, sixteen-year-old Phineas, the second son, sat without moving beside Susan, his wavy hair shining like the tail of a strawberry roan horse. Phinnie's elder brother, Joseph, was married and lived in Westborough. His eldest sister was visiting in western Massachusetts.

Dark-haired Nancy and blonde Hepsy hoped against hope that the almost-late arrivals could calm themselves in time. The girls durst not so much as turn their heads to greet their mother, immediately on their left. Nor did they give one happy sigh because the baby was not fretting, even though at sundown last evening — the beginning of the Sabbath — when they had knelt for prayer, Nancy had said, "Do not let him cry on the Lord's Day, Ma, do not."

Among the silent, rigid worshipers, Willard slept peacefully in his mother's arms until, with the rest of the congregation, she rose. He stirred while the Richards family stood as straight as the pillars of the gallery.

The tolling bell fell silent. The Reverend Nathanael Howe was framed in the doorway to the west — a sturdy staff against the light. He drew Rhoda's glance as the wind curves the flame, and she dedicated anew the fire of her heart to this Mediator. In him she vouchsafed the best of her hope for life everlasting.

He made his dignified way to the pulpit, carrying his silk hat

in his gloved hand. On account of the meanness of his salary this godly young man was forced to labor in his fields, mentally preparing the sermon that he wrote out by late candlelight. He never failed an opportunity to accuse his parish of hiding their purses in his presence. But the thriftiest man in the Society refused to consider the minister's gloves as an attempt to hide the sign of the laborer.

Mr. Howe mounted the three steps which led to the platform. From beneath the high sounding board he faced the congregation and put his hat precisely on the right-angled turn of the dark pulpit. Back of him and to his right rose the white altar. Up went his kid-covered hand. His eyes did not leave the bell rope as the people sat.

Rhoda fixed her glance on the tiny flames beside the Bible. Six generations of Howes before her had sat in the New England light. The blood of both the Richardses and the Howes was pure. Congregationalists from the first, they had been governed by a holy God who did not wish to admit the rabble into His house, the gross, the beastly, the intemperate—or the lowly person without lands or means.

Slowly, Rhoda's fingers rose and fell over the baptismal robe of her child. Willard was born to the purple. The Lord's will must be his will. God is the Lord of the universe, she thought, above it, beyond it. He created it. And though arbitrary, He is merciful. Justice demands that all men be damned because through Adam all have fallen; but mercy will save a few. Suddenly she repented her dilly-dallying. Inwardly she pushed away from the Tempter. And now as her darkly-gloved fingers caressed the white robe the motion was barely perceptible.

When the plate was passed, Joseph put his hand deep in his pocket. Noiselessly he dropped his coin on the black velvet. In a few moments, when Ma failed to keep her voice lower than the congregational singing, he blushed, embarrassed. Should she, a member of the choir, call attention to herself today? True, she had been confined to the house, but she knew the singers were in for a special chiding. For want of pay they were refusing to perform. But again during the psalm, her high soprano rose above the thin wobbly voice of the people.

When the Reverend Nathan'l called his flock to prayer, his voice boomed through the unplastered hall. Solemnly he chanted his quotation on the elect of God: *"Before I formed thee in the belly*

I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations."

As Rhoda recognized *Jeremiah* her fingers again rose and fell over the baptismal robe.

"And I will utter my judgments against them touching all their wickedness, who have forsaken me, and have burned incense unto other gods, and worshipped the works of their own hands—"

Rhoda thanked her lucky stars that her confinement had saved her from taking part in the choir's rebellion. The high color came to her cheeks as the Reverend Howe continued: *"Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, said the Lord God of hosts."*

Mr. Howe's piercing black eyes swept the assembly. He raised his finger in scorn. "Almost to hit the mark is to miss it," he said coldly. "Almost to obtain salvation is to drop into hell and be miserable forever!"

From beneath his tufted brows, he eyed his congregation. "Some of you may think you have your dish right side up, but the Lord has given it to me to know by signs and dreams what happens to a choir in heaven, who will not sing unless paid. Last night I fell into a sleep—"

Rhoda sat up straight, her double chin held in.

"I saw a choir at heaven's gate," the minister continued. "The angel said, 'Why do you not sing?' The spokesman replied, 'Because we received no pay.' Gabriel declared, 'There are no angels in heaven who will not trust the Lord for their pay!'"

Mr. Howe's voice changed like the slow tolling of the bell. "Do I stop serving you because my pay is so little?"

With her absolute faith in dreams, Rhoda stole a look around, noting the white faces of certain choir members. Such manifestations as the dream were real to every one of them, as real as the tools with which the farmers tilled the soil; as alive and palpable to the women as the quickening within the womb.

Mr. Howe spared neither choir nor congregation in the sermon he preached on the *young lions roaring in the street*.

Finally he said, "I must remind you again of God's decree. The doctrine of personal election from the council of heaven to life ever-

lasting is the only doctrine that makes it absolutely certain that any of our sinful race will be saved. The doctrine of total depravity is the only solid foundation for all holy exercises in the hearts of men."

He kept his eyes on the bell rope. His voice rose in slow emphasis; "The divinity of Christ lays the only solid foundation for the sufficiency of the atonement. I have aimed to persuade you to follow our Lord in meekness, in humility, in benevolence — but not in His baptism." Mr. Howe indulged in one significant gesture. He extended his hand, saying, "For that was to fulfill all righteousness.

"Christ professed no repentance. An innocent person cannot repent. And it would be absurd to suppose that our Lord professed faith in Himself. That is for us to exercise. Nor should we be baptized by immersion. Would He approve the revealed figure under the dripping garment? We sprinkle the depraved and hope to redeem them from the fall."

With a dark glance he announced, "We shall now proceed to our duty in this respect."

When the deacon spoke to Rhoda and Joseph, they went forward with their child to wait for the pastor before the carved wooden font. Proudly, Rhoda held her son while Mr. Howe stepped down from the pulpit.

Looking firmly at the parents, he said, "Dearly beloveds, we are about to receive into the Church this child. Someone must sponsor his religious education. In the presence of God, angels, and men, do you solemnly avouch to be his Surety?"

"I do." Joseph nodded, even then seeing the maxims Willard should one day write in his copybook: "Aim at perfection. Cultivate self-control. Never laugh immoderately. Never laugh aloud."

"And you? Do you avouch for this child's training?" The minister looked sharply at Rhoda.

"I do," she replied with conviction. Had she not drilled each of her children in the catechism? Had she not taught each his first letters, she quietly, silently, asked herself as she watched the minister dip his calloused finger in the sacred water, feeling certain that her youngest son could learn to regulate his conduct.

The Reverend Nathanael touched the baby's conspicuous forehead close to his shining hair. The water glistened over the blue temple. And Mr. Howe said evenly, "We believe the righteous will be received into life eternal and the wicked will go away into ever-

lasting punishment. Even so, not by works of righteousness will you be saved, my son, but by the sovereign grace of God. Without good deeds you are damned. With them you are still subject to grace. In Christ Jesus, our Lord, Amen." The benevolent chant echoed through the ancient church. The Mediator, having presented the child to God, entrusted him to his parents.

Joseph took him in delight and hope. On the child's depraved brow the pure water had been sprinkled, according to the ancient Law. He now had his chance for redemption.

Rhoda returned to the pew, determined that Willard should never fall short of the primal purity of the elect. She took her place with a sigh of relief and fortitude. Proud of the small sons beside her, she was grateful that no deacon had been forced to thump their heads with his long cane. They had sat as still as the stone that was Jacob's Pillow.

Willard opened his eyes and looked around in the blank stare of babyhood.

CHAPTER TWO

The boy was two and one-half years old when he first saw his eldest sister. Young Rhoda — twenty years older than Willard — had been taking the health cure at the Leadbetters', the home of Pa's sister and her husband. They lived in Richmond, a cluster of farms cut from the wilderness in the western Berkshire Hills.

Joseph Richards had received a quarter section in the same township, a bounty of one hundred and sixty acres, for fighting in the War for Independence. Summer by summer he had been traveling across the state, clearing the slopes for farm and orchard, specializing in apples, cutting magnificent timber. From Wildcat Hill, in Hopkinton, his father had, during the war, removed his family across the state to this same small paradise.

Willard had heard so much about the farm in Richmond — *Richmont* always in Massachusetts — that to him it had become a wood where no evil spirit or demon ever lurked. He sometimes wondered why the two children in the family gone home to God before he was born, were not buried there. Certainly he wondered why that sister he had heard so much about had never come home. Out there she was frisking, perhaps, the way a pony did where the grass was green, and where there were no upraised fingers and long words about God and the devil from anyone, not from Pa, nor Ma, nor even from brother Phineas.

Willard could see the white pines with their bright, bundled needles, and the sugar maples with their trunks tapped and the buckets hanging. Surely next summer Pa would take the family over Jacob's Ladder to the other side of the Hills.

But now, one blustery Saturday afternoon in late January when the snow was so thick that Willard could hardly see out of the window, sister was expected. Ma was preparing both for her and the Lord's Day, bustling about as though she expected the minister to drop in for dinner. She must have everything ready so that no

unnecessary movement would desecrate the Sabbath — which was to begin in one hour.

“Do you think daughter got over the Ladder safely?” Ma asked sister Susan as she took a deep-pot blueberry pie from the oven. She put it on a stone on the table and walked to the window, peering through the small steam-blurred panes. “Do you suppose Mr. Damon can handle the carriage?”

Willard looked up from the lettered blocks which he was allowed to arrange on the hearth rug when he was very good, his heart anxious.

Pa came in from the breezeway, blowing on his chapped hands, his breath still freezing. “If daughter does not arrive soon she’d better not come in this P.M.,” he said, and Willard knew what he meant. It was a sin to travel on the Lord’s Day.

Ma glanced at the door, a line down her forehead, her lips pressed tight to keep her worries back.

“Tell her, Ma, if she’ll only come, I’ll kiss her until she cannot breathe.”

“I cannot tell her if she does not come, and I would not tell her that anyway. Oh dear!” Ma lamented. “Oh —”

Her tone suddenly changed. The door opened. And there stood sister Rhoda, her head bundled in her fascinator, her great cloak over her shoulders, her sweet face all smiles. Over the fringe of dark hair beneath the brown crocheted wool, the snow crystals were sparkling. From the white mounds near the steps, the storm whirled past her, stinging Willard’s cheeks. Before sister could remove her cloak, he grabbed her skirts.

As she stooped to gather him to her breast, he pressed her head back with his kisses. “There,” he shouted, “Ma told you I would, did she not?”

“You can talk, can’t you, boy?” Sister’s tears were like the crystals on her hair. She hugged Willard, and then turned to the man who had driven her across the state. The snow was running from his shoulders.

Joseph took his small son’s hand, pulling him sharply away from his sister. To Mr. Ebenezer Damon he said, “I do be obliged to you, friend.”

These men had known each other in the western Berkshires.

Mr. Damon had a farm in West Stockbridge, near Pa's plantation, as well as a home in Brookline.

Suddenly, like a tongue of fire running up the chimney, sister's smile for Mr. Damon caught everyone's attention.

His thin strong face was like the sparks glowing against the black breast of the hearth.

"Pa," said Mother, warm-voiced, "should we not keep Mr. Damon for tea?"

"Indeed, we must keep him for the night. He cannot travel on the Sabbath. Heaven forbid!"

The weeks passed. The love between sister Rhoda and Willard deepened. She told him stories of the great woods on the slopes of the hills that he would some day see. As she churned, she told him how Aunt Leadbetter had allowed her to keep the money from the butter that she had made. "Six cents a pound I got for it in uncle's store, brother. Six cents! And I made bonnets for the gentry, too, besides those I wove from the wheat stocks for the farmers. But no money is as good as seeing you."

The winter nights continued so cold that the weatherboards of the house creaked and groaned beneath the sharp weight of the deep snow. At times sister Rhoda took Willard to bed with her, where she held him tight against her slender bosom. And he stopped shivering, feeling safe and cozy.

In early June that year, the weather suddenly turned as hot as it had been cold in the winter. The seed corn was ripening early. The wild hay had tufted. Pa was teaching Willard to hold the sickle. Though he had turned only three on June 24th, he was the size of a five-year-old boy.

One day sister said to him, "Willard, when it comes to getting into mischief, I do believe you have two birthdays a year." But she could not slow his growth. And one morning when the breakfast chores were done, and the kitchen was as neat as a pickled onion, she told Ma how useful he had been. "He wiped the cups and brought in some wood today."

"That's so you can go to Grandfather Howe's with us, isn't it, my boy?" Ma and sister had secretly planned to take Pa by surprise, giving him some unexpected company when he drove

some promised shoats to the old place on Indian Brook. When he came in a few minutes later, Ma announced that she and daughter were going along.

"Nonsense! I can't be taking a crowd of women with the pigs. I'm driving the trundle cart."

"Very well, you can't. But Susan, Nancy, and Hepsy are getting dinner at home; so that is not a crowd. I want Rhoda to call on Aunt Young."

Pa grunted.

Ma said, "You know Brother John is taking his family to Yo'k State, and sister Nabbie has hardly seen the gel. Should kith and kin be strangers?"

"Ma, don't pick my pocket. I cannot take you with the pigs."

"We plan to call at Saddle Hill on the way to Grandfather's. You can leave us there."

"No, no. If you must go, we shall call on the way back!" Pa grudgingly nodded. It was true that several of Mother's sisters had already removed to the Chenango Valley, in York State. There had been seven girls in Grandfather Howe's family, and four sons. Rhoda and her sister Betsey Haven were the only female members of the Phineas Howe family left in Hopkinton. John Young had trekked off to Vermont, and then had come home; but he was calculating to pack his wagons and ox off to York State this time. "Yes, you may call on the way back," Pa said, giving in.

Willard had been fidgeting lest he be left behind. Levi and William were going, and he trailed his father outside. He let out a whoop of joy when brother Phineas put him in the stall with the four pigs and his two brothers.

"Do you want to stay home?" Phineas said with a paternal air. "Or can you behave like a God-fearing lad?"

"I can be quiet." Willard clung to a vertical board, whose top he could just reach.

Mother and sister Rhoda sat on the seat with Pa and brother Phineas, crowding them; but nothing was said. And the family rode in peace up the long hill and past the silent church. Willard missed the tolling of the bell. As the cart cleared the common to turn down Wilson Street, he felt the absence of the minister in his black robes. But now at last the rattling wheels went squeaking down the great slabs of yellow granite that formed just here a

natural paving for the lane. There was no dust. But Needle held back on the breeching until his muscles writhed. The sweat on his rump came out white and foamy. The pigs piled up in a corner, squealing. Willard cried, "Pa, Pa, my favorite best one's on the bottom. Make Needle stop, make him!"

"My goodness," said Ma, turning around, "will you lower your voice? Grannie'll be a-runnin' out to meet us!"

Willard whimpered. The pigs grunted and turned silent. Pa said, "You think Grannie can hear us half a mile away?"

"Ma hears the footsteps of angels. She says God has never stopped speaking to man."

Pa bristled. "This damnable Antinomianism! Common conversing with the Lord?" he sputtered. "Grannie's bewitched!"

"Oh, come now, Father," Ma coaxed.

"Do you think God speaks to men from across the room? Is His grace so freely granted? So cheap?"

"But Pa!"

Pa jerked the reins. "The Scriptures provide for no such communication. Else why do we have a Mediator?"

Smooth as beeswax, Ma spoke up, "Dear Reverend Nathan'l. He's like a barrow in a furrow. With God's help, he'll save all those who keep the Law. Just the same," her voice trailed off, "Grannie *thinks* she hears the angels a-walking beside her."

Willard could all but see Grannie running down the lane right this minute to meet him. He loved her, with her white cap and its narrow brim, a tiny sunbonnet.

Surprisingly, Pa said, "Well, at least when she speaks, you do know where she stands."

"Exactly," said Ma. "Grannie's faith is the sweet-scented oil of her religion."

Just the same, Willard knew that when Grandfather was on his knees praying he pleaded specially with God to bless dear Grannie. And Willard did not doubt that she wrote in her copybook the same maxims he did, day after day. No demon could snatch into the dark that sweet tiny one. But sometimes it was scary to go to Grandfather's place. The brook ran so deep and silent between dark shadows.

When Needle turned from the granite-paved lane into Howe Street, or Pig Lane, Ma smiled. These were her ancestral lands. In

the 1630's her forefathers had helped to settle Marlborough. But in 1723 the Howes had been among the first to turn the white man's plow on Indian Brook. Just above its union with the Concord River, Samuel Howe had cleared the forest. Years later the trustees of Harvard College had demanded taxes on all the ground running from Magunco Hill to the brook, including the Howe plantation.

Samuel, Rhoda's great grandfather, had defied those mighty men of Harvard. He had written to the trustees:

"For us [the Howes and their neighbors] to pay taxes would make tenant farmers of our descendants. Instead of blessing us they would curse us, for they would thus be deprived of their liberties as voting citizens."

Samuel had further written that through the general Court he owned the title, and he would pay no taxes. And neither had he paid any. Nor had he given up his land. His brother, John, had built a good house on the common, where all the meetings were at first held, including those on the Sabbath, lasting all day long. School teachers and ministers were plentiful in Ma's family. Selectmen and committeemen had been chosen to write notes to their fellow-townsmen. Her grandfather, Peter, who had also opened his home to the preaching, had, through the written and spoken word, kept the sentiment hot against the British during the War.

Rhoda looked at Wildcat Hill, seeing from the cart the roof of the house from which Pa had come striding down the hill to say goodbye to her before joining General Washington under the Cambridge elm. He had not quite turned fourteen. She too was thirteen. They stood on the bridge over Indian Brook. Pa said her eyes were as blue as the larkspur in her father's garden. Would she wait for him? He walked away with his shotgun on his arm, having kissed her hand.

She did not know that the wait would last for six years, or that when he did return he would have lost his health to the smallpox. As she had been patient then, she now understood his tempers. And as the cart approached the bridge near the house, she looked at him in kindness.

Above Needle's belly-rumbles and groaning sighs, Pa said, "Well, I swan, if that's not John Young's ca't. It is, it's his ca't!" His "a" was as soft and broad as the one in his *domnation* was narrow.

He pulled up in the lane behind John Young's farm wagon.

The minute the end gate was opened, Willard climbed down. Brother had not even unloaded the shoats. Ma put her arms around little Grannie and gave her a kiss. Aunt Young received one, too.

After barely speaking to Grandfather Howe, to Uncle Young, and to the others, Willard sidled up to Brigham. His six-year-old cousin stood in front of the house, with the wild grass tugging at his legs in a fresh, swishing sweep. Brigham's cheeks were brown, his blue eyes light and clear. His hair shone through the dust like yellow metal. His lips slowly thinned in a smile that uncovered two new teeth and the black spaces beside them.

The big square house wanted paint. A line of dust coated each slanted red-brown edge of the joined weather-boards. But to Willard, Brig was part of this house. He was part of the tugging grass and the gritty smell of the earth that clung to the boulders. Once he had helped Willard turn the stones to find the slugs with which the boys had chased each other.

In a spread-legged stance, Willard faced Brigham, his lower lip flinty. There had to be a moment's challenge while each chewed the cud over the not too common meeting.

"Hullo," Brig said at last.

"Hullo, cousin."

"What d' you come down here for?" Brigham demanded.

"To bring the pigs. What d' you come for?" Willard took a step nearer.

"To get some seed corn. Takin' it to Yo'k State!"

"You ain't the only one a-goin' West. My Pa's got a plantation."

"We're going to start right off."

"We're not ready."

"Let's go over there." Brigham nodded in the direction of an iron-bound cask, near the pasture. "Come on."

The mothers chatted, laughing together. In her delight over seeing her daughters, white-haired Grannie lifted her hands, showing clusters of swollen blue veins and highly ridged, purple finger nails. With sensitive eyes in deep sockets edged by sunken, fan-lined tracery, she was studying young Rhoda's dainty, vivid features. "How good it be to cotch sight of you!" The thin voice was a caress.

"She looks right good," plump-breasted Nabby remarked in her usual decided manner. "It's splendid you're not one to enjoy poor health, me gel! You have plenty of it to buck."

The comments continued. The men made their own inquiries. "Are you ba'gaining for some seed corn, too, John?" Joseph asked with his "a" broad and nasal.

"I'll crib six bushel for two quarts of Indian seed. Calculate to get it goin' on my place in Yo'k State next spring." John Young gestured toward the field, where the silk had tasseled out. The stalks were full and abundant. But as he again faced Joseph, his glance reached to the hay field beyond his brother-in-law. In shocked surprise, he yelled, "Hey, you Brigham! Come back here!" His shrill tone whistled over the field. "By gor," he exclaimed, "how could they do it so quick?"

Marcy, Grandfather Howe's favorite young filly, was racing over the wild dock pasture with two small riders. Willard clung to his cousin like a dog on a panther, his curls bobbing up and down. Marcy broke into a still swifter gallop, and now Willard's hair floated with the wind. At the stream bank the filly reared, jerking her slender, nervous head. Turning, she headed for the bridge that spanned Indian Brook, risking her ankles with every thud.

With one hand Brigham held onto the rundling boy behind him. With the other he pulled on the rope that circled the mare's jaw.

Grandfather wailed, "They'll break her leg! They'll turn her into a runaway!"

"They'll lose their lives!" Grandmother cried. The two fathers sped down the field, their gray hair rising above their distended red cheeks. The women wrung their hands. But Marcy loped on, toward the green tunnel beyond the bridge where the forest rose, intensely dark.

She was about to cross when Joseph grabbed her noose.

Willard fell and struck his head on a granite boulder. As he regained his breath, he let out one cry, and then no more.

Brigham's silky hair still stood on end, but his eyes had not lost their triumphant gleam. To the full extent of their six years' growth, his shoulders swaggered while he kept his seat.

John Young jerked him to the ground, giving him a sharp cuff on the jaw and a resounding blow on his tingling rump. "By gor, you'll ask before you mount that mare another time!"

Brigham's eyes reddened with salt. Still he made no protest. "Yes, sir," he answered as if he knew his father would have respect.

Nabby joined the circle, panting. "It's always a word and a blow with Pa!" She lifted her apron to the corner of her eye. "But the blow never comes last."

Willard had risen, trembling. He choked back his cries.

Grandmother took his hand. "Come with me. I've got something for you." She nodded to Brigham and led both miscreants toward the cool of the house.

Grandfather's scolding voice covered their retreat. Scanting his Puritan sense of moderation, he stormed about those contentious young bubs a-standin' on the cask, grabbing the mare by the withers, and a-pullin' themselves up on her.

Grannie did not let go of the two small hands until she reached the kitchen. She took Willard to the pump and bathed the bleeding lump on his forehead. His face twisted in a sudden bellow. His pent up self-control dissolved, but he stuffed his mouth with the comforting folds of her flannel skirt, and finally his screams no longer forced themselves out.

In the buttery, Grannie reached into a plum-brown crock, fishing for a preserved quince. She dropped the fruit into Willard's mouth. Holding it by the stem, he sucked greedily, and the last of his sobs fluttered away.

Grandmother thrust a quince between Brigham's lips. "Go on outside, now, both of you, and spit out the seeds. You may come back for another, if you like."

Through his bulging mouth, Brigham managed his thanks. "You're nice, Grannie. There ain't anyone quite so nice as you."

"I'd like two more, Grannie," Willard said thickly, his lips smacking over the tangy sweet.

Grandmother studied both pairs of blue eyes, the light grey-blue, and the darker, deeper pair. "You boys," she said, "a-tryin' to show the whole world what you can do! That's what you be — the whole world. But there's demons in that wood — Satan's spies out to catch little sinners, a-doin' what they oughtn't."

She gave them each another quince. Still, as the boys went to the doorstep, they began to mumble about the wood. And suddenly Willard turned. "Oh, Grannie!" he said as if his heart would break. "Grannie!"

CHAPTER THREE

In April, 1811, Pa had removed to Holliston, three miles down the glen from his Hopkinton farm. On the lower land, his chances for staying out from under the eaves with his winter joinering were better, his planting was less of a struggle. Still he said that he thought he could get his house in Richmond far enough along this summer to remove his family there in 1812. The barn was up, the trees were bearing. The house was framed in.

Willard thought as he saw Pa preparing for this spring's journey, Next summer I can go. But the morning of his parents' departure he clung to sister Rhoda's hand. She got to go every time. She looked happy with her dark brown curls tied in a ribbon at the crown of her head, and with her pink lips parting over her even teeth. She had told Willard how she loved the wilderness. And this summer her friend Mr. Damon would again be in the Berkshires. Besides, sister had bragged, she kept practically the whole valley supplied with her sweet grass bonnets. She climbed nimbly into the carriage.

She's forgotten to say goodbye to me, Willard thought, she's so anxious to get going. He was glad when Ma looked down from the high seat. He stood beside the wheel, dwarfed by William but almost as tall as Levi. Ma's eyes squeezed together. Willard felt his lips twisting. Suddenly he saw everything in a blur. Ma was crying, too. Nancy said, quick as lightning, "I'll help sister Susan with the housework, Ma."

"I'll take good care of the farm, Pa," Phineas' voice was rough.

"I'll not let Willard out of my sight," Hepsey declared, catching at her plaid calico dress. "Levi and William can help watch him!"

Willard's face screwed into a knot. He remembered that God had not yet given him a new heart; but was that any reason everybody had to fear for him? I've asked to be forgiven for not minding Pa. He rubbed his head where it still hurt as a result of a fall from

a scaffold. Goose pimples swelled on his legs as he again felt Levi's grip when he had pulled him out of Winthrop Brook to save him from drowning. He couldn't help it because he had tumbled in.

Why did everyone have to talk about him? All these promises? He was nearly seven. He could take care of himself. And some day he would feel the terrible burning in his heart that Pa had described, and then he'd know for sure that he was one of the Lord's boys. He blinked at his mother. "I'll study my catechism, Ma." With dirty fingers, he brushed his tears aside. "Now, Pa," he cried, "you do a good job on that house!"

Needle and Thread jerked the carriage through the mud of the lane. Willard wondered what Richmond was really like — the hills, the smell of the cedar swamp, the wild hay filled with flax and clover. He shut his eyes where he stood beside the branch in Holliston and breathed in the scent of the catnip. The quiet murmur of the stream said, *Richmont, Richmont* . . . But suddenly as he looked longingly after his parents, he wondered if Ma had put in all the spice cake that Hepsy had baked for the lunch basket.

As the summer passed, Susan and Phineas kept a steady hand over the family. In September Pa wrote that he would like to continue his work on the plantation through the winter. Phineas replied that everything at home was in good condition, tight as a ship. And by the time the woods had flamed with color and had gone to sleep in their grey coats, the bins on the Holliston farm were bulging with corn, wheat, barley, oats, apples, walnuts, chestnuts. In the cupboards there were honey and quince preserves, and in the barn there was hay enough to bulge the roof.

When the snow piled along the stream banks, Willard thought it looked like a beautiful white pillow, though the ice dangled from the roots toward the silent water, a sharp fringe. When he was on his way home from dame school one day, a doctor on horseback brushed his shoulder with the heel of his boot. Willard cringed. These days the doctor hurried from house to house. And the stirrup's coming so close to him frightened Willard. Oh, he thought, sickness is all of the devil. Pa said it was. The doctor's plagued, and so are we. Why did Adam have to sin?

The next morning, when Susan was scrubbing Willard behind

the ears, he protested her quick, hard touch. "I'm not cursed," he shrieked. "I'm clean. I am. I am too!"

That day he did not care for school. And that night when the frost struck the house, it creaked aloud. He thought he saw the devil coming right through the clapboards. He could not sleep. But the next morning when he was walking to school the snow was glistening like stars. On the way home he went to Aunt Haven's, on Cold Spring Brook.

Ma's sister had been kind to Willard. This afternoon her voice sounded as smooth as honey; her smile was as bright as the red side of a winter pear. Still today she seemed to fill the doorway, and then the rocking chair beside the hearth, with some to go. At the pump above the kitchen trough, she looked so wide that Willard wondered how the water could get past her into the bucket.

"What did you come to tell me, Willard?" Aunt looked very strange.

"Pa says sickness is all of the devil!" The words flew at her like a rock from his flipper. She comforted him, and uncle drove him home. But that night, Willard prayed in a frenzy of terror, ashamed of being glad it was not he who lay in fever on the bed. He thought of the various sick ones in the family, and decided that the devil had fixed them all with his bloodshot eyes. He pulled the covers over his face and said to himself, "If they're wicked, so am I. I am too, I am!"

He neglected his indoor chores so he could spend more time outside. He was then afraid of finding himself alone with the restless oxen and cows in the barn. He hated that Greasy Mary, anyway. Where's the new heart that Pa promised the Lord would give me, he asked himself, trembling. He pushed the hay from the mow furiously down to the cows. Every forkful brought the question to his lips. The bundles came out of the stack with a jerk, until at last he rammed the pitchfork into a corner of the loft, thinking, I haven't burned enough yet, I haven't.

That night he prayed harder than ever for the new heart. The next day he sat close to the fire; and still he felt cold. Darkness came into the room at mid-day, creeping past the little white mountains of snow packed against the window panes.

From the spinning wheel, Susan cried, "Come here!"

Willard walked unsteadily toward her, seeing her white cap over her dark hair, and nothing more.

“Look at me! Have you been bad? Let me touch your cheek.”

Her hand felt cold against his forehead. His throat hurt, his skin prickled; he could feel the sores coming out on his arms. She kept looking at him, with her lips closed as if she would cry. At the sound of her husky voice saying, “Oh, Willard!” he blinked. Her breath died, and at that moment he saw the devil walk into the room — horns, tail, black legs and cloven hoof.

Susan could no longer face the siege alone. She sent to Aunt Leadbetter’s for sister Rhoda. Sister took only two days crossing the state with a neighbor, who, fortunately, was passing over the mountains.

Rhoda helped to get the sick into the big room. She made beds on both sofas and pulled out the trundle. That night Willard watched her make a pallet for herself on the floor. How can she sleep down there in front of the hearth, he asked himself, seeing Satan sweep the room with his green arms and black legs, looking around with fiery eyes, beneath his tight skull cap, red as hell.

In the morning Willard woke after a long night of tossing, in which he fought back his terror. His tongue had furred, leaving a nasty taste in his mouth. Susan poured some calomel syrup down him, and then he had to keep running outside in the snow — seven times that day. When he was supposed to go to bed that night, everything went so still and dark that he didn’t care what happened. Sometime — much later — he could see shadowy figures moving about. One day all the people seemed to melt together into one — Ma! He felt better. He could feel her hand on his head, and hear what she was saying. When he woke up she hadn’t been there at all, but he was well and poor sister Rhoda was sick.

He thought if the devil didn’t get him, he wouldn’t get her. But he couldn’t help being frightened as the days passed and she lingered in a stupor. At candlelight, before going to bed at night, he would crouch behind his mother’s chair, making no sound, watching, waiting.

One evening he thought everything was going to be all right. Sister was still alive. But as Willard went behind the chair, old Satan came out of the corner and swept the room with his dirty black tail. Sister still lay on her sofa with closed eyes. Willard cried when Susan sent him to bed; and that night he heard the branches of the trees strike against the window, crackling in their ice-coated prisons.

He wanted to order the devil out of the house, but now he saw him enter the boys' chamber, his fingers curling around the puncheon, feeling, searching for a small bub who might be in the room.

The next evening Willard was still more afraid to go to bed. He didn't want the devil to snatch sister Rhoda, and he lingered, hiding behind the chair. The wick in the saucer burned low. While brother Phinnie watched, the weak flame cast a yellow circle over sister's sunken cheeks. Brother held a feather to her nose.

"It doesn't move," he whispered, his eyes as grey as a dead bird.

"Let me take it!" Susan almost grabbed the feather. She bent her ear, watching. "It does move; I can see it."

Brother shook his head. "She's gone. She's not breathing."

"Oh no." Susan again knelt at the bedside, looking like Ma with her double chin. She held the feather to sister Rhoda's nose, and after a long time cried, "It moved. It did!" Her voice rose.

Still sister did not open her eyes. The light in the dish flickered lower. Willard could no longer see her blue lids. Even sister Susan's face was dark. And now there was only the firelight between sister Rhoda and God. Willard's hands went cold. He dared not speak, not even when sister Rhoda's face became suddenly alive in the light from the saucer that Susan had refilled.

"I heard every word you said!" Sister Rhoda's voice was low, but excited. She spoke as if from the dead. "Every word! You thought I was gone, but my spirit left my body only for a moment. I looked back across the room and saw myself lying on the bed. Ma was standing beside me, guarding me, and I knew I could not go away."

Oh, sister, Willard thought, the Lord has given you a new heart, and He'll bless me because I love you. I love you! He crept out from behind the chair.

As the months passed he could not forget what had happened. Finally sister Rhoda, who had gone to Uncle and Aunt Leadbetter's for the summer, to regain her health, wrote that she was driving home from Richmond with Mr. Damon.

Reading the letter by hearthlight, Ma smiled, but she did not puzzle Willard long. "Did you know? Now did you, Mr. Richards? Did Mr. Damon ask your consent for her hand?"

Willard could hardly believe his eyes when for one small

moment Pa became a showoff. With a flick of the finger and a satiny smile, he said, "Before he went out to his farm at West Stockbridge. They must a-been seeing each other at meeting, or at aunt's."

"Couldn't you have said something?" Ma asked, her demureness put on. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because no woman can keep a secret. Now that the gel's been asked, the news is out; and you do know."

Courtship! All through the autumn a picture of the widower renewed itself in Willard's mind — the shiny bald forehead, the two bumps breaking the upper curve. The deepset eyes laughing as gaily as the wide mouth. And Willard saw the long front teeth, the thin nose.

The days were filled from morning till night with the clack, clack of the shuttle and loom in the attic. Sisters were spinning, weaving, bleaching. Willard smelled the acrid odor of lye in the shed where Ma dyed some of the wool madder, some blue. Sister Rhoda was all eyes, dark shiny eyes. She wove a top sheet in a checkered pattern, blue and white. The basque of her white merino dress was only as big around as she was; and so was the red cashmere — so tiny. Her black dolman fell from her shoulders in full gathers. Pa made a pine chest, and she filled it with sheets, shams, table cloths. Sisters helped her to spin and weave every day but Sunday.

From his home in Brookline, Mr. Damon called every week through October with his little daughter, Susan. In November he told sister he could hardly ride through the glen with the snow so deep. "I may not be here again until Thanksgiving!"

"But then?" she asked, shaking hands with him.

"Then," he said with warmth.

Three weeks later, when the holiday feast was over and the afternoon had begun to darken, Rhoda bundled Susan Damon into a big shawl and kissed her as if she were already her own child.

"I'll not be likely to see you now, my dear," Mr. Damon said, "until our wedding day."

"You won't forget the hunting knife you promised me?" Willard's request drove through the kitchen.

Ma jerked his shoulder. Sister ignored him. Her voice rose tenderly. "January first."

Willard watched her help Mr. Damon into his great cloak, and pull the beaver collar around his throat. He went away in his over-

shoes and fur cap, mounted on his sorrel stallion, with little Susan in front of him.

To Willard's surprise, one day in December, Mr. Damon came in alone. Sister Rhoda rushed from her chamber into the kitchen. Mr. Damon's cheeks were red, his eyes glazed. Sister greeted him with a worried expression. Father appeared anxious. It was nearly five o'clock. The room was shadowy, almost dark. Rhoda ran for a candle.

Mr. Damon wheezed as he stood by the hearth. "I took cold in Boston," he said, coughing. "The doctor advised me to retire to my friends in the country. My dear," Mr. Damon's voice was hoarse as he turned to sister, "I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, Mr. Damon!" Sister's love and concern were all bared.

Father suggested that he go right to bed.

Sister Rhoda took the warming pan and rubbed the icy sheets of the great oak bed in the downstairs chamber. She fluffed the pillows. With Father's help, for three days she nursed her lover. Willard got only occasional glimpses of what went on in that bed chamber, but during the day sister Rhoda was seldom out of it. Father gave her a hand every morning and evening in working up the feather mattress, while Mr. Damon sat in a chair. Mother cooked special dishes for him, like plum duff, with spirits in the dip for his strength. She sent to Boston for some oysters to make him a stew.

Everyone seemed happy on the morning of December 30th. Willard heard sister's friend ask to be taken up as usual. Father assisted him to a chair, and sister smoothed the bed with a long cane.

Groaning and sighing between the clean blankets, Mr. Damon suddenly said in an odd voice, "Oh, my dear, what does ail me so?" His head fell to one side, touching his shoulder. His face turned grey as the high color left his cheekbones. "I never felt so in my life."

Sister hurried for the spirits. Ma came into the room, opening the bottle. She turned it upside down inside Mr. Damon's night shirt.

Reviving slightly, he gasped, "Can't you give me something else?"

Sister held the bottle to his lips.

"Wine? It's so weak. Is there nothing else?" His voice faltered.

"Oh, Mr. Damon, do try to feel better. Do try. Try." Sister urged in anguish.

“My dear —” Mr. Damon’s breath came hard. He whispered, “Don’t say ‘better’—”

“Mr. Damon!” Sister’s cry drove a nail into Willard’s heart. He wanted to throw his arms around her, but there were tears in his own eyes.

Sister was old to be engaged, twenty-eight. But she looked so young and forlorn that Willard longed to comfort her. He simply stole away, seeing sister’s lovely red dress. In his cold room he knelt before his bed, asking God to have mercy on her soul. In the carpenter shop, he heard the clang of the hammer as Pa fitted the coffin.

On the appointed wedding day, Mr. Damon’s body was lowered into holy ground, in Holliston. The laurel bowed low against the meeting house, heavy with snow. The long-toed tracks of the quail, the love birds, stitched the white blanket. Willard slipped his hand into sister’s as the blue steel of the shovel struck fire from a granite boulder near the brown hole at his feet.

CHAPTER FOUR

To Willard, time in eastern Massachusetts lagged. Sister Rhoda's determined jaw and jutting lower lip told him that she was trying to face her spinsterhood without complaint; but he saw her poring over her diary. He wondered why they couldn't move to the Berkshires, even though he knew the War of 1812 was being fought on land and sea.

When he heard that the British might take the West, he suddenly lost his vision of the future. Even Richmond might fall, Pa said. And Willard heard so much talk about secession that he himself wished Massachusetts would break away and make her own peace. Then Pa could take him to the plantation.

Willard looked with envy at his father's shotgun. Pa had helped to free the state from England. Why shouldn't he help to free it from those old *Warhawks*, Clay and Calhoun? Why not free it even from Washington?

Just as the move to secede got thoroughly organized in Massachusetts, the news of the peace treaty reached Holliston. In a few weeks brother Phinnie arrived from Pittsfield, ten miles through the hills from Richmond. Since the beginning of the war he had served there as sergeant major on the colonel's staff. He and Pa now discussed the breaking up of winter in the Berkshires. It was not more than two weeks before the Richards wagons, with their white canvas hoods, were packed.

By the middle of March, 1815, the family was ready to leave, all except sisters Rhoda and Susan. Rhoda was taking a turn with Grandmother Howe, who was now blind. Pa had once said he was not surprised at the affliction. The views on modern revelation that woman held! But what a pity Grannie had grown so blind in more ways than one.

Susan was staying behind for a time to help in the family of the eldest brother, Joseph, in Westborough.

Long before the sun was up on March 14th, Willard stood in the lane ready to commence his journey to the West. Phineas had moved ahead, hawing and geeing at his oxen, Greasy Mary and Black Abel. The half-frozen crust of mud cracked wide open under the weight of the animals. The roosters squawked in the coop tacked to the rear of his wagon. The pigs had been sold to brother Joseph. A sow in foal was to be bought in the Berkshires from Mr. Spencer, of West Stockbridge.

Willard whistled to his dog, Fly, a shaggy, black-and-white, long-haired fellow. Pa said his brush looked like it had been dipped in the tan vat, and that the creature was every bit as untidy as Willard himself. "Hold 'em, Fly, hold 'em," Willard cried, trying to keep the Merinos from belling the cows that were supposed to trail Levi's wagon.

"Can't we start?" Willard bellowed, his mouth suddenly streaked in the cold wind with a scrawl of dark hair.

In the smoky grey daylight, as if speaking to his ox, Phineas exclaimed, "Just look at him!" He glowered at Willard's soiled blue smock and fringed jerkin. "A fitting accompaniment to your hands and face!"

Willard's hair was matted and overlong. He looked at his legs below his tow-cloth pantaloons. Phinnie said his hands were as big as blown-up pig bladders. Willard's shoulders were broader than William's or Levi's. They're broader than mine, Phineas thought. But just look at him! What a sight! He said aloud, "Filthy and untidy as the soot boy of hell! And it's always the same."

Phineas closed his ears when Willard put two fingers on his tongue and whistled to Fly.

A half hour later Joseph cried, "Roll on!" His voice reached Willard from the head of the line.

Walking alone under the sun-laced grey branches of the Nipmuck country, he found the wilderness, though unfoliated, even more thickly wooded than the hills of home. He left his sheep to Fly's sensitive nose while he dreamed through the stories he had heard at the campfire. Pa had told how his great-great-grandfather, John Richards, had fought King Philip, the Indian chief, in this very country. How proud he was of the bounty he had received! His land grant had permitted him to become a freeman, and thus, like his father, a member of the Church.

Last night Willard had gone to bed in the wagon wondering whether in the West God would give him the new heart. He pulled the covers over his eyes so he could look inside himself. He wanted to hear nothing but the slow beat of his heart. But it went beat beat, beat beat beat, faster than the hourglass dropped its sand, faster than the water fell over the stones in Winthrop Brook. "Never mind," he comforted himself, "some day God will whisper. Some day you'll feel His presence, and you'll see the beautiful white light. But when? When?" Willard asked himself. "Where will I be? In Richmond? Out there will I have my *conversion-experience*?" He shuddered and listened, and all he heard was beat . . . beat . . . beat . . .

The sweat broke out in the creases of his neck. He threw the covers back and stared at the tan hood arching above his head, yellow in the moonlight. He prodded his ribs to see if the hurt of his body was as sharp as the pain inside his heart. He knew he could never hurt half enough to wipe out all his sins — going around so untidy, asking so many questions, disobeying instructions, loving his food so immoderately.

Today, as Willard continued his walk beneath the towering branches, he seemed to see that old Grandfather John's fowling-piece sticking out from a pine over yonder. He heard a bang and saw an arrow point crazily to the sky. A bow dropped. And a Wampanoag's blood flowed over the brown leaves.

Willard saw that old grandfather walking proudly through the church door at Lynn, holding up his head in the right to hope for salvation, believing he was of the elect. Willard himself was a warrior. Only this spring he had killed a fox and two coons on the great hunting preserve on Wildcat Hill.

But now, a few slow paces farther on, he was no longer a warrior with a shotgun, but Christian in search of his soul. He was a pilgrim in the woods. In Richmond, he would writhe in the holy flames of the spirit. They would tell him that through the sovereign grace of God his blood had been cleansed of original sin — and that he was no longer wholly depraved. He really was of the rightful elect, he told himself. Oh yes, he was Christian. This was his staff. He picked up a cudgel taller than himself.

When helping to make camp that evening, he was sent to gather tinder. He sniffed the ground with Fly to find the driest kindling

stuff. As the blaze swept high, Willard turned to his father in elation, "Look, Pa, look!"

With a gesture of his hand, Joseph silenced his son's boisterous voice. And while the potatoes bubbled with a thick gurgly sound in the iron kettle on the tripod, Pa related a story dear to his heart. "Some seventy years ago," he commenced, "Jonathan Edwards, the great teacher, walked this very path. Over the summit of the mountains, beside the river, he went, ousted from his pulpit in Northampton."

Willard stood in respectful silence alongside William and Levi. After finishing the milking and tethering the stock, they had joined the circle. Willard glanced from them to Pa, whose face was glowing in the red haze of the leaping flames.

"For declaring that a man is a sinner in the hands of an angry God, for crying that the Lord would drop a human soul into hell as readily as we would drop a spider into the kitchen fire, the master was despised. Simply for saying that God will surely thus drop the sinner and that he, too, will glow with a transparent golden light, the master was dismissed. His parish could not abide their own consciences."

Pa's voice began to rise. And now a shiver crept across Willard's shoulders and down his back. "For asking the young to search out the plan of God in every sign of nature, and to see Him at work in the beautiful laws of cause and effect, the doctor was asked to go, to leave his pulpit to someone who would not bring the young to suicide."

"Yes," almost automatically Levi began to quote his father, "it's through these works: God's streams, His trees, His bursting buds of spring that He shows to man the secret of His nature. He speaks, but through indirection. He hides His voice in His work. We have to find Him for ourselves."

Pa confirmed the statement with a look at Willard. "You'll not see the Lord's hand, boy. You'll not hear Him speak, but you'll sense the meaning of His works. And to your heart the divine flame will come, brighter than this fire, brighter than the light of midday in these naked woods. Son, if you'll search the depths of your nature you'll find the Lord. Glorify Him through your littleness, through your self-hate. Let Him speak to you through the rocks and streams, even through this very wood that we are burning. It's not so hot as

the glowing fires of hell into which you'll be cast if you don't mind your ways."

"Oh, Pa!" Willard's eyes shone as the pupils opened wide, red with reflected light. His lips were like a fallen leaf, but he managed to say, "I'll try. I'll try."

"Mr. Edwards preached to the Stockbridge Indians," Pa continued, "in the very country where we have our plantation. At Yale College, the man who became the first minister of Richmond was his pupil. And what does it mean to us because the state has broken away from the Church? In Richmond, the minister's word is law, court or no court in the East. In our valley, the pattern was set by the great doctor himself — the teacher of the Indians."

"And how they needed him!" Ma interrupted, dishcloth in hand as she prepared to move a pan of well-browned biscuits to a cooler rock.

Pa tried to silence her. But as she pushed some red coals near the stone, she said, "The boys should hear how my great-great-aunt, Elizabeth Howe, was saved from the savages because they heard her singing in Marlborough. They scalped her eldest sister and all her children because she refused the Indians bread when they burst into her cabin. But Lizzie, who had been singing outside the door, was carried away. And though she almost lost her wits before she was returned some three years later, she lived because she sang. The Lord loves music as well as the contrite and humble heart. He does enjoy to hear us happy. You glorify God through your dependence on Him, Willard. It's true He won't speak aloud, but you'll feel Him near you if you but open your heart."

"Yes, Ma." Willard thought if he could only feel the hand of God just once — though he should lose himself in the bottomless sea doing so — he'd not mind all this trying. He gulped painfully. When he ate his supper the steaming potatoes from the pot did not satisfy him. He longed for an unattainable comfort. He felt empty. Within himself he felt as empty as a bucket turned upside down.

"Come, Fly," he whispered, preparing to leave the circle. He took his hand off the dog's moist black muzzle. They moved into the shadows, scarcely breaking a twig.

Two days later, at the forks in the pike, just two miles this side of the first farms of Richmond, Phineas questioned Pa's turn toward the village of West Stockbridge. Here in the Taconic Range, Rich-

mond was but a cluster of farms, drained by the Williams River toward the Housatonic. Besides Uncle Leadbetter's store, there was hardly another one at their service. The plantations climbed the hills on both sides of the pike, running from the Richards farm at the extreme south of the wooded valley to the rise where the meeting house dominated the long trough like an exclusive guardian finger.

Not more than a hundred and fifty of the town's seven hundred and fifty inhabitants were Church Christians, and thus, according to the orthodox, worthy of God's notice. Not all of the seven hundred and fifty could despise themselves enough to earn forgiveness for their sins.

Some of the Church Christians had grown slightly sour while trying over the years to appease God. A Congregationalist had torn his house down when the Methodists built their meetinghouse next to his farm. "Methodists! They're barbarians who've never sought to covenant with the Lord," he had said, planning to build on the far corner of his place.

And in this town a girl had broken her engagement to a young man because he called on her on a Saturday evening after the Lord's Day had begun.

"The town's stricter 'n strict," Willard had heard sister Rhoda say. And she ought to know. And so should brother Phineas. He had spent many summers in the West. He had told Willard how the first minister of Richmond, like his master at Yale College, Dr. Edwards, had been asked to resign his post. Although the town had built as part of its settling duties a good meetinghouse, the Reverend Mr. Smith's sermons had been too much even for Richmond. Turning from his heated threats of the torments, the people had dismissed him. Still the Church, the settlement itself, could not erase Job Smith's mark.

"Halooo ahead. . . !" Again Phineas questioned Pa's turn to the left.

Father called back that he was going to see the Spencers. Besides holding a good farm, they kept the best store in the village. Pa wanted to pick up his fire irons and his pig; and so the whole Richards train wove through the March mud, black and deep in this lowland.

The Spencer place was only a short distance beyond the forks,

not more than two and a half miles, all told, from the Richards plantation.

It was getting on to high noon when Joseph arrived. He found the store locked and Mr. Spencer and his sons washing up for dinner at the pump in the back yard. They glanced up as Joseph turned the corner of the house.

"Mr. Richards! I swan! You got here!" Dark-eyed, rugged-faced Mr. Spencer looked so pleased that Willard instantly felt at home. "I swan, if it ain't the whole family!" Mr. Spencer shook hands with Phineas, his lean frame alert. He eyed Levi, William, and Willard, fifteen, thirteen, and ten years old.

"Yes," Pa rubbed his hand through his grey hair, "the whole lot of us. The women folk are in the carriage."

At the sound of voices, Mrs. Spencer, her corncob pipe in her hand, hurried down the kitchen stoop to have a word with her dear friend, Mrs. Richards.

Willard was staring at the Spencer boys, Daniel, Hiram, and Augustine. "Orson," said Mr. Spencer, "is at Union College, in York State, studying Divinity."

Pa introduced his three younger sons, and Mr. Spencer announced the names of his boys.

While the father debated the price of the sow and the fire irons, Augustine asked Willard if he was any good at hunting.

"I've set traps on the Wildcat!" Willard boasted.

"Wildcat? Where's that?" Augustine stared, his eyes deep-set and black behind high cheek bones; his teeth bared by thin lips; his mouth curled between tight-fleshed jowls, tanned and hardened from sun and wind.

"Across from Indian Brook; 'twas my grandfather's place!" Willard met Augustine's challenge. "There ain't no other place quite so good for hunting coons as the Wildcat!"

"Son, your manners!" Pa's voice was meaningfully restrained before he went on with his discussion.

"Huh? What do you get there?" Augustine asked suspiciously.

"Chucks, chickarees, foxes. Ermine when the snow don't fall too deep to run a line after the fur's turned."

"I can get all them out here. And I'll wager coons to chucks I get a bigger *cotch* than you next fall."

Out went Willard's hand. "It's a bet! All I need is the lay o' the land."

"Willard!" Pa scowled.

The sun was low over the hunched shoulder of the valley when Willard heard Phineas shouting, "Wo! Ha! Gee, you Greasy Mary!" He had taken his wagon safely down the last steep mound to the farm.

Levi followed, and then William went down with the cows.

Pa shouted orders about bringing the livestock into the pasture below the house. Ma and the girls made for the door, but, strangely, the bustle and the shouting faded from Willard's mind, and the dust and confusion.

Of all the family, he alone stood still. The feel and smell of the marl, the soil, the matted carpet of moist brown leaves from last year's fall flowed up through his veins. His feet sank into the dark sheen. He had hungered so long for this land that he felt its promise in every tendril of last year's now withered grass. He felt it in every branch of the dense woods surrounding him. Pa would soon tap the sugar maples; they reached forth naked but fruitful hands. The immense white pines through which the pike was cut would feed his lumber mill. The abundant stand rode the slope opposite the house. Mill Creek bubbled from the spring which found the surface of the earth in their midst, bounding down the hill and under the bridge that Pa had built as an order from the town fathers. He had also worked his part in maintaining Dublin Road, where it ran north and south of the brook.

Beyond the spring the plantation extended to the summit. Here a granite outcrop shelved pure white against the sky, removed and silent.

The cultivated part of the farm followed the natural contour where Pa had cleared the land. In orderly rows his young fruit trees crossed a tiny drumlin back of the house. The orange-tinted branches of the apricots seemed to welcome Willard. He knew that among all the apple trees, Winesaps and Gravensteins, not one worm had been discovered.

The brook powered the sawmill east of Dublin Road. Beside the pond in the depression to the west, the cider still stood handy

to the orchard. Near by rose the great barn and the little house, with a fanlight over the south door. Pa wouldn't think of finishing his house without that mark of restraint. Willard gazed at the half-circle with its spoked lights reminding him of law and order, of the sign of the straight back and the stern lip. He wanted to kneel, to sift these rotted leaves between his fingers — to put his cheek against the rich black mold and let the coolness of the earth caress him and whisper in his ear the secret of the Lord's promise.

But Fly was gathering the sheep, and Willard had to get them into the fold. He whistled, shouted, and gave orders in a noisy officious voice, contradicting the longing of his spirit.

Ma was calling for kindling. Willard remembered the fire, the hearth, the new house!

He said little as he explored each room, inch by inch. Pa had built well. Besides the good kitchen downstairs, with its windows to the south and east, and its broad fireplace, Pa had built a chamber on each side of the airway at the back, one for sisters, the other for Pa and Ma. And upstairs, west of the fanlight, Willard found the boys' room. Opposite this, on the other side of the special window, he discovered the spare chamber.

He felt as if he had lived here forever. But presently he went downstairs famished, ravening for food, chilled with the cold, ready to hug the blazing hearth, or to give a hand where needed. For this was home, and the bubbling kettle with its sheephead stew, and its onions and hard, crisp carrots — presented by Mr. Spencer from his ground cellar — smelled good enough to make him eat the whole shebang.

Once settled in the new home, Willard's parents lost no time in requesting admission to the Church. The Reverend Nathanael Howe, of Hopkinton and Holliston, had arranged an exchange membership for them. Still Joseph and Rhoda Howe Richards must prove themselves worthy of belonging to the Richmond Society. They asked permission to relate their experiences of conversion as soon as an opening could be found, and to take the tests on the local Covenant and Declaration of Faith. One of the last acts of the Reverend David Perry, who had followed Job Smith in the Richmond pulpit was to invite Mr. and Mrs. Richards to partake of the Lord's Supper.

Being no believer in the Half-Way Covenant, he could not conscientiously ask any other member of the family to sit at the Divine Table until he had borne his testimony before the Church. Each member must show himself worthy of justification.

Mr. Perry was old. He had held the pulpit for over thirty-six years, having been here ever since Mr. Smith was ousted and the dispute about his successor settled. Before Willard had a chance to gain a religious experience which he considered worth relating to the congregation, the ailing Mr. Perry was dismissed, and the pulpit was declared empty.

During the following two years no one but visiting ministers or deacons preached in Richmond. Somehow Willard could not find the expected burning in his heart. He could not speak before the congregation. The thought of publicly revealing the dark and unfathomable corners of his spirit became more and more insurmountable.

At last he turned against going to meeting dressed as neat as his father. He joined Augustine Spencer more frequently at the very hour of the evening chores, when the two boys would hang around the village square. Sometimes he even missed meeting.

One evening in November, he finished milking his father's cows only at dusk. He was carrying the buckets across the field where the frost had humped every blade of grass, leaving it white with hoar. The moon struck fire to his bucket, and the bucket's reflection caught the eyes of a toad. Willard walked between two red lines.

What are they, an omen? he asked himself. Something of the devil's making, trying to trap me? Seeing his father's slight form near the gate, he became still more uneasy. Pa's waiting for me. How long has he been there, Willard wondered.

His father stepped forward and reached for one of the buckets, his face drawn and ghostly in the moonlight. "You're later tonight than ever," he said, tense. "What's wrong?"

Willard could not answer. The silence was broken by a low thrust of stifled anger when Pa said, "What's this I hear about you and Augustine?"

Willard shuddered, seeing a golden spider in the kitchen fire. He went cold before the echo of the master who had walked over

Jacob's Ladder. And he heard at the crossing of the Connecticut the hollow rumble of his father's milch cows and oxen on the long loose-boarded bridge.

He tried to think of Levi, who had said there was nothing to worry about if you behaved yourself. But when Willard asked, "What have you heard, sir?" his voice did not sound like Levi's cool tone.

"That you and Augustine stopped at the grog shop," Pa replied, "when I sent you to buy some rope at Mr. Spencer's store. Did you do that?"

"Yes, Pa," Willard replied, his voice filled with shame.

"Don't you know I'm on the calling committee for the Temperance Society? That's not news, is it?"

"No, Pa." Willard's chin brushed his chest; his shoulders drooped.

"This wasn't the first time, I understand."

Had someone counted off every evil thing he'd ever done, all the skylarking of his life? "No, Pa."

"Are you aiming to embarrass me?" The question cut deep.

"No, sir." Willard choked.

"You know every man is damned in the sight of God until he proves himself worthy of His love."

"Yes, Pa. I know." The throaty answer came hard.

"The devil can take the form of a boy, standing at the door of a tavern, smiling, dressed neat as anything."

"I'm sorry I forgot." Willard rubbed his free hand over his untidy hair.

"You're twelve, son." Joseph spoke more kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"Old enough to remember; but if you was twice that, I shouldn't want you seen in such places."

"You can count on me, Pa." Willard's tone broke, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. Entering the house, he vowed he'd never be caught playing into the hands of the devil again. Every line of the warm kitchen called to his repentant heart.

CHAPTER FIVE

The autumn after Willard turned thirteen he was so tall that he had to lower his eyes to meet his father's reprimands. He was planning to enter high school in November, and his ears tingled every time he thought of the master's words in Richmond, describing him as an eager student. Since Willard had his eye on the study of science, he had been begging his father's permission to go to the Academy in Lenox, five miles from home, southeast through the green hills. Even so, it seemed that he was always tying himself in knots and getting a frown; and so lessening his chances to go away.

But he couldn't learn if he didn't stay up at night, he told himself, justifying the green shade he had devised to hide his candle from his brothers. He didn't calculate to feel too tired to rise when Levi and William turned out before daylight.

But one night when Willard closed his eyes he could see the products of the earth to be gathered: butternuts, quinces, apples; and he must stack the hay and husk the corn. Still he had read late that evening.

Morning came. He opened his eyes, closed them again, and sank into the warm hollow of his feather bed. A half hour later, he glanced half-lidded at the foot of the bed. This time he found Pa looking at him as if he were a sorry sight. In the dead silence Willard waited, drawing in his belly, curling his fingers and toes.

"Only a live fish swims against the stream, boy. It's the dead one goes down with it." The tone came from dry lips; and now in his impatience, Pa jerked his head, saying, "Do you expect to get the corn in today?" Without another word, he left the room.

A few minutes later, Willard walked slowly downstairs, his brown linsey shirt loose at the throat, his green stuff pantaloons in tatters below the knees, his hair as matted and uncombed as when he had gone to bed.

Why did he have to face Pa again, the lazy one wondered, finding his father with one hand on the door to the breezeway.

Pa had tied on his carpenter's apron. He was holding his hammer as if ready for the first blow. Still he took time to study Willard as though contrasting the unkempt clothes with the order of the kitchen.

The scullery looked as neat as the bird's cage; the bed on the settle was as smooth as the work shelf. The windows behind the netted curtains shone like dew in the morning sun. The copper on the hearth gleamed as if it, too, had eyes with which to scorn him. And now the clack in the attic told him that sister Rhoda was at the loom. I suppose Nancy and Hepsy are in the shed carding and dyeing, he thought; and God knows where my brothers are!

He squirmed, catching sight of the cats sprawled on the rockers. Pa was eyeing them as if to say, Even those cats catch their own dinner! The devil of idleness finds no place in this house except as he works on you.

The curled black wicks of the candles on the mantel showed how they had served Ma this morning. From the closed door of the side oven came the tantalizing odor of browned bread. Pa had built the oven high, wishing her no need to stoop, but here she came with an armful of short lengths from the wood shed.

Willard wanted to slip past her. Pa blocked the way, and the wood dropped into the box with a clatter. Ma brushed a lock of hair from her eyes, heavy with reproach.

"I'm sorry!" Willard's knuckles found his chin in a swift gesture of shame.

"Whatever will become of you?" Her own chagrin altered the usual kind curve of her lips.

Pointing at a covered bowl on the hearth stone, Pa said, "Porridge?"

She nodded.

"What's it doing down there this time of day?" The emphasis disturbed Willard anew.

"Well," Ma gasped, "he has to eat, Mr. Richards!" Her glance went from the dish to her son. "I left a jug of cream in the cool-cellar, boy. Go and get it."

"And don't forget to wash those hands and comb that hair."

Pa's held-in tone almost said he could feel the black suds and the dirty towel that Willard would leave.

The boy walked outside, huge and overgrown. Once he was out of earshot, Ma said, with a look at the porridge, "He's got the makings of a man, Mr. Richards."

"Yes. But when will he be at it? If it wasn't for the way he runs the trap-line; the way he smiles at the apple trees. They're loaded to the pride, and he likes it. That boy even likes the light on a dragonfly's wings! Yes, and his Bible, too." Pa had slowed down.

"Did you see him poring over Job last evening?" Ma asked with new hope.

Pa's glance lingered over the great book on the round table, beside his chair. He wasn't much at writing, but he could read; and that candle on the table, burned to the level of the maple saucer, was one light he did not begrudge Willard. "I know the boy can pass any kind of test on the Scriptures, Mrs. Richards," Joseph said, "but I'm going to test him another way; and by gor, if he doesn't bust even this time, I'll bust him."

"Mr. Richards!" Ma was shocked.

Pa went on as if he had not heard her. "It's his loose and careless habits that are a-holding him out of the Church." Father's lips twisted. "But I'll make a man of him overnight." The eyes softened, the mouth became tender, and now Ma smiled.

A few minutes later, meeting his father near the carpenter shop, Willard said, eager to please, "I'll hack the corn stalks double fast, Pa. I'll work all day."

"You needn't overtask yourself," said Joseph, seeing the contrite blue eyes and the first gawk of down between the short nose and the upper lip. "Don't push yourself in the field too hard. I'll have some work for you tonight."

"Not at temperance meeting?" Dismay shrank Willard's voice.

"You'll see, son. Mind now, rest a bit this afternoon."

Curious, Willard spent a puzzled day. His conscience spoke more chidingly than ever when he lay beside a wigwam of corn stocks, gazing into the deepening blue sky.

He met Pa in the woodshed after supper. He looked at the short lengths that Pa had stacked until they reached the roof, and a feeling of shame darkened Willard's heart. But it was always this

way with Pa. Nothing undone that should be done; a place for everything and everything in its place, all fully accomplished, hand and heart.

Joseph felt the sudden hostility. He almost stopped on the words he had planned to speak; but he had made up his mind, and in the eyes of the Lord a good resolve was as good as a promise. "How would you like to take the night watch with the cider, son?"

The toe of Willard's boot ground spasmodically into the dirt. "Pa, you'll trust me? I've never watched at night!"

"It's time you began, boy. No reason why you can't take your turn, same as William and Levi."

"What if I should fall asleep?"

"The whole batch would be ruined. If the cider stops simmering we stand to lose it. But if you make good, if all goes well, we should get ninety cents a barrel on the docks at Hudson."

"Oh, Pa, I can watch if I can read!" In his eagerness, Willard panted. "I can stay awake then, I know I can. May I have my book?"

Pa put up his hand. "If you make good with the night's work, boy, I'll let you take the whole load to Hudson."

The cider brought in a large share of the family income. The biggest price came from the load that went down the Hudson River to New York City. Willard had been to the port town only once. It was thirty miles of winding road from here. "Oh, Pa!"

He, the lazy one! He ran to the house. Passing the fanlight in the upstairs hall he reached his room. Over the scratched, notched surface of his desk he selected his book. Disregarding Newton's *Principia*, and Sir Charles Boyle's *Laws of the Universe*, he put his hand on the most fascinating of all: Benjamin Franklin's *Experiments and Observations on Electricity*. A moment later Willard put the book down on the scrubbed pine table of the still house. He went outside to the wood pile. His shoulders swelled as he dragged one of the trees off and pulled it toward the still. He got the large end inside the door, and at last he got it over the pit under the tripod.

Presently the log sputtered and caught fire; soon the embers commenced their work. With his eye, Willard measured the tree. With much sweating and puffing, he dragged two more logs through the door. Three should last the night, he figured. Whatever happened, the immense cauldron hanging from the tripod should be kept simmering until dawn. If the cider cooled, the fer-

mentation would sour, but if the brew boiled, the action itself would be killed.

Midnight came and a smooth grey scum covered the surface. Willard felt safe with this silent, barely perceptible ripple. He had a log ready to shove slowly into the pit. Again he lay flat on his belly and forced his eyes to accommodate themselves to the orange glow. Absorbed in Dr. Franklin's letters to his friend in the Royal Society of London, Willard chuckled. His ribs twitched as he read the account of some of the experiments the doctor had tried with the "volatile fluid."

By Peter, he thought, finishing the story of the lightning rod, if iron can transmit the fluid into the ground like that, where else can electricity go? What can it do? His meditation began and presently he said within himself, A lot of things! A lot that we can't see. His soft laughter broke over the slow cauldron. Hours later, his eyes had grown heavy, but at dawn his father found him lying awake beside the pit.

Ten days later, thirty-five casks were filled; the covers were nailed precisely down. "Mind," Joseph said as Willard caught the rope that Phineas flung from the other side of the cart, "the Lord's Day begins at early candlelight."

"I've not forgotten, sir." Willard tugged on a half-hitch.

"This is Thursday afternoon. You should be home early Saturday."

Willard grunted and pulled on another knot.

"Remember, don't go near the grog shops. Remember the devil! Especially after you get your money from the broker! You'll be paid when the barrels are aship—and then look out. Be sharp, Willard."

A convulsive tightening of his cheeks set Willard's heart palpitating, but he set his teeth and said, "I think I can manage, Pa."

"Got your wallet?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Just remember this, if the Sabbath overtakes you, put up for the night. Whatever you do, don't travel on the Lord's Day! Aim to get home with time to spare."

Willard held in his chin as he looked into the sharp eyes. "I will, Pa, I will," he said, but suddenly he gave himself over to his

abandon. He tossed his cap high, caught it on the side of his head, and, climbing over the wheel, started jauntily down Dublin Road.

In West Stockbridge he longed for Deacon Rosseter to catch sight of him. The deacon was preaching almost regularly in the Richmond pulpit now.

From the scattered farm houses at State Line, Willard started down a narrow forested glen toward Canaan, New York. Joseph had said Needle could make good time because the hauling was down hill, but Willard had rough-locked the wheels until the creak of the brake turned his blood cold as he swayed through the winding gap.

Leaving the sawmills of Canaan, he descended another wooded roundabout trail.

In Chatham he craned his neck to see the spacious houses hanging from the forested slopes above him. The fields were tilled in islands almost to the crest. If Pa could see these tidy farms, he'd think Yo'k State none so bad a place to live. Suddenly Willard scanned Needle's zigzag shadow in the lane. It was late afternoon and Chatham was hardly half way to Hudson.

He ate his lunch as he drove, hoping to reach the port that night so he could unload early Friday morning.

But he was afraid to drive the last stretch after nightfall. He pulled aside and took cover under the woods. As the fainter stars moved in on the bright ones he lost his sleepiness. Climbing to the seat of the cart he grabbed his cudgel with one hand, his shotgun with the other. Finally he wrapped himself in his blanket, shivering, and stared into the night over Needle's shadowy back.

When the details of the casks at last sharpened in the greying light of morning, he was weary from sleeplessness. But with a self-confident gesture born of new self-respect, he removed the lid from his tin of buttermilk and took a long drink.

Opening his pouch, he found his corn bread and swallowed two huge squares; still he felt empty. He bit into an apple, and the juice flew from his eager lips; his eyes rested hungrily on the white pulp, and then he crushed the fruit with two bites. After devouring his sixth Gravenstein he was sure he could face the day. But when Needle pulled the heavy cart over the burning cobblestones of Hudson, down the incline to the docks, the stevedores were already stripped to their waists and were trundling their loads down the

quay. They roared with laughter when Willard begged a quick turn. "A Yank! Wants to get home before the Lord's Day begins!" The fellow spit a good brown stream of tobacco juice and Willard answered in kind.

The laughter of the New Yorker turned into a growl, and Willard stood near his load until his throat was so dry that even his burlough leaf no longer made any spit in his mouth. The October sun beat its hot drums on his head. His apples were gone and most of his corn bread. He could stand the watch no longer. He left the cart for a moment and found an ordinary. One glass of blackstrap, two, and a slap on the shoulder from a monstrous-looking man. "Yankee, what are you doing down here?"

"I've hauled a load of cider, sir. I'm waiting my turn to ship."

Uproarious laughter poured over his ears. Outwardly, Willard met it with unperturbed self-control. But now at the cart he heard the whistle of the cargo boat, and he had not yet received the money for his load. He stood by the piled-up casks and nonchalantly lit his corncob pipe. Nothing, he said to himself, could make him show his fear of arriving home too late for his father's approval.

The sun met his hand broadside when he signed his papers and took his cash. He climbed to the seat of the empty cart and Needle's hoofs struck the cobblestones; but before Willard left Hudson he stopped for one more glass of blackstrap. To his surprise, when he emerged from the tavern, the russet hills had darkened, the sun had vanished.

Night overtook him long before he reached his previous camp-site. He would have to start early in the morning to reach Mill Creek by afternoon. The fear of arriving late increased his terror of the darkness. He now had his money to guard. The howl of a wolf sent his fingers to his gun. For a long time he sat with the trigger cocked, his blood timed to the breaking of a twig, the fall of a leaf, the distant splash of water.

From time to time he looked nervously over his left shoulder, then over his right. He was afraid to unhitch Needle. Again the poor creature stood between the shafts all night long — and in the morning, waiting for Willard to open his eyes. The boy had at last closed them. He overslept three hours past his planned starting time at five a.m. Only the rattle of a down-gap cart awakened him.

For him the glorious golden day was already gone. As he

trundled along he thought he'd as lief meet a wolf on the road as his father's eyes at home. Slowly the hours passed and yet rapidly as he moved through Chatham, Canaan, and finally State Line. Dusk had fallen, but how could he tarry over Sunday seven miles from home? he asked himself. The common things of earth looked as unstartling and ordinary as they had a couple of hours ago. He moved on. His parents already knew he had failed, he figured.

At half-past nine they met him at the door, his mother sad-eyed, his father stern. "I trusted you, son. This is blasphemy. Too young to learn, too old to mind?"

"No, Pa."

"Got your cash?"

"Yes, sir."

Father looked at him as if he would rather lose the money than see his son take one more step in losing his soul to the devil.

As Willard climbed the stairs to his room the Spirit of Accusation followed him, another devil on his trail. The last of the boys home but the first to bed, he turned his back to his brothers when they came upstairs. He had had an hour to decide that no inward burning would ever take him off the road to hell.

The winter proved dismal, and yet hope refused to die. Maybe he could go to Lenox next year; it wouldn't be too late for the Academy then, he thought.

Toward spring, when Willard could no longer stand up to his father's disappointment in him, he turned to his new sister-in-law for the encouragement his spirit craved.

His brother Phineas had married Wealthy Dewey on February 1, 1818. She was eighteen years older than Willard, two years older than brother Phinnie; definitely another influence for piety in the family. Still, Willard sought her company from time to time.

He could sit at ease in her house, which Phineas had built across the valley from Pa's farm, near the South School. She let a fellow find comfort in her rocker. When she read aloud, the Book of the Lord sounded like music. Sometimes at such moments she would be wearing a beautiful white fichu and her violet-blue eyes never called him to account. He loved the way she sat up straight and tall, and yet appeared serene and untroubled.

As the days began to hold their light, he made more frequent

visits to her home. In mid-April, the last day of this school term, he ambled up the path, a book in his hand which she had loaned him. Her cousin was a professor at Williams College. She came from a family who had a library. Since the Sunday School library in Richmond was closed to Willard because he was not a member of the Congregational Community, she allowed him to borrow from her works.

Sometimes she encouraged him to talk, but he was afraid to try her out on some of the things that troubled him. Newton's Laws, the doctrine of the elect—they just didn't go together. Why stir her up? he decided.

But now in April, on the last day of school, he entered her kitchen after one brief tap. It smelled of currant buns, as if they had just come out of the oven. Brother Phineas was not so poor that sister could not keep her jar heaped high enough to fill a fellow's stomach any day.

As she came from the lean-to his eyes left the perforated tin door of the safe. He was surprised to find sister flurried—no cap, no fichu, her figure already changing; her basque stretched tight across her bosom and around her waist. She was panting. "You are making yourself to home," she said, smiling. "And so early of an A.M.!"

"It's our last day at school." Willard fingered the frayed sleeve of his jacket. "And I'm in need of a favor."

Wealthy saw the upturned lips quiver, the cleft chin soften. "Come with me to the cellar. I'm churning. Couldn't get it done last night—eggs to candle, yarn to set, Mr. Richards' carpenter apron to patch. He went to Lenox early this morning, a-joinering."

In the cool-cellar the dasher sent the cream slapping and gurgling against the side of the churn as she stood in the shaft of sunlight from the open door. "Come, butter, come." The muscles of her fair white arms rippled. Standing near the steps, Willard saw her smile as she said, "Company's a-come; and come, butter, come."

Her eyes sparkled. "Ah," she said, as she took the lid from the churn. She poured out the whey and lifted the paddle. "A favor?" she asked, as she began to mold the butter. Patting, kneading, and washing it again and again in a bucket of cold water on the bench, she said, "Brother Willard, what can I do for you?"

Willard loved her deprecating smile. She was never one to

know all the answers, but she did know that in God's heart there was room for a boy.

After many false beginnings the words came. "I wonder — could you — ? Would you speak to Pa for me? It's not beyond him to let me go to Lenox, if he will —"

"You mean to study Divinity?" she asked, delighted.

He shook his head. "Science," he blurted out.

Her quick dubious glance set his heart pounding.

"Willard, God gave you a tongue. If He wants you to go to Lenox, you'll go." The gesture of her paddle cowed him.

"Science *and* religion!" he again blurted. This time he was like a horse going over the fence. "Newton's Laws. They're part of God's design. Cause. Effect. He made the universe and He set the laws to operating. How can he save only a chosen few? Is He so unreasonable?"

"Oh, Willard, a rationalist? Is that what that book on electricity has done for you? What is it? What's the matter with you? Can't you tell me? These reckless ways!"

He felt the kindness of her voice, but in her blue eyes he had seen no response to his appeal, no understanding of the union in the universe — only a sharp fear for his soul.

He left her house hungry. He couldn't have eaten a currant bun, not even if *she* had remembered.

The first Saturday in May he was mulching the soil in the corn-patch. His hoe rose and fell in small broken arcs along the margins of the new green blades, scattering the earth as he loosened it; but his work did not hold his mind. The simple dart of a flycatcher caught his eye, its call his ear; *witch-brew . . . witch-brew . . .*

Looking up the hill opposite, to the white pine, he saw the burst of granite against the sky.

He did not stop to put his hoe in the shed, but rather dropped it in the field where the moisture could start its rust and slow rot. Crashing through the pines on his way up the mountain, he took a short cut to the spring, bogging down for a moment in the cedar swamp. He pulled himself out and sprang from granite boulder to boulder, surging up the slope through the carpet of lady slippers, yellower than any butter.

At the spring he lay on his belly, he held back the grass with

one hand, and taking his corncob pipe from his mouth, dipped his lips into the cool current. When he lifted his shoulders he brushed the dirt from his cheeks, but again he sucked in the cold water. Rising, he looked back toward the valley. An eagle was soaring in narrowing circles. Suddenly it fell toward a grassy island. It rose with a dark stain between its claws, flapping over the valley where Pa was prudently turning the edge of the field, returning the plow in a straight line. No crazy zigzag of corn would rise in the west field. Willard could almost see him strain, his brown skin wrinkling at the throat, the spare tufts of grey hair following the cords of his neck to his Adam's apple. He could almost see his strong lean hands. I'll never be like him, he thought; never! Oh, why can't I be what he wants me to be?

Glancing at the sun, Willard wished he could fly. He knew he should turn home; the cows would be bawling. Still he thought of the granite ridge, and went on.

Reaching the summit, he swayed as the wind tore at his hair, sending it in swirls across his face.

At home, his absence was emphasized by the news that sister Rhoda had brought from West Stockbridge. She said that Deacon Rosseter had told her he was holding a revival. The ministers would be gathering at his home within the week; the meetings would be held at his house. All who cared to attend were invited.

The eager questions of the family were cut short when Willard tramped in.

As if timed by the hand of God, the whole family turned in his direction.

"You're late," Father said coldly, "and sister Rhodee has news."

"You'll want to join us, Willard," young Rhoda began eagerly, but as she gave him the deacon's invitation, he said:

"Me? He wants me?"

"Yes. He wants you 'specially. All the backsliders."

In the jolting silence that marked the pause, Willard winced.

Suddenly everyone seemed to hear the cows calling. Willard said, "I'm sorry I let the critters go."

"They've been hanging over the fence, asking, son. I thought I'd best let them stand," his father answered wearily.

Willard sat over the milking, his hands pumping up and down,

draining the swollen udders. Finally he relaxed and heard the croaking of the frogs in the slough, the quacking of ducks waddling from the pond, the honk of geese. To the bleating of the sheep he said, "It's a-comin' on for lambing time and they're restless."

Before he left the pasture the moon spread its light over the fields — rich with the moist smell of evening and spring-damp earth — drawing Willard close to the things he loved: the woods, the deep mysterious forest with its good and its evil; the granite against the sky, visible even now in these cool green rays.

At last his eyes closed slowly to the light, his spirit bathed clean. O Lord, he thought in desperation, I'll go to the revival. I'll go. Maybe I can ask the deacon for justification. He tried to quell his growing sense of guilt and evil.

Near the pasture's edge, he looked across the garden, toward his father's door, and saw the flickering reflection of the hearth on the dark wall within, cutting across the beams in ragged streaks.

CHAPTER SIX

At second candlelight one evening in November, more than six months after the revival, Willard sat slouched in his father's chair, his *Principia* tipped to gather the light. The book obscured his face from his mother, who stood across the hearth, at the ironing board.

Occasionally she glanced his way and then somberly continued pressing the underarm seams of a green and brown plaid overcoat that she was making him — her shewbread for siding against him in the Lenox Academy decision. Though the Academy was only five miles from home, perhaps it was a lifetime too far away, she had suggested. With your habits! She had told him that the revival had not impressed him, and that the viper of destruction lay in his breast. She repeated that she'd be glad when Richmond had its own minister to take Mr. Perry's place.

Now in late autumn everybody in the valley knew that the young and learned Mr. Dwight of Yale College was to be installed in January; and that the Richardses were to board him, once he came here to live. During his visits he had excited Willard to a more intense longing for the Lord's grace, and at the same time he had sharpened Willard's pangs of self-reproach.

The necessity to receive grace had become an insistent, never-ceasing urge. Only, the more he wanted to blot from his veins the curse of being born, the more he felt his blood leap in longing for the fellows who could enjoy a glass of blackstrap. The farms held such sweet girls whose parents owned no pews. None had really caught his eye, but occasionally there was an apple bust, a popcorn roast, or a shucking bee in some village down the lane with his friends.

Seated before the fire, Willard thought that if the time ever came when he wasn't drifting down the way, God might put his feet on the right path. He saw the meetinghouse porch, twenty-seven feet long by eight feet wide. And Mr. Dwight — Ma had just men-

tioned him again: when the minister is here, you — She had stopped as if a bee had lighted on her tongue. Manners, morals, which was she stressing, or was it both? Willard closed his eyes.

When Mr. Dwight had spoken in Richmond as a candidate for the pulpit, he had stood before the Society with ruddy cheeks and straight fine-cut nose. His lips and chin were cleanly sculptured. His brow was broad, his hair light brown. His eyes struck fire from the congregation. Willard had been spellbound until all at once Mr. Dwight's blue glance turned heavy with the world's sin, as if he carried the weight of all evil in an iron-bound chest which he would like to shove back into the lap of the congregation.

Willard looked up to find Ma's glance upon him as if he and the checkered cushions in Pa's chair were one solid lump. Her eyes fell. He watched her turn the broad gores of plaid worsted, his face feeling hotter than the hissing cloth.

"We're honored to have the minister coming to board with us," she said softly. "When he's here, Willard, I hope you'll mind yourself and leave your friends alone."

He nodded, trying to ignore Mr. Dwight's assertion, during his trial sermon, that the Adversary tempts a boy's members to deny the favor of his spirit.

Kneeling at the hearth to replace the coals in her iron, Ma caught sight of the title of his book. Her face wilted. As though talking to herself, she said, "I'm sure Pa and I were right in deciding against the Academy."

Willard heard Pa's dry voice, like an autumn leaf held aloft by the wind: What need is there for a boy to study science? Almighty God knows the economy of redemption.

The outside door opened. Pa himself came in, bringing a shadow of cold, pushing back the warmth of the hearth. "It's a dratted nippy evening." His glance stopped at his chair. "Son?" He scowled.

Willard roused himself like Fly stretching before the hearth, forcing his legs into action. As if it were a matter of course to be disturbed from every comfort, he drawled, "I'm sorry, Pa." He kept his book open with his finger while he made his way to the table.

The sound of Levi's clarinet rippled down the stairway, entering the family room through the tight-shut door to the hall. "Has William gone up?" Pa asked. "Where are the girls, in their chamber?"

It was high time the family was closing in. Prayers had been offered an hour ago. These cold nights, morning came before one got well asleep. Pa looked at the bulky one-hundred-and-ninety-pound fellow, again slumped over his book. "You'll be goin' up after your second candle, Willard?"

"Yes, Pa."

Coming from some fine height of their own, the words irritated Pa. He wondered if he had spoken only to the wrinkled shoulders and dusty head. He pondered the relaxed form. In a strange uprush of sympathy, his voice mellowed. "O son, don't be too eager!"

Other words seemed mouthed by Pa: Learn to possess your soul through patience. When your conscience has seared you enough you'll no longer fear death. Some day you'll know what peace can mean to a boy. You'll speak before our Society, and then you'll know — you'll know.

Willard rose from the table, ashamed of his saucy memories. He crossed the room and put his great hand on the thin shoulder. "I'm trying to prepare myself, sir."

Joseph searched the repentant countenance. With a new inflection, he asked, "You'll go upstairs and seek the Lord in silence?"

Willard agreed, but suddenly he averted his eyes. An hour later the candle dissolved in a pool of yellow oil. The blackened wick curled in the saucer like a scorched millipede. He could no longer endure the smell of its sputtering or the dampness of his palms. He banked the embers on the hearth and groped his way to the outhouse, and then to the attic.

The snows came with deeper intensity, obliterating the details of the landscape in sweeping scrolls of nothingness. Even the spires of the immense pines were reduced by the white cloud which made them almost one with both mountain and valley.

Despite his disappointment over not going to Lenox, Willard was doing well in Richmond high school. But he could not forget that the academy offered science and the first steps toward the ministry, provided a fellow could school his feelings. And I can, Willard thought, one evening at home. Maybe if I can't go to Lenox I can enroll at Williams. I could get physics and electricity there. It's only fifteen miles north.

Willard itched to call on sister Wealthy. Her cousin lectured at

Williams. But Ma had said she didn't want a great fellow like him hanging around for her currant buns these days.

Late one afternoon, he made his slow way home over the snowy shoulder back of the house. Who's that, he wondered, seeing a dark-cloaked figure ahead of him.

"Sister Susan," he called, remembering she had gone to sister Wealthy's this morning. Drawing near, he noticed a handkerchief, stiff with tears and frost, in her black-gloved hand. "What's wrong?" he asked, seeing her plump face distorted. "Not sister Wealthy?"

Susan shook her head. "The baby. But wait until we get in the house." She looked somber and terrible.

A few moments later, when they stood before their parents and sisters, she continued her story, her eyes moist. "We could see that he wasn't long for this world. And a little boy, Ma! Brother Phinnie set out for the village as fast as he could go."

"Did Mr. Rosseter arrive in time?" Mother asked, as if that was all that counted.

Susan nodded. "They named him Abraham. Blessed him. But was it enough, Pa? Was it?" A ceremony in the house, with only a deacon's touch on the baby's forehead? "Oh, Mother," Susan sobbed, "he was so tiny, so blue. He breathed with such effort, and he cried so faintly when at last we got him."

Willard was caught in the spell of her words. He saw a brown hollow in the white ground. Infant damnation? Oh, no! But he heard Pa muttering something between pale lips. "Early death. The fall has taken my first grandchild born in the West." His face was as grey as his hair. Their color merged. And to Willard, though Pa was only fifty-six, he looked like an old, old man.

For several days his father's expression haunted Willard. He could not help calling on sister Wealthy when the week was up. They sat in her kitchen, and he saw in her eyes a look of uncomprehending sorrow.

At last glancing up from the sock she was footing, she remarked evenly that she had trusted her child to the Lord. But her eyes said, I can't really see him in heaven. He was so little, so helpless.

Willard watched her unwind three rows from the heel. When he could no longer bear the silence, he said impetuously, "It wasn't Adam's sin that did it, it wasn't!"

"What then?" she asked dully, her breath coming a little faster.

"I don't know, I don't know."

"Why then do you disturb me? What right have you to go against the teachings?"

"I don't know. Oh, sister Wealthy, how can I love the Lord and still be so scared of Him?" Willard's shoulders shook. He clasped his hands over his face and put his head on his knees.

"Brother Willard, you do love God. You haven't forgotten Him. Do you pray?"

"I try." Willard's voice was muffled.

She stroked the untidy head and was startled to see the transparency of her hand against the dark matted curls.

"When the new minister's living in your house, Willard," Wealthy said soothingly, "you'll find comfort. Everyone says Mr. Dwight puts himself out for the sick and the troubled."

She rose, and opening the doors of the safe, selected two large buns.

Willard took the blue-flowered plate eagerly.

On Friday, January 11, 1819, the sisters were hustling through their final preparations for the minister's arrival. Mr. Dwight would, of course, come early on Saturday, and they were finishing up ahead of time. Willard again sat slouched over a book, pretending he was in nobody's way. As if she had actually forgotten his presence, Nancy said, "Only think—an unmarried minister in our own house!" The thin line of her upturned nose made a butterfly's wing. She was as excited as if she weren't planning to be married within two months. She raised the spoon from her batter, and peered at the casement. It was so white and sparkling that she pulled her elbows in to her slender waist, shivering over the cold that was creeping under the sash.

"The moment Mr. Dwight's installed, I'm going to ask for justification." Young Rhoda sounded eager.

It's high time she did! Willard thought, uncomfortable from her quick counting of the towels.

Hepsy glanced up from the ironing board, her pointed nose all curiosity. "Seems to me," she said with a poke, "that you're already running your legs off to ketch Mr. Dwight."

"Sisters!" Nancy gave her batter a slap.

Willard jumped up; in his awkward haste he hit the bird cage. Trill chirped and fluttered. "I've heard Mr. Dwight's sweet on Miss Mary Sherrill." Willard gave them all a spiteful glance.

"My friend?" Rhoda tried to cover her distress as she sorted the linen.

"Yes," said Willard. "They met when she was at female seminary, and he at college. I wish I could go to Yale College!"

"I'm afraid Mr. Dwight'll be so learned none of us'll understand a word he says." Nancy slowly stirred her batter.

"As if any of us could miss the point! I calculate we'll know what he's talkin' about — sin, sin!" Willard turned to the mountain, smiling when he saw the evening light deepening every line and hollow. The granite stood warm against the sky.

"Pa thinks Dr. Beecher'll accept our invitation to dinner." Nancy reminded Willard that even the great doctor who was to preach the ordination sermon might be in this house.

"With the new minister installed," Rhoda said, as if to ignore her setback, "we can all join the Church. You, too, sister Susan."

"I spoke before the Reverend Nathan'l." Susan's hands went to her face like wisps of fog. "I can't do it here. I can't." She choked, coughing, and Willard saw a spot redden her handkerchief.

He pretended not to notice, feeling as if he'd throw up. The baby, Abraham! Sister? What was this vile corruption in the marrow? "If you'll speak, I will!" He looked at Susan; she did not answer, and he said, "Sister Rhoda promised Mr. Dwight'll receive anyone who can repent his vileness."

"I cannot speak, brother Willard," said Susan. "But you can. You always was a showoff."

"To be proud is to walk with the devil," Rhoda broke in. "You can't love the Lord because you don't hate yourself, Willard. Not you!"

He rose, hitting the bird cage again. And again he heard her words when the blue air struck him as he went outside.

On Sunday morning the whole family went to meeting. They did not need to be participating members in order to attend. Filling Pa's pew, they shared Dr. Beecher's compliment when he said that Mr. Dwight felt honored to head this Society. "A scholar from Yale College, a student of Edwards, Eliot, Mayhew, and Mather — he will make you a good leader."

Dr. Beecher quoted Isaiah, saying the new minister could tell his people, "Woe is me, I am undone because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean life; for mine eyes have seen the things of the Lord of Hosts!" He emphasized the need to crush the spirit of pride in the things of the world, and with Job to call one's self the vilest of sinners.

During his sermon Mr. Dwight said, "As the doctor has suggested, only through self-abasement does either the greatest or the least of us hear the voice of reproof from on high. Out of the midst of the whirlwind the whisper comes. And who is that man who can darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

Willard's fingers and toes tingled. He resolved to study his Bible more and his other books less. By the light of the candle he would find the light of God; he'd be saved from the everlasting fire. Suddenly he felt glorified to hear that he dwelt in a house of clay while his spirit remained in darkness.

He thought he could follow Mr. Dwight into the furthestmost sea. The minister's shoulders, though capable, looked neat and trim as a mainmast. If I can perceive God, Willard calculated, no matter if I suffer the most frightful pangs, I can bear them in silence. He sat so still that his legs went numb against the hard bench, but he dared not change his position.

At home he prepared gladly to spend the afternoon in his cold room, and to forswear, if necessary, all his friends. I can give up the ordination dinner if I have to, he resolved; but even then sundown seemed a very long time away. Seated at his desk, Willard told himself that he had started wrestling with his flesh, but when he sank on his knees in prayer, before he knew what he was doing he begged to be spared the torment of Job's boils.

While meditating, he occasionally heard in the stillness of the house a passage from the Bible murmured aloud, the tones penetrating in homage the abyss of silence due the Lord.

Willard felt ravenous when Trill's chirp at last gladdened his ears. To the sound of the dog's barking in the yard, he went downstairs. He piled the wood high on the hearth, and rejoiced that this was Father's hour. Pa had invited to the ordination dinner two deacons and four members of the calling committee in the Temperance Society.

With the kettles simmering and the cats brushing against his

stockings, Pa graciously seated his guests. Dr. Beecher stood on his right, benignant, hearty, and assured, waiting for the signal to take his chair. Mr. Dwight remained standing on Pa's left while he placed the deacons next in line. William Peirson, a neighboring farmer and Nancy's betrothed, kept Phineas company at the foot of the table. Phineas' hair was now showing the first pale streak of middle age.

As if his sons could shield his guests from the too-near flames of the hearth, Joseph put the three younger boys in a row, with their backs to the fire. He had warned them to endure any discomfort in silence. Willard stood quietly opposite the deacons.

When grace was said and all were seated, he fastened his eyes on the imprisoned gleam of candlelight in the pewter pitcher at each end of the table. The jugs held the cider to the lip. And since no one could keep the golden glimmer of the fire from passing through the narrow spaces between the boys' shoulders, the darting flames from the logs came to life in the blue pottery mugs. These were filled to begin with and arranged in front of the dinner knives.

Ma served from the dresser. The girls passed the heaped-up plates. The Muscovy duck dripped with juice; the giblet gravy flowed slowly down the sides of the great hills of mashed potatoes; the parched corn even yellowed the cream in which it had been warmed. Willard could stand no more. He dared not look at these steaming savory plates; his turn was yet far away. Pa suggested that the guests commence eating, and for a time only the clicking of the dishes was heard, and then the protests against the interruptions caused by the passing of the cranberry jelly, corn bread, butter, and garden *sass* — dried herbs moistened with sugar, cream, and tarragon vinegar.

"Quince preserve, too?" said Dr. Beecher.

It's just like Thanksgiving Day, Willard thought above the praise so gallantly sung about the good shepherd who had come to this village, and the glorious sermon preached by Dr. Beecher. He managed somehow to keep his composure, but when at last he was served, the guests were almost through with their duck and ptarmigan. He began to wolf his food lest he be left behind.

He felt no more need to give all his attention to the conversation; it concerned only the things of the spirit. He postponed his questions, planning to bring them up when he had a chance to

discuss with Mr. Dwight, Newton's opinion of man in relation to science and God. Willard could wait. Pa had warned him to keep his peace. So far, no anxious glance had been cast his way.

With the enormous hollow beneath his ribs appeased, Willard became more comfortable. Presently, he began to ache from having crowded his stomach, and his hands stopped their steady lifting, his jaws their vigorous grinding. His eyes shone from the pure satisfaction of a full belly, an untroubled conscience, and the benign presence of these two men of the cloth.

Observing the boy's thoughtful face, Mr. Dwight said to Mr. Richards, "Your youngest son is a promising lad."

Willard looked up astounded. Praise to the face was open disgrace. He swallowed hard; but as if he and the minister had a great deal in common, he suddenly blurted out, "I've made a study of Newton's laws, sir."

Mr. Dwight gasped. He had not expected an answer. He suppressed his surprise. But when the pause became noticeable he deigned to show this boy that he still felt kindly disposed. He tried to cover the lad's impropriety by asking him straight out, "And by whose grace have you done your studying, Willard?"

"By my own, Mr. Dwight. We weren't given the subject in school. I wanted to go to the academy at Lenox, and perhaps, like you, Mr. Dwight, to Yale College, but Pa —"

Willard broke off abruptly, fully aware of his breach of manners. Now the silence was like an empty cauldron on the table in front of him. Someone had to fill it. Pa might have done so, but in the presence of the two ministers he withheld his voice.

Willard felt Dr. Beecher's half-amused fascination. Mr. Dwight said, as if he still would offer his lesson mildly, "Willard, because a man cultivates his field with more than usual diligence, because he sows a little ahead of his neighbor and then, in the end, gathers unto himself a more abundant harvest than the man on the next farm does, and so says with the pride of earthly things, 'I am a husbandman!' that man covets the cunning of devils, whether or not he's willing to bear their punishment. He covets gold and silver, and his own person above the will of the Lord."

Willard's face turned more horribly red. The fire felt hotter. He wanted to ask, What's a neighboring farmer got to do with all the wonder and glory of the heavens?

Seeing his subject rebellious, Mr. Dwight said, "Sir Isaac is merely an example of what man can do with his mind. He's nothing, less than nothing, without the blessing of the spirit, without sovereign grace."

"But Newton and Boyle? Oh, sir!" Willard rose, pushing his chair dangerously near the leaping fire. "If this were the earth, and the butter plate the moon—" He glanced at the plate. —"Yes, if it was the moon, the power of gravity between the two bodies, acting upon each other, sets up their relationship." Up went the plate above his head. Again he looked at the butter. "These illustrate what Sir Charles Boyle tells us by means of his orrery."

"Willard," Pa's voice was emotionless, "will you be seated?"

"You do glorify yourself." Mr. Dwight shook his head. His poor Willard had not begun to see the laws of God, the work of Him who created this earth and every star that surrounded it. "Newton used his splendid mind to cultivate the science of mathematics," the minister declared. "But who acted upon his spirit?" He lifted his hand to end the discussion, except to add in a low voice, "What a beastly display of self-glorification!"

The remark struck Willard like the sting of the hand. If only he could escape, if only he had no need to obey his father, he might live through the evening! Part of his brain and heart went numb. A horrible choking feeling made him want to throw up. He thought that if he did not relieve himself, he could not endure the interval before everyone would rise. Almost imperceptibly, he lifted his hand to shove aside the dish of deep-pot blueberry cobbler that Susan had placed before him.

Levi passed the jug of almost orange cream.

"I don't care for any." Willard could barely be heard.

"Can't you send it on?" Levi gave him a kick under the table.

As the winter passed, Willard often imagined himself crouched at Mr. Dwight's feet. In his rambles over the mountain on snowshoes, following his traps, he saw himself at the minister's side. When he studied his lessons, Willard saw Mr. Dwight's face on the open page of his book. In the lines he tried to read, he heard his words: Those men who speak with pride covet the name of devils, whether they know it or not. Great poets, philosophers, scientists

show only what the finite mind is capable of doing. They work with their brains, but who quickens their spirits?

At times the condemnation and questions were seemingly repeated in the grating sound of Mr. Dwight's quill, running over the white paper while he was composing his sermons. On certain evenings in January the minister had to leave his cold room, as Willard had to leave his, each appearing from opposite sides of the fanlight, to work at the long pine table beside the hearth. On such occasions the silence between them seemed to magnify itself. Willard could no longer mention the laws he wanted so much to ask Mr. Dwight about. He felt sure that every kindly thought the minister might have given him was lost in the dull scraping sound of his quill.

Barricaded behind his books one evening, Willard sent a covert glance up the distance, said nothing, pretended to read, and read nothing. He gained only the impression that the heavy lines Mr. Dwight occasionally drew through some phrase or another on the slowly filling page were caused by his presence. He squirmed, said goodnight, and left his father's friend to see the candle through, to bank the embers, and grope his way upstairs.

In February, Mr. Dwight announced a revival to be held in Richmond next March. As many ministers as could accept his invitation would gather. And Pa offered to board them all, even if the whole twenty-four invited guests showed up. As the days passed Mr. Dwight frequently mentioned the conclave.

Ma and her daughters found their attention excitingly divided. Nancy, the first of the girls to be married, would become a bride just before the revival commenced. Mr. Dwight, of course, would marry her to Mr. William Peirson, a well-to-do farmer. Already he had built her an excellent house at the north end of the valley, near the church.

On March 14th the two families met at the Richardses, at ten o'clock in the morning, and dined at twelve. The next day the Peirsons came again, William looking as if he knew exactly what he was about, what he wanted, and where he was going. And he looked, too, as if he expected his bride to set her eyes on the same goal.

In her striped, dark-green silk dress, Nancy stood trembling with hope and fear beside her bridegroom.

Before Mr. Dwight asked the couple to speak their vows, he preached his sermon on the fall of Adam, on the Confession of Faith, and God's offering of grace to mankind through His Son. But at last the minister gave the couple his hand and his blessing.

Willard had been standing with his rangy friend, Augustine Spencer, silent in the presence of God. Before the circle could now close in to kiss the bride, a toast must be offered. Sister Rhoda bustled in with a tray of currant wine, saved for ten years through Ma's certain belief that some day one of her girls would be married.

Mr. Dwight held his glass to the window, ruby-colored in the light, the goblet framed between the white netted curtains. He wafted it before his lips, and his thin nostrils expanded while he held in suspense those waiting for him to take the first sip. With a charming smile, he glanced at Nancy. "The color of our Lord's blood."

But before the minister could wet his lips, Willard drained his glass. Without tasting his cake, Augustine swallowed his wine.

"Weddings do sometimes go to the head as well as the heart." Without loss of face, Mr. Dwight passed off the rudeness, but he could not stay the shocked, contemptuous glances turned on the boys.

During the congratulations, Augustine and Willard escaped, red-faced, to the buttery. They covered their confusion with sheepish grins and another glass of wine. "A toast to the bride!" Augustine jeered with his second drink of gooseberry wine.

Willard poured himself another glass.

Augustine jumped onto a cask on the floor. Willard shoved him off and drained a mugful of hard cider from the spigot. One more drink followed for each truant. After tipping their heads back over the empty mugs, they swaggered into the sun-dappled room just as Nancy was saying, "I cannot go away with Mr. Peirson, Ma, till I've heard you sing."

Her chins dimpling from her smiles, Mother stepped forward. "Come, girls!"

The guests formed again, this time around the singers as well as the bridal couple. Willard stood next to Mr. Dwight while Ma lifted her high soprano:

"I am waiting for thee, darling,
Where the roses sweetly bloom
And I stay to greet thy coming
When the shadows softly loom."

The girls' voices blended with Ma's clear tone. But now Mr. Dwight turned aside, refusing Willard's breath.

Nancy and Mr. Peirson dared to smile at each other during the second verse.

"I have much to tell thee, darling,
And my thoughts I would unveil;
But I'll wait and tell thee softly,
List'ning to the nightingale."

Tears mingled with the bride's smiles when during the final chorus she took her husband's arm.

"Oh, listen to his pleading voice
In the moonlight soft and pale!
Let us wait and hear him, darling,
Hear the charming nightingale."

Sister Rhoda's eyes reddened as Nancy said, "Oh, thank you, Ma. Thank you, dear sisters."

Young Rhoda ran to fetch the new silk cloak and bonnet. The couple climbed into their carriage; and family, kinfolk, and friends gathered in the dooryard.

Pa said to Mr. Dwight, "She's got a fine house a-waiting."

"Yes," Mr. Dwight continued cordially, "I've seen it." His eyes went to the carriage. To his amazement, he found the two boys running after it, toward the bridge. Handfuls of rice suddenly curved through the air.

"Hurrah, hurrah, for Mr. and Mrs. Peirson!" Willard and Augustine pranced down the hill, following the couple, shouting their salute.

"How savage!" Mr. Dwight frowned hideously.

And at that moment the boys turned and raced up the lane. They broke into a comic jig before the group. Augustine snatched his hand from Willard's and threw off his coat. "I dare you!" He grabbed him around the neck, fell back, and gave Willard a chance to toss his jacket into a blackberry bush. They sparred. The March

mud deepened as the moisture in the driveway spurted up into the faces of some of the spellbound guests.

Sweating, grunting, Willard missed his hold. Augustine pinned his arm back, and Willard went down.

Up again as quick as a bird's wing, he took Augustine by surprise. He threw him, and Augustine lay almost senseless while Willard counted ten. "Out!" he yelled. "Out! You're out!"

"Well, I never!" Mr. Dwight looked at Joseph. "And you an officer in the Temperance Society!"

"I didn't know he could go that far." Joseph shook his head in shame. "Willard has forgotten himself."

"Do you suppose he can remember that the ministers are gathering in your house for the conclave?" Mr. Dwight's tone stirred through the crowd, bringing shivers and remarks about getting started home. In a kind of shocked silence, the relatives went inside to fetch their wraps.

His father's grieved expression frightened Willard. He brushed himself off and picked up his coat. "I meant no harm, sir." His eyes fell when he looked at Mr. Dwight. "I beg your pardon."

Mr. Dwight did not reply.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" Willard pleaded in desperation.

"If you'll come with me to the pike." Mr. Dwight raised his austere, slender hand.

They walked down Dublin Road toward the knoll. "I've been waiting for you to speak to me about several things, Willard." Again the minister raised his hand. "Don't apologize for your conduct. Promise, rather, to go down on your knees before the revival begins. Ask God's forgiveness, and make yourself fit to attend the meetings. Then you may come to me."

"Mr. Dwight—" Willard became more confused. His eyes clouded; his lips broke their tense line. "Sir," he blurted out, "would you possibly consider me for justification? I should like to present myself as a candidate!"

Mr. Dwight eyed the rapid blinking.

"I've wanted to profess. I do want to be a Christian. I've tried to hate myself, and I'll try harder if only you'll give me a chance to speak."

"Willard, don't you understand that I have a duty to the whole

Society? For the sake of one, I cannot make all the others seem guilty. Would you make yourself appear right in order to make me and them *wrong*?"

Willard shook his head, his too-long hair brushing his shoulders and covering his broad forehead, burnt by sun, snow, and wind. He said, "If only you'll encourage me for justification!"

"Can your repentance spring from your heart?"

Willard nodded.

"If I become convinced in time, and you no longer disgust me."

"I'll not fail you, sir." Willard promised as if he would die for the truth of his statement.

"It's yourself you must not fail, Willard. Open your heart to the light. You can do this by seeing the hand of God in all His works. And once you do, you'll never deny Him again. You won't wish to deny Him and shut yourself away from all hope."

Willard could not reply. He resolved to show the minister how vile he considered himself. His self-abhorrence would be his act of repentance, most surely unfeigned. No pretense could work toward his dream — Church membership. He could not swear that he would always be polite, but he would try to be a Christian, to see himself as a sinner worthy of God's divine wrath, and so in need of His love.

On the last Wednesday in the month, the Richards boys took to the barn to sleep. Tents were pitched on the high ground surrounding the house. Within it every available inch of space was given over to the beds. Sisters felt as if they were really running their legs off to prepare for the crowd. The twenty-three ministers arrived; the conclave opened in the Richmond meetinghouse that afternoon.

Although every word was an effort, Willard led the family prayer on Thursday evening. The formal ritual did not come easy, but his effort gave him the right to ask Mr. Dwight's permission to take the candidate's tests for membership.

On Friday, Willard met the deacons for the examinations. Finishing, he felt with genuine happiness the certainty of the outcome. He would know next Sunday whether Mr. Dwight was ready to present him to the Society as a boy who had repented his misdeeds. He would be asked to testify to his conviction of faith in

the regular meeting. Willard walked home from the examinations with swift, light steps.

Alone in the hayloft that evening, he pondered his lot, considering the meetings he had attended as the conclave had progressed. And then on Saturday afternoon as he sat in church, listening to the exhortations against sin, he became overwrought. A torrent of remorse brought the sweat to his neck. Will it be mockery for me to speak? How can I relate my *conversion experience*? While walking home, he feared that his testimony was like a light flying cloud. I can't face the ministers eating at my father's table.

But I've got to, he declared. I've got to. I've taken the tests; I've done well. I'll not rest until I profess. I'll pray. The Lord give me strength! With upturned eyes he goaded himself into a feeling of humility and self-loathing fit for any candidate.

He became aware of every minute bud and sound in the spring's awakening, as though he could hear the Father sighing into the roots and stems the secret of life, creating the upthrust of the dog-tooth violets and the green of bracken. Willard imagined the Lord's hand in the slow swing of the planets. He heard the Father's breathing in the call of the flycatcher and the chirp of the chickaree. He remembered Sir Isaac's words; and Jonathan Edwards' echo: the mind of man can do not less than stop at the verge of infinity, it must not attempt to solve the infinite word of God. Be content with what you can see and understand. Willard tried to content himself, to turn his eyes from the immense deep and the blackness between him and the spirit of God. Once he had been accepted, praying would be easy. He sighed, trying to comfort himself.

That night in the hayloft, stilled and silent, he stretched out on his straw. He patted Fly, brushing the tattered hair from the dog's nose, snuggling against him; and then Willard quietly ordered his pet out of the loft.

And now with the sound of the cows chewing the cud in the stalls below, came the smell of oxen and manure. The horses were champing as if they felt uneasy over the presence of so many foreign animals in the barnyard. Willard stretched, trying to go to sleep, to content himself with the thought that at this time tomorrow night he would be one of the Lord's flock. His arms ached from pitching the hay for all those horses. I did it gladly, he told himself, thinking of

the profession he was to offer. He would tell the congregation how he had seen the manifestations of life as the work of a kindly God. This excellent world we live in, he heard himself saying, is the gift of the Lord — our horses, cows, hay, fruits, and grain. And the birds! What are the members of one's body in comparison to the work of God?

The next morning he waited for his friends to join him on the meetinghouse porch. He had come ahead of his family, walking swiftly up Dublin Road. Where are the fellows, he wondered. Am I the only one who passed? What nonsense, I couldn't be! They probably did better than I.

Willard had a hard time to keep from pacing the walk between the gate and the porch. He stood by the pillar, touching lightly the sides of his pantaloons. Sister Rhoda had helped him get ready, smiling as she pressed his clothes. She had crimped his white ruff and cut his hair to a smooth line, just one inch below his ears. And then he had washed it, and she had brushed it into curls. He was holding them down with his round felt hat.

To appear before the Society, he had made himself as neat as a clothespin. Suddenly he forgot his appearance. He saw Edward Hinman walking up the pike with a proud swing. And here were Asa Cone and Noah Crittenden, a bit careless in their stride. They can't care as much as I do, Willard thought, fingering his carefully buttoned jacket.

The group formed a circle while waiting for Deacon Hotchkiss. Meanwhile the Richardses appeared in their carriage. They passed Willard on the long porch, as he towered a full head above most of his friends. "I'll be in in a moment, Father."

Sister Rhoda, who had been notified that she was to speak today, passed with a radiant smile. Ma whispered, "Don't tarry too long, son."

"I'm waiting to hear from Deacon Hotchkiss," Willard replied easily, seeing in his mind the tall man, limber as a trout, nodding to him.

But Asa, surprised and curious, said to Willard, "Hasn't the deacon notified you?"

"Not yet, but he will. I've had a talk with Mr. Dwight."

"Are you certain you've been called?" Asa turned away as if the decision were none of his business.

Marvin Sherrill left Willard to stand beside Asa. Edward Hinman and Noah Crittenden gave him an odd stare, interrupted only by the deacon's arrival.

Mr. Hotchkiss walked up the steps, his nose red from his quick pace through the valley. "Good morning, boys," he said as cheerfully as the day and his breath would permit. He looked them over, composing his face to a proper gloom, announcing in deliberately measured words, "We've arranged to call you up in the following order: Edward, Asa." Again he looked around, as if listing those present. "Marvin, Noah." He touched Edward Hinman's shoulder with one finger and said, "Well, well, we'll call you in your proper turn. Come in now, before Mr. Dwight and the ministers arrive. I want all those named to sit near the front."

As the group filed past, Willard stood still. The last of his friends entered the door. A cold wind stole down from the mountainside, striking him between the shoulders. A feeling of numbness left him powerless to move. At last he realized that he was crossing the long porch. At the end of the path he closed the gate behind him, and without thought of direction, started down Dublin Road.

Two and one-half miles beyond the meeting house, he took the short cut through the white pines. It led him across the cedar swamp. The wind swept through the bare limbs of the maples when he finally reached the spring. The quiet, green-dappled source of Mill Creek bubbled up under a granite ledge. Willard's heart was pounding against his throat. After long moments it quieted; he stood at rest. And as a young bird flies toward the abandoned nest but does not light, he said within himself, Father! He shut his eyes against the expression he found.

Shivering, the boy started to climb again, feeling with a deadening loss of hope that he had been shut out forever from all mercy. How have I denied the Holy Ghost, he asked with a sob. Why have I committed the unpardonable sin? I must have done, else this could not have happened. I calculate I've loved myself and hated the Lord. The words he had pondered from *Exodus*, at Mr. Dwight's suggestion, hung in midair before him:

Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the sabbath of

rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doeth any work in the sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death.

Willard decided that his everlasting damnation had begun. The curse of the blackest hell like a log in his hands. His progress up the mountain was slow. When he gained a clearing, he looked around. Far beneath him he saw the beloved valley, yonder beyond the slopes of dark pine and grey, interlacing branches of the sugar maples. This was no longer home. The immensity of his despair deepened.

He sank onto a shoulder of the granite outcrop, considering his fate. When the rain woke him to his surroundings, he looked around. How long have I tarried? The grey lines struck his nose, spreading over his cheeks and chin. He did not care because he could not find his hat. He turned his face to the sky, his curls clinging to his neck. He touched his sodden clothes and his limp neckerchief; and he said, "Damned, damned."

CHAPTER SEVEN

The rejection cut into Willard's dream of grace until he found it impossible to ask Mr. Dwight to pass so much as the salt at his father's table. In the presence of these two sad-eyed men, the culprit sat shamefaced. One noon he decided they were both seeing him in hell, unsanctified, uninvited to the Lord's Supper. Willard rushed from the table.

The next day he excused himself before the noonday dessert was served. He spent the afternoon hoeing the long rows, dropping the seed into the brown earth, but all the while longing for his attic. His craving satisfied at candlelight, he closed his eyes over his desk, detecting in the flame a reproof of his sins.

In May, over his closed Bible, the smell of the apple blossoms flooded his chamber. When the trees leafed, he sat evening after evening with his Bible open and his eyes closed. His desk seemed to be his only friend; still the pages of the Holy Book jeered at him, filling the apple trees with small green buds of mockery. Their tiny voices coaxed him to forget the minister's sighs.

But a few days later, when the moon turned the valley into a stamping ground for a boy and a horse, Willard found no pleasure among his friends. The thought of a girl turned him ill.

Winter came, and in his room at night, he felt the pulse of an angry Being flailing in wrath against him. He heard the Prophet Isaiah crying: the Word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing, dividing asunder joints and marrow, a discernor of the intentions of the heart. And Willard was then afraid to examine his heart.

He was glad when in January Mr. Dwight removed to his own home with his bride, the former Miss Mary Sherrell. Their house was a miniature of her father's mansion. *Midas* Sherrell's gift, Willard named it, seeing the small Corinthian columns, the marble-floored porticoes, and the fanlight. Oh yes, there was plenty of

restraint there for a man of God. And then he asked himself, Why am I mocking Mr. Dwight? But again Willard saw both mansions standing at the opposite end of the valley, near the long porch and the slender spire.

Shivering one night in bed, he saw the grey shadows beneath the grey eyes of sister Wealthy, and the indifferent shadows of her cool grey skirt, reaching across the floor like thin hands. Her third child had died the day of its birth, as had her first and second — Abraham, Moses; and now Betsy.

The cycle had brought Willard to the verge of prayer. And still he could neither kneel with his father downstairs nor by himself in his room. A week after the infant girl was buried, he crawled between his cold sheets without warming them. From his pillow, he groped for the meaning of life, pondering the sin that his brother and his brother's children must be atoning for. Had not Christ given his life for them? Willard's heart became a pool in which were reflected three small graves and his sister's empty arms. Three times she had been denied the child at the breast. And she a professed Christian!

There's no hope for any of us, he decided. The minister's sayings are just so many stones in his hand.

The day came when Willard could no longer contain his torment in hurtful images against those who had maimed him. Unable to discuss his agony with any of the people who had witnessed his shame, or with any whose appetite had been sharpened by his rejection, he turned away from Richmond for help. He knew that if he did not ask advice from someone he might go tearing down the valley like a lunatic on a horse. His future in terms of his past held nothing. It looked as empty as the days of his striving for justification. At times when alone he brushed from his cheek a sly tear. The torment was eating him hollow. He was afraid to listen for the voice of God. When he could no longer face either day or night alone, he sat down one midnight and unleashing his passion wrote to a minister who had once been a friend:

"... As it has pleased God in his providence to separate us at present, at some distance from each other... I deem it not improper to hold some correspondence by means of pen and paper.

"I address you, sir, as one whom I consider a friend, who I think will be willing to give advice and instruction to one who sincerely wishes it.

Wishing to reveal the secrets of my heart to some friend from whom I may receive advice, I will attempt to do the same to you, being confident that you will keep whatever I may commit to you until you see or hear from me.

"In taking a view of my past life, I will go no farther back than the spring of eighteen hundred and nineteen, although I might mention feelings which I had a year before that, were they not too hard to name. Near the commencement of the revival of nineteen my mind became impressed with the importance of the things then called in question, and well had it been for me had I . . . listened to the call of the gospel, forsaken all, and followed Christ. I was impressed with a sense of my sins; I attended meeting after meeting, but all, I fear, to no purpose until my feelings rose to such a height that I lost all hope of mercy, or ever obtaining the one thing needful. Despair seized my whole soul: I concluded that I had sinned until it was too late for me to be pardoned. I forsook all meetings, thinking that my destruction was sure, and that all the calls of mercy would sink me deeper in everlasting misery. Night after night would I lay my head on my pillow, and close my eyes in sleep, wishing that I might never more open them in the world in which I should treasure up wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

"Thus I was for a number of weeks with my feelings wrought up to a summit of terror and despair indescribable; I cared not what I did. Other books were as agreeable to me as the Bible, believing that all I read . . . and all meetings I attended, and all other privileges would sink me deeper in the labyrinth of woe . . . I was ready to curse the day in which I was born, if I did not in my heart really do it. . . . I relapsed into a state of stupidity and insensibility and concluded my case was hopeless. I wanted to pray, but I thought it would be mockery as my sins were unpardonable."

After what he considered a reasonable time for an answer, Willard took to haunting the mail depots in Richmond and West Stockbridge. Every few days he would inquire of Uncle Leadbetter, had a letter arrived?

One day when uncle shook his head, Willard rode down to the village, and asked at Mr. Spencer's store in the name of his father, "Nothing for Pa yet?"

"Nothing at all. What's your pa expectin', anyway? I didn't hear him say anything about a letter." Mr. Spencer's drawl was a hive of curiosity.

Willard could see Pa discovering his ruse. Still he said, "I

thought mebbe my brother Joseph might be writing." He knew brother Joseph could be in Hades for all he would be writing from Westborough.

Augustine followed Willard to his horse. "What's on your mind, friend? What are you expecting? Your father corresponds with no one. Out with it." He punched Willard in the ribs.

"Out with nothing!" Willard's voice shook. He gave Augustine a black look, and the dust flew from his horse's hoofs. He vowed he'd never go to either depot again. What could he do? Where should he turn? Maybe to York State. Teach, teach school, he said. I can do that, he thought in despair; but nowhere near home, not without a recommendation from Mr. Dwight.

I won't ask him for one. He wouldn't give it to me if I did. But without his word I can't get the first scholar in Berkshire County. I'll have to go away. Willard pulled up just this side of the last hill from home, dreading to cross the bridge over Mill Creek.

In August, he rode beyond the Massachusetts border, inquiring in town after town along the Hudson River if a teacher were needed. In Chatham, he finally received the promise of a school, provided he could attract his own pupils.

In November he returned to this village to start his campaign. Forced to publicize his own merits, he had the good fortune to enroll thirty boys and girls. He met them in the attic of the town hall. With the loss of only two students, he kept his class intact the important first month. He made sure that no one detected the suffering which was giving him no peace. He cracked jokes and tried to tend to business. Still he felt lonely for God and home, for a word of welcome to the Church of his fathers. Brother Phinnie had professed just before Willard went to Chatham for the winter. Of course; sister was expecting again. "Brother has to play safe," Willard had remarked in a private scrap with Rhoda. "He's afraid not to."

Last night, in Chatham, the remark returned to taunt him. But this morning his brisk steps announced a vigorous entrance to the attic school room. Two pupils, having already arrived, rose to greet him. Putting his book of Franklin's *Observations* on the desk, Willard said, "Early to bed, early to rise—" and with a sudden grin—"helps the lad who tries."

The boys answered with understanding gaiety and asked per-

mission to come to the desk with some questions on lightning and the control of the "volatile fluid."

Their eagerness kept Willard's pleasure in teaching alive through the day. That afternoon, instead of going directly to his boarding house, he took an Indian trail through the woods, searching for a clump of dead elderberry. Finally he saw the grey canes against some crimson maple leaves. "Good!" he said aloud. "Good; they're just right."

Crowded by the armful which was so light that he could hardly feel its weight, he crashed down the hill, rejoicing that he had thought to come before everything shoulder-high was buried in snow. He hurried home for supper, but his mind was a thousand times quicker than his steps. His vision was like the autumn woods, quickened through the drying of old streams, enlivened by the touch of magic. Some day, some day; but right now a demonstration for his two students, his two real students.

Willard could see the pith balls swinging before the thrust of his glass and ebony rods, positive and negative. And I'll not stop with the bits of pith, I'll make some dolls the size of my little finger. Dolls! Pa would curl up and die at the thought, but I'll make them with my own hands! I might even interest the people of Chatham!

Anticipating his pranks, Willard walked so fast that he wished he had come without his jacket. Except for this encumbrance he felt free, daring, and light. He felt as light as pith, undogged by his own shadow.

On his way home for summer vacation, he left the hills above the Hudson River with a cry of mock laughter for the spot in the glen where he had once tarried with his load of cider. The hollow rumble of the coach over every little bridge cried, Fun, fun, fun!

On Mill Creek he found Ma at work in the new kitchen that Pa had framed in with an attic above, fitting it into the angle of the "L."

Upstairs, at sight of Willard, Joseph dropped his awl into his apron pocket and put out his hand.

Willard was suddenly caught between his desire to embrace his father and to practice the respect due him. Praise for the arched ceiling of the long gable rushed to his lips, but was stopped by the buckboard of polite restraint. "Pa!" Shyness halted Willard's foot-

steps at the top of the new stairway, which rose from the buttery. He eyed the narrow tongue-in-groove planks arched crosswise the length of the room. Compliments rushed to his lips for the flawless curve, but he could only say, "Well — well!"

With the impersonal tone of a keyhole saw, Pa replied, "No more 'n to be expected of a good joiner, son."

"I could help you finish up if I wouldn't spoil it."

"You might try. Take a hand." Joseph nodded toward the sawdust-covered workbench, with its vice, hammer, and plane. "I calculate to partition the chamber into three, one for each gel. I'd like to finish up before Rhodée comes."

Sister had spent the winter in the Chenango Valley in York State. "She rode on down to Aurelius," Pa said. "Saw your cousin Brigham at his sister's, Fanny Little."

"Who's going to fetch her home?"

Answering the eager question, Pa ventured, "I'd like to send you down, Willard, but I've already told William and Susan they could go."

Willard shrugged; in a moment he picked up the saw.

In mid-July, with half-closed eyes he watched his middle-aged sisters walk sedately from carriage to airway. In the house, he listened to young Rhoda's story. He'd never seen her so full of life.

"You should see cousin Little's pieplant, Ma! It was that high!" Rhoda raised her hand above her head.

"It was that!" William matched sister's enthusiasm over Jesse Little's garden.

Willard changed the subject. "You should see sister Wealthy's little Franklin, sister Rhoda," Willard said of the fourth baby in Phineas' house in three years. "The Lord blessed sister this time; the boy's growing higher than *that*."

Rhoda looked at him sharply. As if again to change the subject, she said, "Cousin Brigham thinks you must make an excellent teacher. He wishes he had some schooling."

"He could get it, if he doesn't know too much to be taught," Willard laughed.

"Not as a carpenter and glazier! He's never spent a day in the schoolroom."

"He could start now. A little schooling never hurt anyone." Willard had only yesterday taken his dog-eared books from his

trunk. He mentioned Franklin and Boyle, saying he was thinking of making some cash on their experiments. "Hepsy's helping me, aren't you, sister?"

She smiled, but suddenly Willard shot her a warning glance. Why had he betrayed himself, he wondered, mentioning that which he had made her promise to keep secret.

He looked around the family, recalling with proud misgiving the plan he had devised in Chatham. He hoped to barnstorm New England as Franklin himself had once barnstormed Boston. Willard was going to surprise his Puritan friends out of their dark-smelling airs. And he had begged Hepsy to dress four of his pith-stuffed dolls. "Make the clothes of pongee," he had said. "Make them pretty! Make the dresses as light as the dolls themselves, Hepsy."

"Willard, you know how Pa feels about dolls!" she had replied.

"I can't help it," he had said. "I've got to have them; and I want you to paint their faces and put some tassels on their slippers. Make the wigs of yellow silk," he had pleaded.

"What are you," Hepsy had asked, "a Papist?"

"Nonsense! Will you do it?" he had begged, and Hepsy had given in.

Willard now stood like a taut wire. Why had he referred to the plan before he was ready to admit it? He flushed, but again Hepsy helped him out.

She said to Rhoda, "Before you tell us further about your visit to Yo'k State, sister, should you like to see your chamber?"

"Oh, yes," Susan broke in.

Upstairs, the three girls said it was quite proper that Pa had built no passage between their attic and the boys' rooms. In the gable of the older part of the house, William and Levi occupied the east chamber, leaving Willard the west end. "Which suits me exactly," he had said, when the arrangement was mentioned.

His abrupt manner had covered his vision of the orrery he was planning to set up in his room, and the bits of equipment for some other numbers in the electrical show that he intended to take on the road.

The summer passed before Willard could think of initiating this daring step. He needed money. He wanted to teach in Berkshire

County. Once more he went to Mr. Dwight, asking for justification, and also for a recommendation as a teacher.

In the minister's study, when Mr. Dwight raised his finger as if to refuse both requests, Willard said, continuing the conversation, "I do sense the operations of God's laws. You must believe me."

"How can I when it's so plain that you slight the Lord? You also slight your father. Do you take his arm and accompany him to Temperance meeting?"

"Not often."

"Well?"

Willard hung his head.

"I can't invite you into our Society until you show true and unfeigned repentance."

"I've tried, sir."

"You've given neither me nor the Society any proof. There's no one the Lord will not receive, but He will receive no one whose heart has not been struck by the cleansing fire." Mr. Dwight rose and paced back and forth.

"Wait, Mr. Dwight. Wait!"

The minister paused, and the two men studied each other. Willard's voice turned cold. "I have a second request to make of you. Would you be so kind as to give me a recommendation for a teaching position in Berkshire County? Is there any reason why you should not?" He took from his pocket a crisp white sheet.

Mr. Dwight was forced to read the praise that the Inspector of Schools in Columbia County, New York, had written of the young master's work in Chatham.

He said with a sting, "Do they enjoy seeing you play with dolls in Yo'k State?"

Willard caught the back of a chair. Turning faint, he asked, "Who told you about my dolls?"

"One of your sisters spoke to my wife."

"I've only been having a little fun, making them bob back and forth with my glass and ebony rods. Positive and negative electricity! Dr. Franklin's figures, sir!"

"Dr. Franklin? Fun?" came the contemptuous voice. "Dolls? And you ask for a character recommendation?"

Once more, Willard looked Mr. Dwight in the eye. With a bitter smile, he said, "There was a time when one of my ancestors

denied the ministry at Harvard College. The trustees were unjust. Samuel Howe replied by letter, refusing to meet their demands, and the college withdrew its request, a matter of taxes. I will never ask you for justification again, Mr. Dwight. But will you, or will you not, give me the certificate I need to teach in this county?"

His spine rigid, Mr. Dwight sat down and wrote:

"To whom it may concern, Mr. Willard Richards is a young man of fair moral character, and as such he is recommended in the capacity of a teacher, wherever he may find employment.

E. W. Dwight,
Pastor of the Church.

Richmond, October 30, 1821"

Willard swung down the valley, hurt but not surprised at the slightness of the praise. He showed the recommendation — together with his certificate from Columbia County — to the school committee in Pittsfield. The following spring he felt proud of his season's work in Lanesborough, Berkshire County.

That autumn, he taught in Nassau, near Rennselaer, New York. But again as the years passed and the snows fell, he felt the torment of the persistent dream.

During the middle 1820's he was living for the day when he could break away from his father's home to go on the road with his orrery, his dolls, and his magic plate. He now considered himself entirely aloof from the Church, independent of all ministers. But when at home, he would sometimes set both his farm tools and his books aside, seeing himself as a ravening animal, whose hide hung free of its ribs. Swallowing hard, he would then try to go on with his tinkering or reading.

When he turned twenty-one, he commenced his service in the State Militia. On the Pittsfield common, he earned the rank of corporal.

Not until the summer of 1827 could he consider himself ready to barnstorm Massachusetts and Connecticut. He drove his carriage to the breezeway and packed it as tidy as his elaborate equipment would permit. Ma had all but handed him his lunch for the journey when he said that with her permission he'd go upstairs to give sister Rhoda the parting hand.

Sister had spent the past month in bed. Outside her chamber door, Willard stopped short. She was telling Dr. Tidmarsh something in confidence. "The licuta stramonium's affecting my eyes," she whispered.

"Never mind your eyes!" Dr. Tidmarsh gave her no chance to finish.

"I can't help minding. I can't see across the room!"

"Just take what I give you," the hollow-cheeked doctor replied, bored. "It's the best medicine I know for cancer. In fact, it's all I know."

Willard almost stopped breathing.

"You won't tell Ma?" sister asked, tremulous. "It would cast such a dread upon her."

Willard went downstairs, numb, shocked into silence.

"Willard," Ma peered at him, "are you well enough to leave home?"

"Yes. But I haven't said goodbye to sister. She was still talking to the doctor. Will you tell her I went up?"

Three hours later, Willard was driving down the glen toward Stockbridge, some fifteen miles east of West Stockbridge. He saw a crowd of people in a field, under a large maple. A man was pressing a satchel against his twisted abdomen, holding one arm over his face and head. He broke loose and started to run.

Someone's being stoned! Willard scowled. A wad of mud sailed past the fugitive. When a rock found his back, he gasped and stumbled, pulled himself up and tried again. Another rock hit his leg. And now his face was pressed into the muddy grass.

Willard drove furiously on, watching the victim. Spattered with slime, the man tried to cut through the field. He clutched his bag, protecting it with his body. The mob followed, jeering and shouting. A giant grabbed the bleeding person and beat him over the face, wrenching the satchel away. Three ruffians pounced on the carpet-bag, and a shower of small objects was stamped into the mud.

In the Stockbridge tavern, where Willard expected to give his first performance, he heard the story. The mobbed man had just finished a lecture on a new system of medicine. He claimed that his pills were made from formulae containing non-poisonous herbs, unlike those used in the established practice. He had a warm cure system, where the patient maintained his natural body heat by drink-

ing cayenne pepper added to various mixtures derived from healing herbs.

One man bandied the account to another. Someone jeered. Another person kept the story going, shouting that pores and bowels were kept open by this fancy drink of cayenne and lobelia, both being miracle workers. Devils or demons, what did it matter, as long as they bewitched their victim?

A heavy-jawed villager shouted, "This doctor never gives calomel, or well-tryed cures like licuta stramonium."

"He'll have nothing to do with henbane!" a puny fellow roared, forcing the crowd to listen.

"Or good old calomel!" came another shout.

The names of the medicines were tossed over the bar. Voices rose in a kind of religious fervor. Eyes gleamed; ugly tones again shaped men's words: deadly nightshade, the friend of man, licuta stramonium.

"Who is this new-fangled doctor?" Willard tried to hide his excitement.

"A Mr. Cyrus Thomson," someone at his elbow gloated venomously.

"I never heard of him." Willard's pulse quickened.

"Neither had we!"

"Neither had we, not until he set foot on this here green."

"This here green," said the first man, "right here, in front of this here door."

"What did he say? What herbs does he really use?"

"We told you," answered the ruffian who had pounded Dr. Thomson over the face. "Why, there ain't much he don't use, except what's good. Nothing he can't do, from curing snakebite with birch leaves to easing off childbirth with lobelia!"

A roar of laughter interrupted him. Flattered, and showing it, he continued, "Why, lobelia's an intelligence that seeks out the diseased part of a body. Runs to it an' says, 'Get you out of here. This is no place for the devil. This here body's sacred, it is. I've got hands and feet and stomach and bowels of my own, and I'll claw you until you're dead, right here in this here body.' That's what lobelia does, my good man."

Another roar, and Willard flushed, hating to hear the medicine

that had caused his sister's blindness upheld. *Better to be blind than dead with cancer.* He shuddered.

A year later, Willard was still touring the country with his show. A word of praise garnered at one of his Connecticut entertainments now appeared on his handbill. Though he had imagined himself free of the Church when he was working on the dialogue for his demonstrations, he had taken such satisfaction in a minister's comment that he had added it to his new announcements. He could hardly wait to give his show in Southborough, near Hopkinton, where his uncle, the Reverend Jereboam Parker, lived.

Proudly, Willard tacked his new notice to the trunks of several trees:

ELECTRO CHEMISTRY

or

Philosophical Experiments with Electricity

MR. RICHARDS,

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this vicinity,
that he will deliver a Lecture on the science of

ELECTRICITY,

This evening, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in which will be explained in the most familiar manner and illustrated by a costly and powerful Electrical Machine and apparatus, the Phenomena of *Electricity*, produced by *Friction*;

LEYDEN PHIAL,

Positive and Negative Electricity, Electrical Attraction and Repulsion, by which many objects will be put in motion, such as moving vertical wheels, ringing bells, &c, &c.

ELECTRICAL ORRERY:

showing the motion of the earth and moon round the sun; imitation of celestial fire (or lightning); construction of lightning rods; the electric shock.

The operator will insulate a person in such a manner that brilliant sparks of fire may be drawn from his body. Electric Pistol, showing the cause of Thunder, Illumination of water, Dr. Franklin's Electrical Dancing Figures, Illuminated Jar, Miser's Plate, lighting a

candle, the *Explosion of a Powder Mill*; with many other pleasing experiments.

The phenomena of Electricity, and the most important laws of nature are capable of being made familiar even to children, and in this enlightened age, an acquaintance with the first principles of physical science, is justly deemed an important part of education. It is, therefore, believed that an evening may be agreeably and profitably spent on this interesting subject, by all classes of people.

Admittance 30 cents; children half price.

Tickets may be had at the bar. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend
precisely at the hour.

“Mr. Richards:

“Dear Sir — We were agreeably entertained, last evening, with your lecture on Electricity, and are confident that both the matter and manner gave general satisfaction.

“We wish you success in your laudable effort to substitute Philosophical demonstration, (which improves the understanding and tends to secure the lives and property of our fellow citizens by teaching them how to control the volatile fluid,) for the illegal and trifling exhibitions frequently made in our country without any other object or end than to impose on the public and corrupt the morals of society.

“We are your obedient servants,

John S. Peters, Lieut. Governor

Lyman Stong, Minister of Hebron

“Hebron, Con., February 26, 1828.”

With this recommendation to display, Willard felt perfectly free to make himself at home in his uncle's house. Uncle had married one of Ma's six sisters, and the showman shared a room with his cousin Lucius Parker. Lucius was a young man near Willard's age, but he was tall, slender, and good-looking, though he wore his hair like a dandy. This was cut so short that Lucius' neck showed up like a peeled birch wand. Like his father, cousin was rather offish about

this visit. Still, though uncle remained disdainful over Willard's enticing display, aunt fed the traveler well.

Willard set up the equipment in the tavern, where the fairy-like dolls could swing back and forth in their circular frame, attracted and repelled as he manipulated his rods. The blonde silk hair would fly; the tassels would stand on end, and the full airy skirts would swish against each other, showing the pantalettes.

After hearing of Hepsy's art, aunt could not resist Willard's entertainment. Uncle Parker practically forbade her to attend the lecture, but she declared she must see the work of her sister's daughter. Willard had always been one of her favorites, she said. He was fond of a good joke. Much against his will, uncle allowed Lucius to accompany her.

Willard heard her laugh over his miser's plate, his ringing bells and Leyden jars. He felt her watching the blue fire that he struck from a picture frame on the wall of the now darkened room. He also electrified the cover of a book and set the incandescent streaks running around the edge. He lighted a candle with a charged wire extended from a vinegar cruet. Aunt threw back her head in glee. Willard had a hard time keeping a straight face. He thanked his lucky stars uncle had not come, and he inwardly laughed at his metaphor.

When he had lighted the lamps of the room, he again enthralled his audience with the moving vanes of a waterwheel. But suddenly the hall remained at pitch. Judgment was suspended. A messenger went among the audience inviting various people to come forward to demonstrate certain laws of positive and negative electricity. Aunt gasped when Willard named Lucius.

As if to show the community that he was a man in control of himself, Lucius stood with a conceited air on a charged plate opposite a pretty girl, stiffly holding herself in on another plaque.

"Simply for the sake of the show, I want you to give each other a kiss," Willard coaxed. "Come, come," he said. And as if impelled by the magnetic rods, the couple moved, transmuted by the magic of the voice that controlled the situation.

A gasp ran through the hall.

A shower of sparks suddenly illuminated the heads of the couple, releasing the tension. Their hands had touched, but not their lips.

Someone in the audience roared. A woman gasped, shocked. The hall emptied on the strength of her comments.

Before retiring that night, uncle took Willard into his study. "You have affronted me, nephew, me and my family, and we are your hosts." Uncle's scowl embittered the statement.

No explanation softened his anger. And Willard left Southborough without the praise he had foolishly sought. But in Holliston, Albert and Nancy Rockwood, the village storekeepers, satisfied his vanity. Albert looked every bit the Puritan. His long, rugged face, black beard and hair, sharp dark eyes and strong bony jaw supported the code. But somehow Albert could take his joys with his pleasures. He laughed at the entertainment, sharing the delight of his wife, Nancy, a daughter of Ma's sister, Betsey.

After Aunt Betsey died, uncle had remarried. Young aunt now gave Willard a welcome to her home that set his blood tingling. At the show, she sat with Albert and Nancy, equally amused. When Willard touched this wellspring, his own heart lightened. He did not probe his relatives' pleasure. That he would not attempt to fathom, but he welcomed it, considering his entire Massachusetts tour the better for their reception.

In September, 1827, when he at last went home to Richmond, he received a decided jolt.

CHAPTER EIGHT

One look at sister Rhoda and Willard could not even mention his welcome at Holliston. He simply said the Havens and Rockwoods were well, and the Parkers, too, at Southborough. "What's wrong, Ma? Rhodee looks worse than Susan. Sisters are both sicker than I ever thought to find them."

"Sister Susan's better," Ma replied, her voice grim. "Dr. Tidmarsh says her consumption's making no headway."

"She's not safe, no matter what he says. Aunt Young wasn't." Lowering his voice, Willard persisted in asking what ailed sister Rhoda. "You do know, don't you?" came the tense inquiry.

"I didn't want to trouble you the first minute you arrived."

"Tell me."

"The new doctor's asked for an operation." Ma's tears started. The news had been worse than a death sentence.

Misery darkened Willard's glance as he looked into her lined face.

"Mr. Bachelor came from Rhoda's room two days ago and said before us all, 'She's got cancer. She'll have to have her breast removed at once.'" Ma covered her face with her apron.

"Is he any good?" Willard asked, his forehead knotting, his mouth and chin puckering.

"He stands at the head of the surgeons in Pittsfield."

Two days later, Willard drove to Phineas' house by the same long way around that he had taken the evening before with sister trembling beside him. He was going to fetch brother Phinnie's children to Ma. She had said with a shudder that she could not be present at the operation.

Willard found his brother's four small ones waiting on the doorstep, bundled to their ears. Franklin, now seven, was watching George, Samuel, and small Maria.

"Come along, rabbits," Willard said, piling them in, keeping

the pain from his voice. By nine o'clock — the hour set for the operation — he had returned to this doorstep. He stood for a moment, wiping the sweat from his neck though the September sun, rising over the saddle of the hills, had barely struck his back.

Nine members of the family were standing more or less helplessly around the room. Dr. Bachelor attempted futilely to push them aside. Willard had discovered two other doctors and a student assistant. Trying to hide himself in a corner, he found everyone but the patient. Yet her face was the only one he really saw — wasted, and sallow, with bluish-green shadows under her lustreless eyes.

"How is she?" Nancy was hurrying past him after coming from sister's room.

"She's taken two cups of strong tea this morning, nothing more." Nancy's white lips matched her cheeks.

His palms damp, Willard counted off the minutes. His stomach felt faintly empty. He had touched no food since yesterday afternoon dinner. If this was only over and done with, he thought, as Dr. Bachelor coldly examined the bed, arranged by his assistants on the kitchen table. Tensing still more while the doctor, in his white coat, deliberately considered his tray of instruments, Willard thought, What's the delay? Oh, what is it? He wanted to beg the doctor to hurry, but he forced himself to remember his copybook composure.

The doctor bowed.

Nancy opened the door to the bed chamber. "They're ready if you are, sister," she announced calmly. Willard saw the twitching of a muscle in Nancy's throat. He was not fooled by her quiet voice. He held his breath when Rhoda walked in on sister Peirson's arm, so white and calm that she might have been moving in her sleep. Nancy herself was trembling, until Willard thought she was going to sink.

Without a word to the breathless family or the waiting physicians, Rhoda stepped onto a stool. A moment later, she was lying on the table. She had previously confided to Willard that "death would be preferable." As she now watched a young doctor stir something in a cup, she said evenly, "What have you got there, so good, sir?"

"Some laudanum."

"For me?"

"Certainly for you."

"You may do what you please with it, for I shall not touch it. If my end comes, I wish to be sensible of my situation."

As if recognizing her strength of will, even in the dull voice, the young doctor emptied the cup into a bucket near the pump.

Dr. Bachelor took up his knife. As the warm blood ran, Rhoda groaned but did not scream.

For eleven minutes the doctor worked, nodding to his assistants to indicate his needs, speaking with a kind of awful control.

Willard winced. He closed his eyes to keep back the tears. Rhoda groaned again, and now at last, despite her will, there were two horrible screams. Willard drove himself to look at her. After that he could not take his eyes from her face. He shook his head, marveling that she could lie without writhing while the doctor cut and tugged.

When the doctor paused to give his patient a rest, sister accepted a glass of wine. Willard held it to her white lips. Nancy covered her with a down comfort.

A few minutes later he again stood near while the doctor cut, tied, and scraped on the tortured body. Seeing his sister grip the hand of a young doctor to keep from screaming, Willard thought, Oh, how can God, permit such suffering? Even the devil could not wish to see it.

As the winter passed, the snow at Rhoda's window was no whiter than her bonelike pallor. She did not recover her strength. Her voice, completely lost for three weeks, returned only to a whisper. Willard wondered whether something in her drugs had robbed her of the power of speech. The remembrance of the new medicines again steered his thoughts. He started daydreaming over the Botanic system, and then called himself a fool. He had no license to treat her, nor anyone else. Still he could not forget what he had heard when travelling through the villages about the "warm cures" versus the medicines used by the *poison pukes* — his name for graduates of the regular medical schools.

For months Susan's condition worried him nearly as much as Rhoda's. Susan never referred to her pain and exhaustion when he was near, but when she coughed red against her white handkerchief, he saw the terror in her eyes. He felt utterly helpless, but he also felt helpless about what the doctors were doing.

The apple trees blossomed and still sister Rhoda could not speak

above a whisper. She lay in her chamber, pale and weak, seldom rising, and yet she seemed no nearer death than she had been last autumn. Curious, Willard thought. At night he found himself praying for both invalids.

One afternoon they appeared for dinner, walking shakily hand-in-hand from the second bedroom downstairs. They had entirely given up their own chambers under the arched ceiling.

Willard rose to hold their chairs for them at the table. He said, "My little owls! Leaving your nest, trying your wings again today?"

They answered the droll jest with an appealing glance. Sister Rhoda smiled, but her childlike, almost inaudible cry sounded horrible. His sympathy quickened.

In June, sister Rhoda could sit up for several hours at a time, but she still spoke only in whispers. At the doctor's suggestion, Mother and Father agreed that Willard should drive her to the hot springs in Augusta, New York.

Through the gently rolling hills of Cherry Valley she sat with her arm on a pillow, reveling in the sound of every stream, feasting her eyes on the rippling water as it spilled over the dark lava beds. She felt refreshed by the green glint of the ponds, reflecting the dark reach of the forest. With her eyes, with her sickbed smile, sometimes with a gesture of her free arm, she revealed her enjoyment.

Willard left her with relatives in Augusta while he toured the valley with his show. This was a chance to introduce himself to his kinfolk in York State as a philosopher. Some accepted the electrical demonstrations, enjoying themselves even to laughter. Some of the aunts and uncles invited him to tarry at their homes for days at a time. But some remained unreceptive to his nonsense, including the philosophy. His travels took him to Madison, Eton, Waterville, and even to Auburn.

But at Aurelius, near the state capital, he missed his cousin Brigham, who had married and moved up to Port Byron, on the Erie Canal. At Aurelius, however, Jesse Little met Willard with great interest in the show. Cousin Fanny took him in for a good visit. And in Jesse, tall and well-formed, Willard found a man who interested him because of his independence and the quick turn of his mind. Willard enjoyed a long evening with cousin Jesse, discussing Newton and Descartes.

After an absence of eight weeks, he found sister Rhoda at the

springs. He opened his ears in delight when she spoke to him in her natural voice. He put his arm around her shoulder to congratulate her on her look of health.

While on the long drive home, he told her one day that if she had any further trouble he would throw Dr. Tidmarsh out of the door. "I've heard of some new cures," said Willard with the same eagerness he had once shown over his dolls.

"What is it?" she asked, suddenly cool to his enthusiasm.

"A system of medicine founded by Dr. Samuel Thomson, of Boston. It's made up of simple herbs, not the kind that poison the system, that blind and kill."

"Don't," she said. "Don't speak of that man. Aunt bought his book from Dr. Cyrus Thomson. But he went to jail for killing a woman in Waterville with his cures."

Rhoda's contempt hurt Willard. "Stubborn enough to throw an ox, aren't you?" He looked at her dainty features, wondering how her chin could set so hard.

"Maybe I am, but in my opinion, the man got exactly what he deserved."

Willard slapped the black horse with his reins. "How can *you* talk like this, the victim of the other practice? If you'd had a doctor who knew what he was doing, maybe you wouldn't be wearing glasses today."

"We're tipping, we're tipping over," Rhoda cried as the horse raced down the hill.

"I won't tip you over. But you know what your last doctor said: 'If the people would let the doctors alone they might get well. But no, they will have us, and we've nothing left to do but go.'"

"I remember that man," Rhoda replied. "He admitted he couldn't cure me, and one day he came to me with his saddle bags half eat up with vermin."

"Poison pukes!" Willard muttered, lifting the reins again.

During the next sixteen months sister Rhoda maintained her health. Instead of being waited upon, she became useful to the other members of the family, going to brother Phineas' and sister Nancy's homes for the quick succession of children born there. Rhoda also nursed the neighbors who asked for her in emergencies; but in January, 1830, she started spending all her efforts at home.

Susan's health had failed, and she begged for Rhoda. Willard went up to the Peirsons' to fetch her. He found Amelia, five years old, an entrancing dark-eyed child. She curtsied and gave her Uncle Willard a kiss on the cheek. She showed him a reel of silk her Aunt Rhoda had spun, saying, "Ma's going to have it woven into a silk scarf for me. And aunt made my dress!"

"It's pretty, but not too pretty for you." He pinched Amelia's round soft cheek, where the bloom contrasted noticeably with the fevered spots on the ashen face of sister Susan. He could not refrain from drawing the child close to him, kissing her, and saying with a charming smile, "Tit for tat, and that's for you, young lady."

The child's laughter shocked her mother as Nancy came into the room, but it followed Willard down the valley.

At home, Susan asked Rhoda to remain with her night and day.

"But you can't hold up under the strain," Willard said, as he and sister stood together for a moment at the window of the downstairs chamber.

"I don't think it will be for long."

Willard peered at the wild grass, visible in the snow only at the tips. "I'll take my turn. You can't be up at all hours in this weather."

Susan lingered while spring came and the branches of the apricot trees turned orange. The apple orchard was ready to bloom. But now on the morning of April 11th, her stubborn heart gave in.

"She was three days breathing her last," Rhoda sighed to Willard. "Only last night she said, 'I think my friends'll have no reason to mourn my passing.' Such agony!"

Nancy helped sister Rhoda with the shroud. Hepsy said, "I cannot bear to take a stitch upon it."

The four brothers carried the coffin to the corner of the garden back of the house where, because Susan had never "spoken" before Mr. Dwight, Pa prayed. He asked God to let her stand in righteousness at the bar, reminding the Lord of her Church membership in Hopkinton.

Willard took a shovel. His eyes filled with tears as the dirt flew, but he heard no unhallowed weeping. And finally he shook his head and went silently into the house.

CHAPTER NINE

In one of the villages which Willard toured, he came across a copy of Dr. Samuel Thomson's *Practice of Medicine*. While taking notes he became impressed with the unpretentious wisdom of this uneducated doctor — smiling over the fact that though there were a hundred shrubs involved in the medicines, lobelia was the king of them all. Would it work with sisters, he asked himself, the nightmare of seeing further surgery in the family haunting him. Hepsy had become frail during the past three years. Sister Rhoda's cancer had "settled on her other side."

Dr. Samuel Thomson was a man who had also been subject to disappointment in youth, failing to obtain the education he could so well have profited by. His father, an impoverished farmer of Massachusetts, had removed to New Hampshire and put Sam to work in the fields as a child. Because the boy showed so much interest in wild flowers, an old doctress, who had waited on his mother, took him with her on some of her herb gathering tours. Sam learned the names of the plants and some of the uses she put them to. One day quite by accident he ate a sprig of lobelia. He soon learned what this shrub would do to him. But when the misery of his vomiting and purging was over, Sam felt bigger than his pa's ox, and every bit as strong. Willard laughed. He discovered a few things in common between himself and this strange herb doctor — this innovator with lobelia.

Willard became so interested that he decided to give up his electrical shows for a while and see what he could do for his family with some of these simple herbs. Before telling anyone his plan, however, he reckoned he'd gather some of the plants he'd read about. He would learn how to brew the broths and mix the pills, pulverize the seeds and pound the leaves before he'd spend a cent on the patent which would permit him to sell his concoctions, once he had produced them.

He feared his secret would go on the loose the minute he started all this. Still in April, 1833, when the frost melted out of the lowlands, he began to roam the hills and valleys near Richmond. According to Thomson, he must find his shrubs at their earliest flowering or leafing. One day when William saw Willard enter the airway with a basket of vines spilling over his leg, he cried with a derisive laugh, "Ho, the beaver! And what are you after now?"

The answer was surly. "Wouldn't you like to know?" Meeting the scoffing eyes full glance, Willard said simply, "I'm making some dandelion tea for sister Rhoda, and some cohosh for Hepsy. They're tonics."

William repaid him with another taunt. "Once you was a wizard with wands. Now it's *tonics*." But all at once, William turned wistful. "I wish someone could do something for sisters."

Unhurt by the implication, Willard went to the orchard house, where he cleaned his herbs in pans of water on a bench. He made his teas on the kitchen stove within sight of the family, and boldly poured some for his sisters.

William challenged him. "How do you dare give them anything like this? If sisters get sick from your cooking—" the word was thorned, "you might be subject to imprisonment! What if they should die?"

"I'll take that chance."

Through the summer, Willard gathered other herbs until, in September, his hands turned cold when he was at work in the orchard house. He set up a whale oil stove on which he could put an iron plate, thus making the heater serve two purposes. One evening when the hoar frost had hung all day on the brown leaves and branches, he did not doubt that winter would come early and hard. The window above the bench where he was working was coated with frost. He paid little attention to it. He wore a thick wool jerkin, buttoned askew. Although his black curls were now clipped as short as Lucius Parker's hair, in his baggy trousers and dull cowhide boots Willard felt far from a dandy.

He turned to some wall shelves beside the window, examining a row of neatly labeled packets. He took down some pulverized lady slipper root, and set it aside for later use with the lobelia seed. He sniffed at various bundles, having memorized the names of the

herbs. He had associated their odors with the medicines they would produce, and he sighed with satisfaction as he lighted the heater. A corona of green and yellow flame wedged up around the big circular eye of the burner. Hopefully, Willard put on a kettle of bayberry tea.

While he waited for this to simmer he mixed in his mortar four ounces of pulverized lobelia seed with equal amounts of cayenne pepper and mucilage of gum arabic, having sent to Boston for the East Indian product. With his pestle going round and round, he visualize his first medical lecture, seeing himself as a barnstormer. He heard the sound of his voice — a pleasant ring — drumming up his cures on the road. By then he would have purchased one of Thomson's patents. He was waiting only for the opportunity. Sooner or later some doctor entitled to sell the certificate would be touring this part of the country. Willard decided that he would no longer begrudge the cost, twenty dollars, for the right to peddle his medicines, the right to call himself, *Dr. Richards*.

With the thought, he somehow felt closer to God than at any time since he had sworn aloofness from the Church. He stirred his paste with a rhythmic motion; his round of philosophy formed a new design, more quickening to his spirit than the laws of gravity had been. But again, he was led to figuring out the patterns the stars made on dark nights, when they were so myriad that they actually seemed to have no pattern. They could almost trail through his hair when he sometimes drove from one familiar place to another at such an hour; still he could never reach them. They were God's. But, Willard told himself as he stirred, they were his, too, only a million times removed.

With medicine, he argued, he could help the Lord, Who created all life. Willard felt a pulsing in his temples that led him to challenge the old cry that sickness was of the devil. But maybe it was — and if so, he would fight that old imp with his cures. They were good only as they helped to relieve people of their misery. One hand became painfully tired from its work, the other stiff from holding the mortar against the pestle, but Willard stuck to his job until the batter was the proper consistency for running through a pill mold.

Finally, after bottling his bayberry tea, he went into the house. Sister Rhoda had taken to her bed with a chill. Pa asked Willard to

fetch a doctor from Pittsfield in the morning. "Certainly, if I can't cure her," Willard replied boldly.

Pa told him to let her be, to let her get what sleep she could through the night.

Willard said, "She'll sleep the better for my treatment." He heated some rocks, wrapped them with a vinegar-drenched flannel, and put them at her feet. Into a little sack made from a folded blanket, he then tucked both rocks and feet.

She said she could not stand so much warmth. He remarked that she would find out how well she could stand it. He gave her a diuretic to draw the poison from her blood, and made her drink some cayenne tea. Downstairs, he told his parents she would be well in the morning.

Ma shook her head. Was she seeing the last of both son and daughter?

Willard patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, Ma; this is what I was born for. Didn't you know it? Time you was findin' out." He chucked her under the chin, and she broke into a smile.

"Oh, Willard, you do make me forget my troubles. Pray heaven that you're right! Time you settled down to something you could live with."

"Why can't it be a respectable trade?" Pa asked, not cracking a smile.

Sister Rhoda's quick recovery from her chills and fever proved Willard to be no bungler at the art of healing, and Pa was denied all protests when his youngest son rode home from Stockbridge one day in October, 1833, a full-fledged member of the "Friendly Botanic Society." He had heard of a Dr. Joseph Cutting in this village, and had driven over with his twenty dollars to buy a patent. The brief examination over, the doctor signed the large certificate giving Willard the right to practice his vocation. Still, Pa and William both prayed that Willard would not land in jail.

He assured them again that that was the least of his fears. He wasn't going to follow Dr. Thomson's example, and rot in an odious jail. Not he. "And I'm ready to give my first lecture."

"You know you're goin' against the ministry as well as all the good doctors who've earned the proper right to prescribe? It takes a man of the cloth as well as a doctor to look after any village." Pa scowled.

He sounded so disturbed that Willard disliked telling him that he planned to give his first medical talk in Richmond.

When the snow fell unusually early, Willard waited, hoping for a break in the weather. It would be difficult to start lecturing anywhere. He bided his time, going out to see one or two patients brave enough to ask for his help. They seemed pleased with him, and sister Rhoda was now on her feet. Hepsy was having the best winter she had seen in a long time. Willard at last decided that he'd postpone his first talk on the warm medicines no longer. He told Pa he must be prepared to hear him explain that reduced body heat caused most of the sickness known to man, and that the Thomsonian method consisted of keeping the body warm, the stomach free from mortification, and the pores of the body and the bowels open.

Richmond turned out surprisingly well. The farmers paid their fifteen-cent admission fee with little more than the usual grumbling. They filled the south schoolhouse, looking forward to seeing Willard demonstrate his latest hobbyhorse. They were all attention, their eyes on Willard like a grey wolf's, when all at once, without the slightest warning, some small boys set off a bundle of lucifer matches in his face. At the same time other bundles went up in clouds of horrid smelling flame and smoke. The four corners of the room turned misty with a choking vapor. And now the stove became a furnace of yellow chunks. Everyone fled the schoolhouse, blustering, suffocating, crying for fresh air—in more ways than *one*, they managed to let Willard know.

Shrieks and catcalls met him when, being the last to emerge from the fumes, he hung on to his hastily filled satchels. He had swept his vials and pills into them. He broke through the crowd, crying that it would be a pleasure to teach the Indians manners after this experience in Richmond. Just as he reached his buggy, an overgrown boy finished tying a dead rabbit to the rear axle. Another youngster started to stuff some sulphur in his horse's ear. The roan bared his teeth. The boy dodged, and Willard drove down Dublin Road toward West Stockbridge to have a snort of grog with his old friend Augustine Spencer. I'll face Pa later. I can stay the night with Augustine. But no, that would be cruel, Willard decided; Pa'd fear that someone had waylaid me. He cleaned out his horse's ear and turned him toward home.

Later, in the discussion over the notoriety this episode had

caused the family, Willard said, "We warm medicine men know we've got to break through a lot of prejudice." He refused to show any humiliation. "What else can you expect around here?"

"I hope you'll not raise your hand to help your sisters again!" Even Ma was now against him as much as Pa. "The least you can do is to leave them and me alone," she said.

Willard excused himself from tea and went upstairs to his cold room.

In late February he set forth on horseback through mud and snow to canvass the Connecticut villages along the Housatonic. In three weeks, he returned, having experienced little more success than he had met in Richmond. On the tour, he had given his lectures free. He now told his parents that he hoped only to convert the public to his ideas. "If I can do that I can sell my medicines."

Pa gave him a cold look.

"I don't expect success overnight," Willard argued. "The thing for all of us Botanic men to do is to stay out of jail until we become established."

Ma studied him in alarm. "You don't suppose *you'll* go?" she asked fearfully. "You'd better give this up now."

"With sister Rhoda in bed again?"

Ma sighed.

"It's good to see Hepsy about," Willard remarked with satisfaction. "I'm sure I can do something for sister Rhoda."

When Rhoda did not respond to the Botanic treatment, Pa said, "She's not improved by what you're doing."

"She'd be worse, Pa, if she'd seen the doctors from Pittsfield. I can give her another course of medicine tonight."

"You've faith in yourself, son! Can you justify it in this house?" Pa's voice was aslant with sarcasm. He could not take these knock-downs from Willard.

Sister Rhoda did not get well; and Willard, showing his disappointment, announced that he thought he'd go down to Boston, to work with Dr. Samuel Thomson himself.

In utter disbelief, Ma threw up her hands.

Willard started the next day to find the doctor who had been almost old enough to carry a gun in 1776.

On April 28, 1834, the student secured a new patent, signed by

the pioneer himself, an unschooled, poorly spoken but shrewd and self-educated man. The certificate was small in comparison to the first one Willard had purchased. Even so, space had been arranged on the lower margin for the line that protected the purchaser:

"Medicine and System of Practice secured to Samuel Thomson by Letters of Patent from the President of the United States."

Also in connection with this line, Willard found a joke ridiculing Dr. Thomson's competitor, Dr. Smith. He set the joke aside, ready to enter practice with fine self-respect. His six weeks in Boston compared fairly well with the fourteen-week course at the Pittsfield school of medicine. And Pittsfield had in one year enrolled more students than Harvard Medical College. Willard had spent no time on the poison medicines of the established practice. Yet he had turned his attention to almost every known field of disease, from cancer to measles. He felt ready to cure canker, erysipelas, mumps, gangrene, colic, diphtheria, and scarletina, as far as the cure of these afflictions rested in the hand of man.

He placed his faith in maintaining the natural body temperature, keeping up the heat when needed with cayenne, cleansing the system with one or another of his formulae whose main ingredient involved lobelia. He considered emetics valuable; and courses of medicine, or physic, equally essential. Poultices for congestion and dropsy required their own mixtures. For these, he again used simple non-poisonous herbs. Willard had familiarized himself with the symptoms of heart-attack and stroke.

From Boston, he drove up to Holliston to visit his cousin-in-law, Albert Rockwood, the storekeeper. Willard hugged to his heart the patent that protected him with letters from the President of the United States. Even so he realized that he still faced the excitement of peddling unorthodox pills and cures to an essentially dominant society. He chuckled as he drove in the lane beside the Rockwood store. In the house, he soon let cousin Nancy know that if his work proved an embarrassment to her husband's business, he would pack himself off to his own private lodgings.

"Cousin," said Nancy, "I have a cup of broth on the stove to go with the new bread."

Willard opened his nostrils, sniffing noisily the delicious odor.

After several weeks in Holliston, he said he thought it was high time he found out how things were going in Richmond. Albert put his hand on Willard's shoulder. "We'll be glad to see you again. In fact, you'd make us proud to see you settle here for good. We can board you."

In mid July Willard walked into his father's house. He lost no time in examining the lump in sister Rhoda's breast. "She has not got cancer," he told his mother. "The growth is no larger than when I went away."

"Thank God!" Mother's eyes clouded. She told Willard she needed no further proof that he knew what he was talking about.

That evening Joseph suggested the family join in a special prayer of gratitude. Willard was amazed over his father's strange, quick belief in him. You have faith in me, don't you, Pa, he wanted to say. But he merely nodded, indicating that he was ready to join the group on their knees.

Pa took his place in front of his chair. Except for Willard, the others completed the family circle. He suddenly said, "I think I heard a knock on the hall door." He called over his shoulder as he fled, "Don't wait, Pa. Don't wait!"

That autumn, when his sisters had improved in health, Willard answered a letter he had received from Albert, accepting the invitation to practice in Holliston, and to make his home for the present with him and Nancy.

Sister Rhoda protested his going. He said, "It's up to you now, sister. What are you going to do, get well or stay sick?" Answering the rueful look she gave him, he cried, "Come! it's not going to be that hard. You have faith in the medicines I gave you. You know how to use them. But let me tell you this, when there's a storm on, don't start taking a course of medicine. It won't be convenient under the circumstances." He laughed. "Use your head, follow my instructions; do you hear?"

"You don't need to deliver a whole lecture." Rhoda tossed her grey head, batting back his immodest remarks.

"Fine!" Willard said. "I won't. I don't have to. Hepsy," he gave her a pleasant look, "I'm trusting you to keep yourself out of the dumps."

Making good time over the summit of the Berkshires, Willard again figured that he would not menace his cousin's business. If the opposition to his cures became too sharp, he'd find a place to live alone. Meanwhile, his memory of the comfortable home delighted him with the prospect of what he hoped would prove to be a permanent practice.

When he drove up the lane, Nancy rushed out to meet him.

"You know I'm going to cause a scandal in these villages," Willard announced, once the greeting was over.

"We're used to a little fuss when you're around." She smiled. "Mr. Rockwood has asked you here, hasn't he?"

Willard nodded.

"He's in the store," Nancy said brightly. "He'll be free in a moment. Won't you step in, *Doctor Richards*?"

In July that summer — 1835 — Willard reached Southborough on his medical tour through Middlesex County, feeling no hesitation in knocking at Uncle Parker's door. All his life his kinfolk had exchanged hospitalities. No one among the Howes and Richardses, Brighams, Goddards, and Fitches, or any other relatives, looked for a tavern near a cousin's or an uncle's home.

"Well, if it isn't Willard!" Aunt exclaimed in answer to his brisk rap. "I heard you was in the East. What are you up to now?"

"You must have heard about that, too, aunt. I'm a doctor, lecturing and peddling pills that'll either kill or cure you." Willard's brown teeth gleamed. The color on his cheeks was high, almost too high. A web of red veins and squared-off edges around the flushed spots accompanied his joking.

Studying him with sharp eyes, aunt said, "I don't have to tell you that uncle isn't going to take to you as a preachin' doctor any more than he enjoyed your showin' off with those fancy dolls. Willard, why do you insist on all this attention?" She half meant what she said. "You and Brigham are a pair, a perfect pair."

"Brigham Young? I haven't seen him for years."

"He was here only last week. I think he's lost his mind!"

"I always miss him," said Willard.

"You can be glad you did this time. Let's speak no more of him. Take your things upstairs, and don't bother your uncle on the way. He's weary enough with these distractions."

"I hope he'll come out to hear my talk."

"Don't suggest it, and don't count on me, either. But go on up, Willard. We'll have some tea in a little while."

In Lucius' room, Willard set his medical kit aside. He opened his personal satchel and selected a clean white shirt, which he spread over the back of a chair. As he crossed the room, a golden brown book on a table under the window attracted his attention. It was leather-covered and smooth, and as mellow looking as ale. He knew a tanning job when he saw one. His fingers closed over the satin-like finish. He caught his breath. On a narrow strip of pebbled black calfskin across the back of the binding, he read in gold letters: "Book of Mormon." He opened it and saw the date of publication: E. B. Grandin, 1830.

Willard scowled. Was this that Joe Smith's gold bible he'd heard about, down in Boston? A revolting sight! His fingers burned as he turned the pages. A feeling for his father's religion overtook him in a peculiar but nebulous wave of guilt. Why shouldn't I touch it, he argued with himself, resisting the impulse to put the book down. Don't be a fool, he mumbled, as the feeling of sin became more sharply defined, strengthening in the queerest tide he'd ever faced. He felt uneasy; he put the book down; but he picked it up again and irresistibly began to follow the lines where he now opened the page.

By the time he had read a few paragraphs, he looked around for a chair, his legs trembling, his hands unsteady. He felt a gathering of the blood around his heart. Ignoring the pain, he moved over and sat down on the edge of the chair, his eyes devouring the still wobbling words. With the book on the arm, he leaned closer, and the blurring vanished. Each word gradually became clearcut.

Adam fell, he read, *that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy. And the Messiah cometh in the fulness of time, that he might redeem the children of men from the fall. And because they are redeemed . . . they have become free forever, knowing good from evil; to act for themselves, and not be acted upon . . .* Willard closed his eyes in the awful and strange impact of seeing everything that he had ever been taught, contradicted.

"Men are free to act for themselves, not to be acted upon —" he repeated almost silently.

A moment later he whispered, "Either God or the devil has had a hand in that book, for man never wrote it!"

And they are free, he read, to choose liberty and eternal life . . . or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the Devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself.

Free! Free to choose! *Men are that they might have joy.* "God is," Willard said as if in a trance, "that he may be our Father in earth as in heaven."

Reading on, he heard nothing until he finished the account of the baptisms among the Israelites on American soil. Their fathers arrived in America in strange boats. After many generations, the descendants gathered at a *fountain of pure water*, where they were baptized by immersion. All those who would come forth were buried in baptism, according to the command of the Lord. Two hundred and four people on the first day. More than attended any of Mr. Dwight's meetings in Richmond, Willard surmised.

"Cousin!" Lucius said, and Willard jumped. "I'm glad you finally got around to our village. I hear you're lecturing on this medical craze, the warm cures."

"Yes. But where did you get this book?"

"That? Oh, that! Cousin Brigham Young brought it."

"When was Brigham here?"

Lucius looked at Willard as if he thought him befuddled. He laughed offhandedly. "Not more than two weeks ago — traveling with a companion in that new church of his — an unordained '*Church of Christ*.' Itinerants! Isn't that just like cousin Brig? Joined the Methodists before he took this up. He can't be beat; I swan, he can't."

"I haven't seen Brigham for years. He crosses everyone's path but mine. Where is he?"

"Who knows? The devil, perhaps. He's always on the go!"

"I heard of those people in Boston. A crazy, ridiculous sect, it was said. But, Lucius, have you read the book? It's different from almost everything we've ever learned. I wonder what the Reverend Nathan'l would say?" Willard's voice fell softly. "It sounds so hopeful!" His eyes went to the window.

"Of course I haven't read it," Lucius remarked, tossing his head impatiently. "What are you saying? I don't intend to look at it."

"What wouldn't I give to see Brigham!"

"He's gone, thank mercy. Calls himself an apostle. Fancy!"

Lucius's high forehead wrinkled as if it had been plaited with a crimping iron. "Fancy!" he repeated, laughing. "Apostles in this day and age! The restored gospel!"

"I wish I had seen the *apostle*."

"Brigham's dipping people, baptizing them by immersion, in South Boston, Dorchester, and bragging about it, too! A Mrs. Vose, on Myrtle St., a Widow Wilcox!" Lucius's mocking sneer roused Willard's blood to a still higher pitch.

"May I take the book back with me to Holliston?"

Lucius scowled in answer to the heightened voice. "I think Father would be glad to get rid of it. To get it out of the house. Cousin asked us to read it." Lucius shuddered. "Of course I'm the only one who'll even touch it, and I shan't look at it," he said down his nose.

"May I have it?"

"Of course not! It's a curiosity. I'm hanging on to it if only I can keep Father from burning it."

"Please; do let me have it." Willard's pleading voice made Lucius suddenly thoughtful.

"If I let you take it, Willard, do you promise to bring it back?"

"Yes, I promise."

"What is this insane lecture you've slated for tonight? Tell me."

"That? Oh, that's another matter. Are you coming?"

"Yes. So long as you don't make a fool of me." Lucius jabbed Willard's arm.

Willard laughed, recalling the prank he had played on his cousin at the show.

In his room at the Rockwoods', after returning to Holliston, Willard read the *Book of Mormon* through twice in ten days. Once he sat up nearly all night, exhausting himself physically until his eyes blurred and his heart felt weary.

Another time, Nancy could not get him out to dinner. She called; he remained in his chair, living through the episode of the building of a ship by men who had never been builders — tribesmen on the Syrian desert, sent out from Jerusalem through the will of God, to save His kingdom. Before they had wandered far, Nephi, the son of the leader, Lehi, was commanded by the Lord to return to Jerusalem for the record of his people. The plates must be preserved, though at the cost of blood. At night, with the records under

his arm, and with Laban, a man of wealth, dead, Nephi took the royal sword as well as the records. God then provided His children with a ball and spindle to lead them in their long wanderings toward the sea. The spindle rolled before the people, pointing the way. At last reaching the coast, the men in the camp toiled to build the ships that would take them to the promised land beyond the water, the land that became America.

Willard sat in his chamber at Albert's, seeing the muscles of the builders writhe as they rolled the great logs from the forest on the hill to the tide-strewn beach. He felt the pull of the saw, and he heard the shrill squeak. He saw the sharp blades of the whittling stones, turning out the pegs. And the thongs binding the wooden planks together. But all at once, twisted by the crooked finger of blasphemy for being carried away by the story, Willard ran his hand through his hair, shaking his fingers as he withdrew them from his tangled curls.

He walked to the window, paused, returned to his chair, and once more became absorbed in the story. For the sixth, time he read how the gospel of Christ had been given to the people in the new world. Alma, a favored priest, was baptized by an angel, in preparation for the coming of the Savior; then, as the people gathered at the fountain, Alma baptized them. Generations later, after the crucifixion in the Holy Land, Christ made His appearance to the Children of Israel in the Western World, to the sons of Lehi.

If this book is true, Willard told himself, God has something greater for me to do than peddle pills. I'll sell my practice and most of my medicine. I'll have to, I'll have to. I've got to tell Albert. Surely he'll see that I must give myself up to this. It's like a woman with a baby in her arms. No matter how rough the road, she holds on, she holds on to her child. This is what I've waited for all my life — the hand of God. Seated in his arm chair, Willard put his head on his hands, his elbows on his knees. They shook and shook.

CHAPTER TEN

Late the next afternoon, again alone in his room, Willard felt restless and unwell. He debated his problem, whether to answer the call of his heart and go West or stay with his work in Holliston. His indecision tortured him. The sound and the fury of the Lord's voice was like a drumbeat in his ear; the thin gold sheets that Joseph Smith had translated were bright in his imagination. Willard got up and circled the room. What did this Joe Smith look like? Where did he get the gold plates? How did he know about them? What's back of the conundrum? Will Joseph's voice ring through the forests of America?

Willard's pulse throbbed. He saw an imaginary signpost pointing down the road to Boston, where there was an old man with a mortar and pestle in his hand, grey-headed, stoop-shouldered — a lot of queer grammar in his mouth and a stack of medical patents half a room high in his hand. Where were the disciples of the warm medicines? At Albert's, Willard stared out of the window. He had been ready to go to jail for the sake of these cures. Every wrinkle in his brain suggested that he remain true to Thomson. Every drop of his blood urged him to sell his vials and pills.

Why shouldn't he go West? Why was he standing here? He ought to be in his heavy boots walking toward Ohio and Joseph Smith. But there was a gate across the way. I can't see beyond it, he thought. Who's asking me to sell out — God or the devil? Whose side is Joseph on? Willard sank into his chair, weary, more tired than he had ever felt in his life.

Somehow he sensed the touch of Aunt Haven's hand on his arm. He longed to see her in the kitchen on Cold Spring Brook, where he had once stood, ridding himself of the fear of the devil and the threat of typhus. A golden link gleamed faintly in the darkness, binding his spirit to the big house. Old aunt was gone; but Willard yearned for a listener in young Aunt Haven. She could give

him the courage to tell Nancy and Albert that he wanted to sell out.

At eleven-thirty the next morning, aunt met Willard's news with a frown. "How can you let your medicine go like that, Willard?" She turned to her small daughter. "Hush," she said impatiently. Eight-year-old Rye was in her rocking chair, darning a sock. "Can't you see I'm busy with cousin Willard? Don't interrupt!"

"Ma!"

"Not now. Later! Go on, Willard. What was you a-saying? I can't believe you're going to Ohior. I can't believe it!" She studied him, feeling at odds with the immense form in her husband's chair.

"I haven't had a night's sleep since I found the book." Willard folded his hand protectingly over the leather-covered volume, warm and bright on his knee in the clear sunlight pointing through the window.

"What have you found in that book makes you want to give up your work? First you brought us electricity; then medicine; now this! What next? Cousin Brigham tried to leave a copy here." Her glance found the book. "We weren't fazed."

Willard hunched his shoulders, shuddering. "Maybe it's just as well that you question me, aunt. If I do give up my practice here, I'll never come back. Every door in Holliston would be closed in my face. What shall I do? I've got to go!"

"You've got to find your own answer. We don't need your religion. And I can't give you any help. I can't sit in my pew next Lord's Day if you don't leave me alone." Aunt's dark calico skirt swished full as she went to the oven, interchanging six pale loaves of bread from one shelf to the other.

All she had to do was find her chair again for Willard to pick up the book. "Let me read you a few lines before uncle comes in."

"He's plowing the little field. And it won't take him long. He'll come in hungry!"

"I'll read until he shows up."

"Mariar, stop fidgeting!" Aunt, who was ordinarily patient, took the scissors from her daughter, snipping her yarn with a horrid clip.

"Come over here, Rye." Willard put out his hand.

When uncle came in to dinner, Willard was still reading, still holding the little girl on his lap. The kitchen smelled of new bread. The browned loaves lay on the shelf, uncovered. The enticing odor of food had brought the boys in, but the table was unladen. Uncle was

as ravenous as his sons. So it's *you* again, he seemed to say, putting out his grimy hand. "Glad to see you, nephew. Staying to dinner?"

The play on uncle's lips changed when Willard rose. No longer scornful, they twitched with amusement. Dressed in his overalls and dark checkered shirt, odorous with sweat, he looked Willard over. "Aren't you getting awfully spruce? Does a doctor have to put himself above the rest?"

His poorly restrained laughter found its answer; but when uncle saw what Willard had been reading, he said, "God forbid! Because Brigham's lost his wits over that thing, do you have to follow suit?"

"I think I'm going West, uncle. I believe I'm going to sell out around here."

"Not to that dratted Mormon town of Kirtland? Going to Ohior? How can I have two nephews of one crazy mind? What's struck you?"

Willard did not flinch.

Uncle broke the silence. "By gor, save what brains you've got left."

"Uncle!"

"You wouldn't suck in all that stuff Brigham told us about? What more can you want than to give your life to the sick?"

Willard held up the book. "To know if this is true. It says, Man is that he might have joy. Joy in the hope of salvation. For me as well as you." Willard's breath came hard.

The insistence in the blue eyes stopped uncle's next remark.

As if drawing a bow over a violoncello, Willard murmured, "I'd like to read you just one passage."

"Fiddle faddle!"

The remark sounded like the ding dong of a church bell. Nevertheless, Willard found his passage. Rye stood as still as her father and brothers while Willard went to the window, pushed aside the curtain and read from Nephi's psalm:

"... Mine eyes hath beheld great things; yea, even too great for man; therefore I was bidden that I should not write them. O then, if I have seen so great things; if the Lord in His condescension unto the children of men, hath visited men in so much mercy, why should my heart weep, and my soul linger in the valley of sorrow, and my flesh waste away, and my strength slacken, because of mine afflictions? And why should I yield to sin, because of my flesh? Yea, why should I give way to temptations,

that the evil one have placed in my heart, to destroy my peace and afflict my soul? Why am I angry because of mine enemy? Awake, my soul! . . . O Lord, I will praise Thee forever; yea, my soul will rejoice in Thee, my God, and the rock of my salvation."

Willard closed the book, squeezing it hard with his fingers. "Can't you see? As I read, I hear the answer to all my questions. The book speaks. Maybe you'll join me in the West. All of you!" His glance took in the whole circle.

Before Willard left the house, he began to tremble. He had eaten some bread and honey, and found it delicious. But as he walked home the shadows of the forest seemed to lengthen unaccountably. A great and terrible loneliness overcame him. His head ached; he felt a heaviness around his heart. The silence of the woods, broken only by the twitter of a cardinal and the low melodic tone of the brook, intensified the sudden, unlooked-for uncertainty of the future, the sacrifice of the present.

But again the pull toward the West appeared irresistible. The darkness beneath the ever-densing foliage was natural. And yet Willard tried to offset a strange foreign-feeling moment. He looked about, seeing the footsteps that he had left behind him in the black soil of Holliston's leafy glen.

The image sharpened in his mind as he walked on a few paces. And presently he felt as if he could turn his feet in any direction he chose. With a strange new contact with the heavens, he felt as if the Lord would somehow go with him. He'll go with me every step of the way. Suddenly, Willard knew that he was ready to abandon everything in medicine, if necessary, to discover the meaning of the strange philosophy which could take him in an opposite direction to that which he had known as a boy, to all the covenants and declarations of faith he had ever heard, in Hopkinton or Richmond.

Albert and Nancy were more shocked than the Havens had been, when Willard told them he planned to sell out his medicines. After his return from Cold Spring Brook, they sat with him on a bench under an apple tree, with their little Susan playing in the seed grass near by.

"You don't surprise me, cousin," Nancy said. "Not after the way you've been fasting and praying. You looked like some witch of Salem was haunting you."

"Don't jest, cousin." Willard's fingers curled on his knees.

Albert turned his gaunt eyes on Willard, studying him severely before he finally agreed that a man had a right to follow the devil to hell, if that's what he chose to do. "Are you going to practice medicine in Kirtland?" he asked, "or brush it aside for the faith-healing those people suck? You never was a real farmer. Nor a sawyer, neither, Willard. Do you want to starve? What'll you do? I don't believe you've yet faced your God."

"All I want is a chance to hear what Joe Smith has got to say for himself. Brigham —"

"You forget Brigham's one of his apostles. One of the *chosen*! He and Joe Smith!" Albert's tone grouped the two men unhappily together.

"I've heard that Brigham's as hard-headed as that marble." Willard nodded toward the doorstep.

The silence that fell among the three cousins increased. After a dark interval in which Willard's tense face showed much suffering, he said, "It's in here, here —" he put his clenched fist over his breast — "that it hurts until I can hardly stand it. I'm sick. I'm selling out! I've got to go to Kirtland!"

As he rose the strength seeped from his knees. He gasped and clutched the air for a branch of a tree. The leaves went black as he fell.

When he regained consciousness four hours later, he felt stupefied. He wanted the bed to stop shaking, the room to stop tipping. He found Albert looking at him in the candlelight. "Willard —"

Willard would have answered but suddenly he felt that it was he who was shaking, not the bed, or the room. Weakness kept his right arm pinned to his side. His left hand lay on the grey sheet blanket trembling like the birch leaves that rippled over the hill. His left leg was trembling, too. The whole left side of his body hurt as though pricked by a thousand needles. His knowledge of medicine named his affliction. He recognized every symptom. He wanted to lose consciousness again. He looked at Albert and saw two of him. He wanted to tell him he was being buffeted by the devil, punished for looking at the book.

"Willard!"

Willard did not respond to the cry. He was thinking, Maybe

Satan doesn't want the ranks of the Lord to fill up. That's all that's the matter. Maybe the devil's after me just because he's so selfish. God couldn't want me to be palsied, even if the book is wrong.

"Willard!"

But Satan's dragging me down, down the mountain toward the hollow, toward that birch tree, black and blasted over the upper trunk. Spindling shoots are reaching up beyond the blackened bark. They're sickly. They're as yellow in midsummer as in autumn.

In the morning, Willard woke to what seemed the dank smell of a burrowing animal and the mottled peppering pain down his side. He saw some red spots on a white handkerchief, and Susan's face, shining delicate and clear before it faded in the agony of death. Willard saw a grave in a corner of the garden. He knew what he should prescribe for himself, but he was still too tired to talk. It was such an agony to vomit; that was the first step, and the retention of the enema he should ask Albert to give him. The well-tried theory. Thomson had seen twenty years' experience with lobelia. The third recipe for palsy, with cayenne, and the sixth tea, with bayberry to induce an inner glow; and a cold bath to reduce the external temperature. Followed by some good steams! But he was too tired to tell all this to Albert.

When Albert again found Willard insensible, he called from the bed, "Wife! Nancy!" Looking at the massive trembling form, Albert said, frightened, "He's bad. What shall I give him? I'm afraid to give him anything."

Nancy watched Willard's face as it twitched.

Albert said, "I'm going to send for Uncle Parker."

"No, Albert, send for anyone but him," Nancy replied with clenched fingers; she ran to fetch the spirits.

When he had forced some brandy between Willard's blue lips, Albert chafed the cold wrists, rejoicing over the slightly quickened pulse. A moment later Willard opened his eyes, but the lids closed over blank pupils.

At the end of another two days of constant running between store and bed, Albert said to his wife, "He's not improving. I'll have to send for Uncle Parker. He's got to know."

"I don't want him lining up the devils in here. Please don't send for him."

Albert confessed his fear that Willard might die in this house. He was of the opinion that the patient should be bled.

"He doesn't believe in it," said Nancy, cautioning Albert against calling their old friend, the regular doctor, who would never minister to a Thomsonian practitioner.

Albert shook his head. "What's a man to do? Since when did a woman take the lead? Uncle Parker? No! The doctor? No! I can't have our cousin die here!"

Nancy put her hand in Albert's. "I'll go for Ma." But when Aunt Haven came, she could only suggest that Nancy spoon some thin gruel into Willard's mouth.

When he finally opened his eyes, Willard himself gave Albert the instructions for his treatment, chief of which was lobelia with number three mixture. And then the pyramid of sand in the hour-glass began to pile and pile again for Willard as he watched from the bed. One day he tried to get up. His arm and leg, pricked by countless needles, protested. He fell back. He tried to pray, but he had no power to address the Lord. Again he felt on the outside of prayer. In the image of the blasted birch, with yellow spindling branches climbing from the trunk to a blue sky, he saw himself.

More than two months passed before he could lift his arm from wrist to elbow without the drag that had kept it pinned to the bed. That day Nancy helped him to a chair. He sat up for an hour; and then one day, with the help of a cane, he walked from room to room. But he lingered in this house; the torture of deciding what to do became a ceaseless question. A letter from Mother saying that sister Rhoda longed to see him for the sake of her health aroused Willard to his duty as a doctor.

With the reins in his hand, ready to drive away, he said to Nancy, who stood beside the buggy for a last farewell, "Poor friend, you've had enough to do taking care of me."

"Wait a minute, cousin," she cried softly, and ducked over to the ground cellar. She hoisted up the trap door and disappeared. Presently her head came up above the black cobweb-covered steps. In her arms she carried an olive green baise bag, pinched together at the neck with a drawstring. Trying not to see his palsied body, she said, "For your good appetite and health. With God's love, we'll see you again some day."

On the long journey home Willard felt at ease, except when he drove for too many hours at a time over the muddy pike. Rounding the summit over Jacob's ladder late one afternoon, he began to tremble violently. He reached for the bag, loosened the drawstring, and read the blurred labels: Red Currant Wine, 1826. Black Cherry, 1830. After a long sip of the red currant he drove on through the forest, enjoying the curl of smoke above the red glow of his corn-cob pipe.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The family accepted Willard on his own terms, a doctor come home for a visit after a long and serious illness. There had been some correspondence concerning him, but now, the first evening at the farm, he told his parents he had received an experience of the spirit.

When Joseph asked him if it was one he could relate to the Society, Willard quickly set his father straight, disappointing him with his story of how Brigham Young had left the *Book of Mormon* with Lucius Parker, and of how he had fallen ill after reading it through twice in ten days, and had decided that God had something more important for him to do than peddle pills. "I was going to sell my practice," he said. "I would have been on my way to Kirtland within the month, but the devil found me out. Or else it was the Lord Himself who struck me down. I'm not sure of anything, Pa, except that I'm not telling this story to the Richmond Society."

Ma's eyes opened. "You didn't sell all your medicines, Willard? Not all of them? You treasured them so!"

"No, Ma. I've saved what I didn't peddle during the past year, and I'm going herb-gathering this spring. I'll mix again, but I don't know whether I'll practice medicine or not. Certainly, if I do, it won't be here."

"Willard!" Ma shook her head, baffled by this strange son.

When he talked about investigating the Church that sent forth its apostles with the *Book of Mormon*, Pa warned him not to bring on another spell. "Do you know what you're saying, son?"

"Yes; but I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't know."

The summer passed. Willard gained no clearer picture of the future until one day in late September when he was mending harness just outside the barn, he heard the sound of footsteps on the bridge over Mill Creek. Looking up from the pine log where he was sitting, he saw two men walking up the path toward the airway. One was

tall and spare, all bone and muscle, the other somewhat short and stocky. Each carried an amber-colored book in one hand, a satchel in the other. They were dusty and travel-stained, in their heavy shoes, homespun suits, and round beaver hats on their long hair. Their shawls were strapped to their satchels; their checkered shirts were open at the neck. The sweat had run down their faces, leaving trails over red cheeks.

Willard blinked, taking in the picture as the men came nearer. Startlingly, something told him it was Brigham — the apostle! And Joseph — Josh Young! Carrying the *Book of Mormon*! Missionaries! Willard called across the dooryard, "Brigham! Cousin Brigham!"

"By gor, if it isn't you, Willard! Upon my word, it is." As the men met at the breezeway, Brigham put out his hand.

Willard grasped it, noting Brigham's easy-going yet clipped and determined manner. The certainty in the light blue eyes set his blood afire exactly as when he and Brigham had ridden Grandfather's horse over the wild dock meadow. "Cousin!" Willard held onto his hand. "Brig!" He took in the keen broad face, with its determined eyes, thin lips and untrammelled brow. "Josh!" Willard studied the long, thin face with its overhanging lower lip, straight nose and extra-wide jowl. "I must have wished you cousins here! I've seen the book! I've read it, and ever since, I've thought of little else."

"That's no more 'n natural," Brigham said, as if one would expect nothing else.

Before the long story of the passing years could be told, Willard took the brothers inside and called together as many of his family as he could find.

By dinner time the whole group had gathered. Joseph Richards gravely shook hands with his nephews and inquired about their father. "I should like to see John Young again before we're taken away. Time passes along, you know."

"Pa's with the Church, in Ohio," said Josh.

"Not John Young? He's got his head screwed on straight, thank God! He wouldn't join a visionary sect?"

"He's been baptized."

Joseph blanched. Shuddering, he muttered something about going full depth into a pool of water. "Who dipped him?" he asked. "Some unordained shirtsleeve preacher? A circuit rider?"

While the meal was being served, Brigham said, "I know how you feel, uncle. I've seen our relatives in the East. But I want to tell you, it wasn't hard for me, once I made up my mind. I'd joined the Methodees. I hadn't seen this book." Turning, he asked aunt to hand it to him, and he put it beside his plate. "You know I don't read easily," he said. "It took me a long time, but I never once set this aside until I got through every word of it. It tells of a gospel that gives men hope, not sorrow. And it's not for the few, but the many — the poor as well as the rich. It offers spiritual riches. Nor does it ask a man to have lands and houses before he drinks of the pure water. Uncle, we'll have much to say after you've read the book. I'm going to leave a copy. When I come back I know you'll want to be baptized — you and aunt, and cousins."

"Not me!" said young Rhoda. "I wouldn't expose myself to any such indecency. Besides, Reverend Dwight has received *me*!"

Hepsy made a quiet figure, but with intense, listening eyes. A smothered gasp escaped her lips. "I think I could go into the water," she said bravely, her glance burning its way into Brigham's face.

"Hepsy!" Her father turned white.

Brigham smiled. "Why are you so shocked, uncle? All you have to do is get used to the idea. Let me tell you what Moroni says. He was a prophet — a great prophet of ancient America. His story's here." Brigham tapped the amber-colored volume. "He suggests you ask the Lord for a testimony, says you'll find it in your heart. The truth becomes part of you, a gift of feeling. Go down on your knees, my dearest uncle. Put the question to God. Ask *Him* if this book is true. Sensing the gospel's like the sight of good leather; you know it's real." Brigham's plain face became almost beautiful. His thin lips closed. He clenched his fist, mussing the tablecloth as he brushed it aside.

The family kept their seats around the long table, lingering as if Brigham had something else to say. "When I finally made up my mind," he went on, "I felt a clean wind blowing through the desert of my being. In my soul I knew the book was true. I knew that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Lord."

"How long did it take you to believe like this?" Willard's eyes were smoldering.

"About a year and a half." Brigham nodded. "Samuel Smith, the first missionary, gave the book to Phineas, my brother. I wish he

had given it to me!" Brigham paused over his longing. "The neighbors told me Sam looked worn and tired. He'd slept several nights under a tree, beside the road, in a meadow, or anywhere that dogs or humans weren't likely to kick or bite him. But his face shone. Phineas said he was inspired. I got hold of the book and did my best to read it. I was in Mendon, New York, building houses, making chairs, glazing, painting. My lathe was located in a gap east of the village. I had water to run it, and a good log house. I was happy, all I ever expected to be, when Phineas came, bringing the book. I read a-ways. It took hold of me."

"Yes?" Willard leaned forward, his elbows on the table.

"My friend had one too. Heber Kimball. He was as slow as I was in reading. He'd never been to school, no more 'n me, but finally I said to him, 'Hebe, what do you make of it?' 'Brig,' he says, 'let's find out what it's all about.'"

Brigham looked around the table. No one offered to interrupt him. He said, "I told Hebe I'd heard there was a branch of the Church in Columbia, Pennsylvania. We drove Heber's sleigh, got there in three days, and attended a meeting. The next day we went again — to a priests' circle. It was then, in prayer meeting, I said to Heber, 'Let's go home. I want my brother Josh to hear about this.'"

Joseph Young said, "It was mid winter. I was in Canada, on a mission for the Methodists. Brigham found me. I went home with him to Mendon."

"How long were you making up your mind to be baptized?" Willard asked softly. "I want to go to Ohio to study this thing out, but I hesitate." He shook his head, the tears shone; he reached for his bandana handkerchief, squirming to get it out of his pocket. Openly he wiped his eyes.

"I'll baptize you right now," Brigham announced, "this minute, in the creek below uncle's garden."

"No!" Willard turned white. "I've been sick. I was palsied the moment I started to read and believe. I don't want to be buffeted any more."

"No better way to throw off the Spirit of Darkness." Brigham's voice filled with tenderness. "Satan's emissaries are out to find the Lord's chosen. The best way to give them the slip is to go into the water. Believe this gospel, and you'll be cured. What have you got



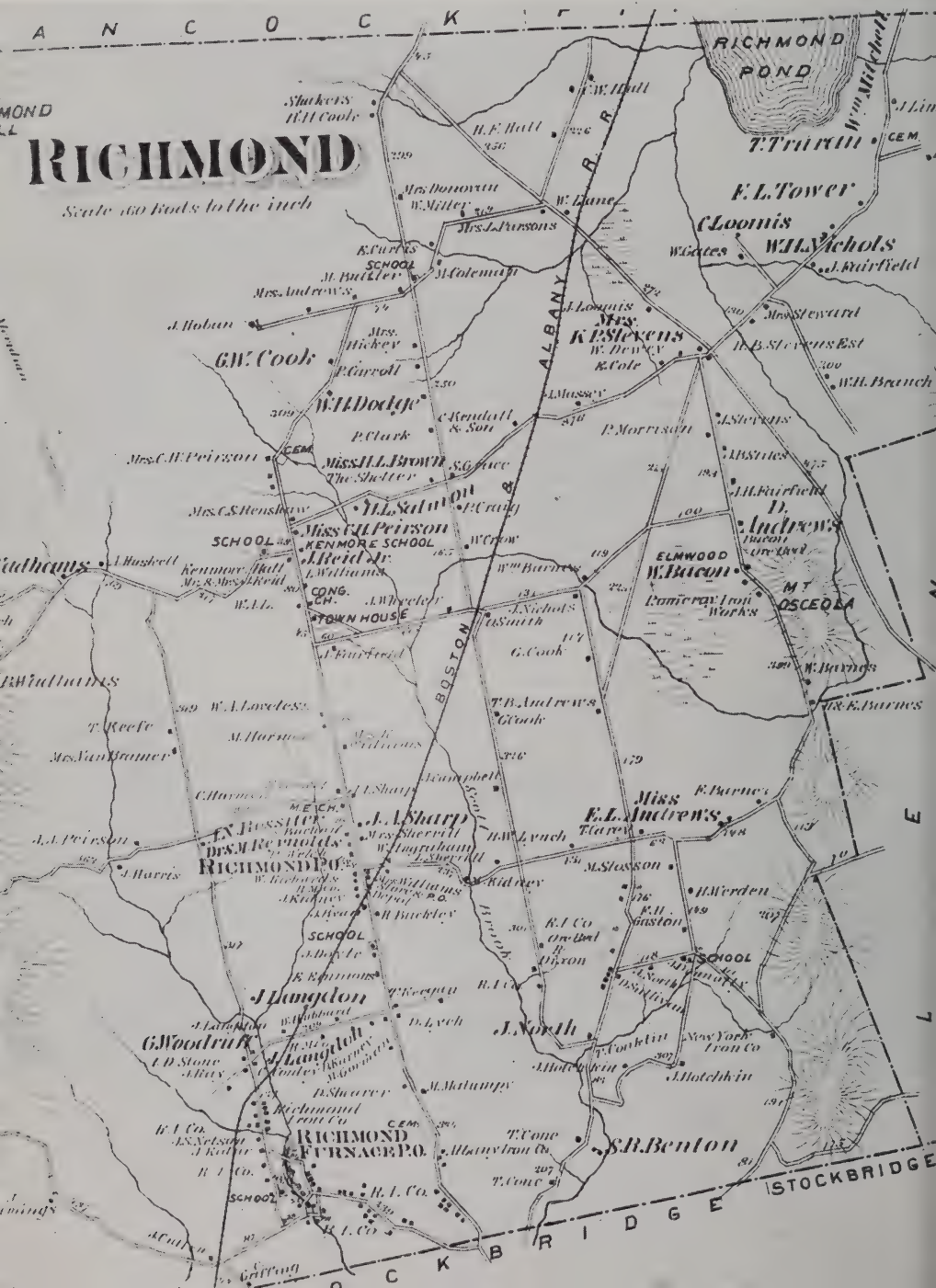
Indian Brook, near the former Phineas Howe plantation, Hopkinton, Mass.



Meadow of Wild Hay, bordering Indian Brook, beside the home that was probably once the Howe plantation on Magunco Hill, Hopkinton, Mass.

RICHMOND

Scale 160 Rods to the inch



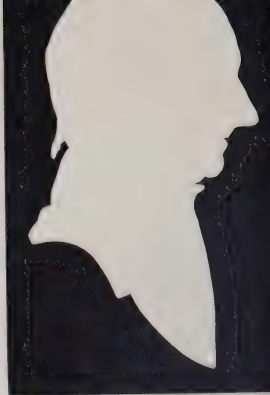
TOWN OF RICHMOND
Scale 40 Feet to the inch

TOWN OF RICHMOND
Scale 40 Rods to the inch.



a. Joseph Richards house, Richmond, after the 1821 addition. Note the separation between the attics. b. Joseph Richards house, the larger part being the original building. Note the fanlight. c. Joseph Richards house under ownership of Ernest L. Thomas, purchased during the 1940's.

It seems likely that it was Hepsy who cut out the silhouettes and sketched in pen and ink the lace, ribbons, ruffs, and curls on the white paper from which she had cut the portraits of her family. Hepsy was known for her talent in drawing, sewing, and millinery. It also seems likely that these "pictures" were made before the Richards family moved from eastern to western Massachusetts. It is on this assumption that the ages have been determined. Some of the *silhouettes* were named; the names of the others have been indicated by some member of the family of a past generation. Collection formerly in the possession of the artist, the late Lee Greene Richards, son of Levi Willard Richards. The fragile and delicate beauty of the originals is inevitably lost in the more solid black-and-white reproductions. (Photos, Willard Harwood, great-grandson of Willard and Jennetta Richards.)



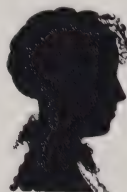
"Where Brigham Dipped,"
as described by Mrs. Harry Clark,
Richmond, Mass.
Actually it was Phineas Richards who
did the baptizing in this pool
on the Joseph Richards plantation,
Mill Creek, near Dublin Road.



Rhoda Howe Richards



Joseph Richards



Susan


Susannah
Goddard Howe


Mr. Ebenezer Damon



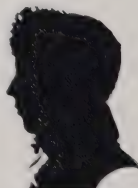
"sister Rhoda"



Hepsy



Nancy



Levi, 13 years



William, 11 years

Discernment of God.

We assent to the truth that no
man hath seen God, at any time.
God is a spirit. He has no
form nor shape for a mortal
eye to discern. There is nothing
of a spirit visible to the eye of
man. And, therefore, as God said
to Moses, He would he say to all men
Thou canst not see my face; for
there shall no man see me &
live. But though God cannot
be seen by the natural eye, the
mind can as really perceive Him,
as the eye can discern the natural
objects that are presented to it.
There is a spiritual perception of
spiritual things. Spirits can doubt-
less perceive the existence & character
of other spirits. Otherwise there is no
unity, nor communion in Heaven.
Angels cannot know each other
or even can they know God. And
the spirits of the just ^{men made perfect} can ~~neither~~
neither know nor be known. But
if spirits can perceive the existence
& character of other spirits, there is
no reason why the spirit of a man

ELECTRO CHEMISTRY,

OR
PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH ELECTRICITY

MR. RICHARDS,

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this vicinity, that he will deliver,
Lecture on the science of

Electricity,

This evening, at

in which will be explained in the most familiar manner and illustrated by a costly and powerful Electrical Machine and apparatus, the Phenomena of Electricity, produced by Friction:

LEYDEN PHIAL,

Positive and Negative Electricity, Electrical Attraction and Repulsion, by which many objects will be put in motion, such as moving electrical wheels, ringing bells, &c. &c.

Electrical Orrery;

showing the motion of the earth and moon round the sun; imitation of celestial and terrestrial magnetism; construction of lightning rods; the electric clock.

The operator will illustrate a person, in such a manner that brilliant sparks of fire may be drawn from his body. Electric Pencil showing the cause of Thunder, Illumination of water, Dr. Franklin's Electrical Diving Figures, Illuminated Jar, Mus's Plant, lighting of a candle, the Explosion of a Powder Mill with many other pleasing experiments.

The phenomena of Electricity, and the most important laws of nature, are capable of being made familiar even to children, and in the enlightened age, an acquaintance with the first principles of physical science, is justly deemed an important part of education. It is, therefore, believed that an evening may be agreeably and profitably spent on this interesting subject, by all classes of people.

Admission: - cents; children half price. Tickets may be had at the bar. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend previous to the hour.

From the numerous testimonials received, the following only is selected.

W. B. RICHARDS,

From the numerous testimonials received, the following only is selected.

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Reproduction of original handbill
for the Willard Richards show
on Electricity.

Kirtland Friday Jan'y 20th 1837. (J. Young)

I anticipate you would like a Description of Kirtland. I give
it, so far as time will admit, you will perceive I am somewhat
nervous. I feel that my general health is a thousand times
better than when I left home. Kirtland, then, consists of Plains
divided, a plains proper, high Ravines & deep hills, say 100 ft - high
Chapin runs paper through the proper plain to flats - although the
country is rough, rugged, unsightly, yet there is a degree of sublimity in the prospects when
the mind is apprised by the wonders God is about to perform on
his chosen spot. On the brow of the plain, say 1/4 of a mile S.
by the river stands the House of the Lord. A spacious, elegant
stone building. I believe built for some house first, then, for a
house for the Gods. The latter day house, first, built the house
House, I now in progress, there are apparently to build new
buildings. Two other native spacious buildings, for printing or
to be erected on the same lot with the Lord's House. The city is
laid out 2 mi square, the lot of the public building on the corner
with parallel & right angular streets, 1/2 mile long at least, from each
side. These squares subdivide into building lots. Usually 1/2 acre on
the street & 1/2 back. There are now but few nice buildings. Most
of the buildings are small, framed houses, boards & shingles, as the
is common. Many have been built this winter, some going up
almost every day. There are temporary dwelling & will serve
for living. Wood houses &c. soon a better building can be erected

Excerpt from
Willard Richards' letter
to Hepsy, "Kirtland,
Jan. 20, 1837."
To be delivered
at Waterville, New York
by Joseph Young.
(Original in the
possession of Heber
Greene Richards.)

Preston Cockpit, Stoneygate. Exclusive view. In 1835-45 this was used a great deal for Temperance meetings. NB. Placard announcing Temperance lecture. [See chapter notes for explanation of "round house."] (Photograph by kind permission of Record and Survey Committee, Preston Scientific Society.)



Market Place, Preston, Lancs., England. Note the "obelisk," now replaced. The surrounding buildings still stand. (Painting by E. Beattie, 1844. Photograph by kind permission of the Record and Survey Committee, Preston Scientific Society.)



*Ruin, Norman castle,
hill above market place,
Clitheroe, Lancs., England.
(Photo by author,
August, 1957.)*



*Formerly the John Benbow
home, Castle Froome,
near Ledbury, England.
Original part of the house
to the left,
where window opens
from room in which
Brigham Young
and John Benbow met
when John gave, or loaned,
the money for the first
printing in England of the
Book of Mormon,
the Doctrine and Covenants
and the Latter-day Saints
hymn book. (Photo by
the author, August, 1957.)*

*Old Roman bridge,
Hodder River,
near Walkerfold, Lancs.,
England. (Photo by
author, 1957.)*



*River Ribble at Preston,
where the first
Mormon baptisms occurred
in England. (Photo by
author, August, 1957.)*



*The Manse, Walkerfold,
Lancs., England. (Photo by
Margery Pollard, 1953.)*





Congregational Church, Walkerfold, where Heber C. Kimball opened the "Mormon" mission on the upper Ribble, August, 1837, as a guest of the Rev. John Richards. (Photo by Margery Pollard.)



Family of Jennetta Richards: the Reverend John Richards; Ellen Charnock Richards; Roger Charnock Richards, chemist of Kirkham, owner of manufacturing plant; Elizabeth Richards. (Photographs supplied by Rhoda Richards Stevenson.)



Upper — The Trough, a pool dammed in the brook which ran beside the church and past the Manse at Walkerfold. (Photo, Margery Pollard, 1953.) *Lower* — The crest, Longridge Fell. Heather blooming next to cultivated field; lower slopes of the fell heavily wooded. Here Jennetta and Willard walked. (Photo by author, August, 1957.)





Bridge like that over the Halton Gill, Arnecliffe. Birthplace of Nanny Longstroth Richards, 1828, a most beautiful village in northern Yorkshire, England. (Photo by author, August, 1957.)

Vauxhall Chapel, Preston, where the Mormon elders preached their first sermon in England.

"He is Mine." Willard, Jennetta, Heber John, taken March, 1845, Nauvoo. (Photo, Rhoda R. Stevenson collection.)



Photograph of the Majors painting of Jennetta. Completed after her death, with Ann Fox King then sitting for the artist.

Post Office, upper landing, Nauvoo, Illinois. No longer standing. Since the dam was built at Keokuk the river covers the site. (From a post card picture of an old view.)



Printing Office, Nauvoo. Mississippi River and Iowa in background. (Photograph Sept. 12, 1895, by Edward Stevenson, grandfather of author, 1847 pioneer, captain of *ten*.)

Dear Emma:-

31. Dec 8. A. M.

The Gov. continues his courtesies, and permits us to see our friends. We hear this morning that the Governor will not go down with his troops to day, ^(as usual) as was anticipated last evening, but if he does come down with his troops you will be protected. I want you to tell Bro. Dunham to instruct the people to stay at home and attend to their own business, and let there be no parades or gathering together unless by permission of the Gov. - they are called together to receive communications from the Gov. - which would please our people! - but let the Gov. direct. Bro. Dunham of course, will obey the orders of the Government officers, and renew them the occasion they require. There is no danger of any "exterminating war" - Should there be a meeting among the troops, (which we do not anticipate, excitement is abating,) a part will remain loyal, and stand for the defense of the State & our rights. There is one principle which is eternal, it is the duty of all men to protect their lives ~~from any~~ ^{in necessity} and the lives of their kindred whenever ~~occasion~~ ^{necessity} requires, and no power has a right to forbid it, ~~should~~ ^{should} the last extreme arrive, - but I anticipate no such extreme, - but caution is the parent of safety.

Joseph Smith

P.S. Dear Emma,

I am very much resigned to my lot, knowing I am justified and have done the best that could be done. Give my love to the children

and all my friends, my Brethren and all who ~~in~~ ^{after} inquire after me; and as for treason I know that I have not committed any, and they can not prove one appearance of any thing of the kind, so you need not have any fears that any harm can happen to us on that score. May God bless you all, Amen.

Joseph Smith

Facsimile, Letter from Joseph Smith to Emma, his last message from Carthage Jail. The postscript is in his own handwriting. (Facsimile, courtesy Regina McRae. Original in possession of the Reorganized Church of Latter-day Saints of Jesus Christ, Independence, Missouri)



Joseph Smith.
(Author's collection, from her mother, the late Elizabeth S. Wilcox.)
(Lithograph from Rou from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley by Frederick Piercy, Liverpool, 1855.)

P.S. 2d. May 10. I just heard that the Gov. now is about to withdraw his troops all but a guard to protect us and the people, and come himself to Nauvoo, and deliver a speech to the people. This is right, as I supposed.



Rhoda Harriet Foss Richards. From picture with her mother and sisters. (Leone Cowley Olson collection.)

Heber John Richards, M.D., son of Willard and Jennetta. (Photo by Anderson, 785 Broadway, New York, date not given, may have been made when H. J. was on his way to England, as a missionary, when he was a medical student, or when he was on his way to Europe with his family.)

Franklin D. Richards. (Photo by Frederick Piercy, 1852, when Franklin was in England, shortly before he returned to Utah, leaving Richmond, Mass., with Nancy and Susan Peirson.)

Samuel W. Richards. (Photo by Frederick Piercy, 1852, when Samuel was on his mission to England. Note broadcloth suits of Samuel and Franklin. Willard wrote to his nephews, advising them to clothe themselves properly for the ministry, saying they would be more respected if they did, and that the Saints should pay for the suits.)



Nanny Longstroth Richards.

*Calvin Foss home, Saco, Maine.
He was the father
of Rhoda Harriet Foss Richards.
(Leone Cowley Olson
collection.)*



to be scared of?" He rose, and Willard got up, shoving his chair awkwardly behind him.

His father, too, was on his feet, almost ahead of the others. He looked at Willard. "You'll not go into the water today."

"Please, son." Her hand on his arm, Mother gazed into his face, frightened. She threw her head back to see him well. "You'd not blaspheme?" She shuddered.

"Well," Brigham continued, "it took me over a year to make up my mind. Take all the time you want, Willard. Nothing will hold you back once you get the spirit. Take your time, but don't be too long about it."

The three men resumed their seats. Oddly, Mother refilled the glasses, and Brigham still held Willard's glance. "I was baptized in Mendon; Heber with me — the very same hour. He left his potter's wheel and went forward in his shirtsleeves. At the water's edge, he took off everything but his underpants."

Willard barely changed expression. He was waiting for the rest of the story.

Brigham said, "My wife was sick, but she found the strength to go forward just before she died." He shook his head, his sorrow apparently not much eased by her victory. "Heber took pity on us. His wife boarded us, I and my two little girls. That autumn he and I went down to Kirtland in his wagon. We found Joseph Smith chopping wood with his father and brothers. It didn't take a second look to tell us that Joseph was a prophet of God. Once you've seen the man's eyes, you can't forget them. They tell you he has talked with God."

Pa groaned.

Brigham said, "You can't deny it, uncle. You don't want to deny it. He's different from any other I ever saw. Tall. Tall as a steeple. Flaxen-haired, with blue eyes that are prominent but kind. Stern, too. They can be as stern as any you ever saw. He's loose-knit, a lanky young Vermonter, the chosen of the Lord!" Brigham laughed quietly, pleased with his talk. "And he's strong!" he added, "so strong that he can throw two men at once!"

"A wrestler?" Willard's arms involuntarily flexed, his eyes changed.

"Yes. A jolly wrestler. And he chuckles over a glass of wine. He's kind, too, the kindest man alive. When we in the Twelve

quarreled, argued, and gave way to envy and dispute, almost to the point of hating each other, Brother Joseph said the greatest must become the most humble. The Lord had called us to the Quorum to try us, and did we want to be found wanting? When would we grow into our high office? Brother Joseph upbraided us lovingly; he told us to pray.

"We went on our knees," Brigham continued. "Still there were some who did not really pray. Envy sat in the secret places of their hearts. Littleness squeezed out the love of the Lord. They are the ones for Joseph to chide. He should speak to them from the whirlwind. I fear lest he does not read their hearts aright."

So intently was Willard listening that his eyes caught the fire-light from the hearth.

Brigham said, "Without money of any kind to begin with, we've erected a House to the Lord — the tallest building in the wilderness. And yet some of the Twelve, and of the other high quorums, too, have shamed themselves listening to the devil. They should know that except for this temple, the Son of Man has no place upon this earth to lay His head. None, none!"

"Brigham, I beg of you!" Joseph Richards' face was the color of Ma's linen cloth.

Brigham lifted his hand and said, "Just one moment longer, Uncle Richards. There's more —"

"I'll hear no more. You've already said too much."

"You come to Kirtland. You'll see that it's not too much. You and aunt, and cousins."

For the second time, Joseph Richards rose to his feet. "Nephew, I've had enough. Hold your tongue."

Brigham and Willard were also on their feet. "Let's strike hands upon Kirtland, Brig!" Willard said with a voice like new wine.

"You'll love Kirtland, Willard," Brigham replied. "When Joseph speaks, the Son of Darkness flees. Your heart all but stops." Brigham turned again to Mr. Richards. "You've got to sell out, Uncle. Your profit here will be doubled there."

"I'll never sell this farm!" With pinched lips and nose, and darkening eyes, Joseph said, "It's mine because I fought for my country, and I'm not giving it up for a bunch of circuit riders. Heathen!" He looked at his wife for reassurance.

His children sided with Brigham, and Joseph's misgivings increased.

"Thank God, you've come, cousin." Willard grasped Brigham's hand. "I feel awake and alive again! I'll go to Ohio and find out what this Church is like."

"You may not be alone, brother Willard. Let me take a look at this book." Levi reached across the table for the *Book of Mormon*. Slowly, he turned the pages.

In a timid voice, Hepsy asked for attention. "Would there be a place for me out there, cousin, if I should go?"

Startled, Brigham said, "You mean what you say?"

"Yes, even with my constitution."

Joseph said, "She's frail."

Brigham looked from here to Pa. "Her health will improve once she's baptized. Of course there'll be a place for you, cousin Hepsy." He put his hand on her arm. "But let your brothers go ahead and find it. There's a multitude in Kirtland wanting homes."

"Just give us a chance, we'll find a place," said Willard. "We'll send word if we decide to stay."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Willard, Levi, and Hepsy could think of little on their westward journey besides the wonder of seeing a man who said he had talked with God. How had he gone his lonely way to do this? In what respect would he be different? As they walked up and down the autumn-touched pike when the coach stopped for meals, the subject lured them from the folds of their Puritan staidness. Brigham had said Joseph did not resemble ordinary men, yet he was one of the people. Though he denounced the lazy, he loved the humble, and he laid hands on the sick with a touch as soft as eiderdown.

Sitting in the coach, Willard often imagined Joseph's features, his easy walk springing with a breath into a commanding stride, his work-worn hands with their long knuckly fingers opening suddenly to express the scholar, the dreamer. Willard sometimes saw Joseph as a small boy with fair skin, pale hair and large eyes thickly fringed with blond lashes. They were eyes dreamy with trust and inquiry, listening, listening to his mother as she read to him almost every morning of his life, schooling him from the Bible. Joseph, the lad, would be quickened by her voice, by her belief in God. How else could he have attained such faith in the words of James, *If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God*, as to go into the grove and actually plead with the Father — kneeling under the stately sun-shot trees, and putting the question directly to the Lord — to tell him which of all the churches was the right one? The boy must have believed in those words as he believed in his mother when he asked her for bread and water.

With Levi, who also was a Thomsonian physician, looking after him on this journey, Willard could dream and hope for the improvement of his health so he could study and pray to free himself from the demon-ridden past, so he could either accept the Word as a

long-awaited step in the Lord's covenant with man, or reject forever his hope of obtaining the sacramental bread and wine.

He would ride for an hour at a time without speaking, ignoring his fellow passengers and the driver who lashed his blacksnake whip over the backs of the treble teams. Willard asked himself where this strange creed, founded on modern revelation, would take its place in the ancient story of religion. In the faith of his fathers, John Cotton had communed with God. So had the original leaders of the Baptists, Quakers, and other reforming sects from England, Germany, and France, branches of all of which had in time found their way to America. But in the modern world no other religious leader than Joseph Smith claimed to have seen the heavenly beings face to face, or to have heard the voice of Christ the Lord, even of God, and the prophets of old.

If, Willard thought, under these circumstances, Mormonism does not relate itself to the ancient gospels, it can have little or no truth. Else why concern itself with ancient prophets? Why base its faith on the Bible as well as on the *Book of Mormon*, which is the gospel of Christ as told on this continent? And if this creed does profess the Bible, why hasn't it freed itself of the ecstasies and enthusiasms of the whirling dust of the itinerant preachers? Willard remembered the gift of tongues which Brigham had described. And there were other manifestations in the Church of Christ.

What was the resemblance to the exhortations of the traveling preachers who stumped the countryside, prodding their hearers to cry repentance and hail the name of the Lord until they rolled in the lanes and writhed beneath the trees in lewd and obscene postures?

His dream moved naturally from the image to the subject on which he had been reared, original sin — the stain in the blood condemned by a God too far away to hear a boy's cry for mercy, yet near enough to clutch him by the scruff of the neck and drop him into hell. Oh, what will I find in the West? Willard's feelings rose to Brigham's claims for the Church of the gold Bible. But even now Willard's prickling leg reminded him of the blow that had struck him when he first decided to investigate the Latter-day Saint doctrine.

The Church of his fathers held him again, telling him that this Society, having its origin in other Christian movements, differed from them mainly in its form of government. Richmond Congre-

gationalism had shaped its covenant after Peter Ramus' dream of freedom from the rule of priests, bishops, or presbyteries through the vote of the congregation. Of course, Willard thought, all Christian religions overlap. Calvin combined Church with state, the same as the priests. And he burned a man at the stake because he differed with him. How far did this act depart from the rule of the Inquisition? The flames could have seemed no less hot to Calvin's martyr than to those others.

As he drove along, Willard felt ill from a severe headache. Still he could not stop shaping and reshaping his hope for the future in connection with the history of the religion of his own past. His future depended upon this journey: his whole life, spiritual and worldly. The thought of Paul came to Willard again, with his views on original sin, justification, and God's mercy to His elect. But can He be merciful only to His elect? Willard now saw Augustine deriving from Paul his doctrine on carnal sin and justification.

It was the old story, even with Martin Luther and John Calvin—even with Thomas Hooker of America; and so with the Richardses, the Howes, and the Dwights. What will I find in the West, Willard cried within himself. Oh, what will I find?

If Mormonism frees itself of all this and still avoids the wild ecstasies of the itinerant preacher, it must offer much. But are its visions of angels real? Its conversations with them? Is this manifestation above the itinerant's claim, pure in motive? What is this *Book of Mormon*, with its history of the prophets on this continent? I know it contains the records of the Children of Israel in the Americas, and the prophecies of the final gathering in this country from the four corners of the earth. It has its message of the Second Coming. The story was written in gold, literally in gold, Willard thought, and it was told so well that it moved me to come West more than a year ago. But what happened? Look at me! He glanced at his quivering arm. Palsied!

He crimsoned, his Puritan sobriety betrayed by his extravagance. Checking his feelings, he glanced out of the window. The mellow forest, stretching on either side of the pike, said to him, This is enough. It is enough. Willard put his fingers to his head, annoyed by the disturbing sensation on the right side, down the old path to his ear and into his neck.

Late on the second afternoon from home, the day before the three Richardses were to arrive in Waterville, when the coach stopped for the night the group took supper at the inn and then strolled down the turnpike from the tavern. Hepsy walked between her brothers. Not wishing to be overheard by passers-by, she broke into the conversation softly. "I cannot imagine what Kirtland will be like, let alone the Prophet—if he is a prophet!" Expecting to tarry with relatives somewhere in the Chenango Valley — Eton, Madison, or Hamilton, if not in Waterville — she said, frowning a little, "I wish I could go with you now."

"But we'll write to you, Hepsy," Willard promised. If we decide to stay, we'll find a place for you. Perhaps as a milliner!" he added, hopefully. "In a city of three thousand souls this should be quite handy. You could oversee your own shop. We'll find someone to carry out your ideas and save you some work," he said with a metallic ring.

Though she was not robust, Hepsy had earned her living as a milliner in Richmond, a community less than one-fourth the size of Kirtland. In answer to her exclamation, Levi said, "If you cannot imagine Kirtland, who can, Hepsy? You are an artist! You can draw anything from maps to dogs, and cut portraits in paper." Levi reminded her of the one she had done of old Grannie, Susannah Howe, gone at last to her rest, blind and feeble. "We wouldn't even know what she looked like, if you hadn't given us her silhouette. And would we be here, if she hadn't been the way she was? I wonder about that," said Levi. "But if you cannot imagine Kirtland, who can — that city with the small houses and the enormous temple?" He looked down his shoulder at his tiny sister.

"My mind is not idle," she replied with some heat. "Still I cannot understand the workings of a prophet's spirit, or the light he must see when the world sleeps. In the shining of the stars — in their faint glory — his vision would become as the day. Oh, brother Willard, will you write to me soon? I want to go to Ohior, even though I do not understand."

"Yes, Hepsy, of course I'll write."

"We've all but broken our father's heart in undertaking this journey," Levi admonished. "It must not be in vain, Hepsy. Hold fast to your courage."

"In a place growing like pieplant in Aurelius," Willard specu-

lated, limping noticeably, "brother and I should have a good practice in medicine."

"Trust brother Willard to keep his eye out for the practical," Levi replied with sober deliberation. "He's like Pa with his farming, his land, and his God."

"No!" Willard shook his head. "That's not it. Mormonism is at outs with Puritanism; it's different; it has nothing to do with it!"

"Just the same," Levi said slowly and without heat — he never got heated — "if Joseph Smith's gospel does not spring from earth as well as sky, I calculate you'll have nothing to do with it, brother. It's got to partake of the grit of the land to interest you."

"You mean it's got to allow for the grit in human nature?" Willard's glance, sealed now with a painful desire to test the truth of Joseph's revelations, was averted. "And it's got to give us hope. Is that what you mean?" he demanded breathlessly, though quietly.

"That's not what I mean at all," Levi replied slowly. "With you, that's self-evident. If Brigham had not told us so much about hope, we'd likely not be here. It's pure doctrine that's going to take your attention for a long period of study. I can see you when you were working on your electrical show, studying philosophy and tinkering with your apparatus at the same time, delving into the laws of gravity and space, and into the question of what God had to do with them. And all the while you were turning your attention to the mechanics, assembling parts of your orrery, oiling its wheels, making them turn in time with the spheres."

"I enjoyed demonstrating the orrery," Willard admitted. "And I liked philosophizing over my contrivances. Coming out to the relatives with Hepsy reminds me of the time I brought sister Rhoda to the springs. They were liberal out here. They liked my show. It was in eastern Massachusetts that I ran into trouble. With Uncle Parker, when I used Lucius for my model." Willard laughed, but he said soberly, "And to think that it was in Lucius' room I found the *book*. And now I'm going West."

When he was not interrupted, he continued, "That show took me on my second journey from home, independent of my father and his Church. When I went teaching over to York State, I was hurt by Mr. Dwight's refusal of my request for justification. Whenever I thought of home I could see nothing but barred doors, barred windows and attics, and myself doomed to walk the swamps and

fields forever. I longed for the touch of my father's hand, the sound of his voice, yes, even the preaching of Mr. Dwight, with all his railing against sin."

Willard began to quote, assuming the voice and manner of his preacher: "'The evil in a boy's heart, the viper in his breast.'"

"But that's all past," Levi protested.

"No," Willard replied, "nothing is really past; that's why I wonder how even revelation can get us away from Jonathan Edwards and Mr. Dwight, Edwin Welles Dwight. With my show, with electricity all bottled up in those Leyden jars, ready to be released by the rods I carried, I felt as free as the space through which the volatile fluid runs. Now it seems that Joseph Smith teaches certain laws of space, teaches them through his revelations from God. How will they differ from Newton's laws? Will they differ, taking us beyond the point where Newton feared to go? I can tell you this, brother, if Joseph Smith's words don't ring with truth, with the very grit of the land as well as the light of the sky, I'll not be duped into believing them." Willard moistened his lips with his tongue.

"And then what will we do? You leave me breathless, brother." Hepsy's voice was timid.

"He leaves me breathless," Levi drawled like slow water, "when he starts telling me the history of religion with its doctrines of the elect. All I can do is ask him where any of us would be if we didn't know how to take it easy. That's the trouble with brother Willard though, he's got to get at the bottom of things."

"What if I do? I have to understand the cause that produces the effect. If I'd been allowed to profess, it would have been only to humiliate myself, to abase myself for the blood I was born with. If it's so rotten, why should I praise God for making me thus? If there's no answer—" Willard shook his head.

"That does belong to the past," Levi reiterated.

"No," Willard said. "The incident, but not the doctrine."

"And now you're having a private quarrel with yourself for fear you can't get away from your belief in hell fire for all but the elect. You'd rather stand with Joseph on free will, but you're afraid to." Turning to Hepsy, Levi looked up with affection at the broad shoulder above him and said, "What shall we do with a brother like that?"

"As for me," Hepsy ventured, "I should like to see the gold plates out of the Hill Cumorah, in York State. They were of this earth and yet not of it. I'd like to reach forth my hand and touch the part made by man, those thin sheets of beaten gold. I could draw the characters tooled by the ancient people." Hepsy's caressing voice fell softly.

"But, sister," Willard protested, "we have to accept the fact of the plates on the testimony of others. Besides Joseph Smith, only the scholar, Oliver Cowdery, and Martin Harris, the man of means, saw them. Oh yes, and David Whitmer! There were three such witnesses. And then there were eight men, and also Joseph Smith's mother, who felt their weight. They were allowed by the angel to heft them. But you and I, and others like us, we have only our belief to go on. That's our first test."

Willard's limp had increased. Levi suggested they return to the tavern. As the group faced the setting sun, they found it going down in a stormy sky. Hepsy said, "Brother Willard, you're already convinced, even before you set eyes on that lanky young Vermonter, that man, six feet four in his stocking feet, who swings an axe with the arm of Zeus."

Willard smiled.

When the Richardses came almost within earshot of their fellow travelers, hanging around the door of the tavern, Levi said, "We've had enough of this for one afternoon." A breeze had sprung up, crisp and cold.

Willard saw a wedge of cloud, surrounding a dark triangular center. It bore an ominous appearance on the western horizon. And off to the right, over Cherry Valley, he found the sky rain-grey.

Hepsy drew her black cape about her shoulders. "I can see a woman weeping, there where the rain is falling. She stands in the clouds, crying. Do you see her?"

Willard squinted and buttoned the brown overcoat he had purchased during the days of his prosperity in Holliston.

Sniffing in disdain over Hepsy's fantasy, Levi remarked dryly, "We'd best all go to our rooms and get to bed."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Nearly two hundred miles from Buffalo, after four days of travel, the coach on which the brothers were passengers approached Kirtland. The six horses slowed to a walk, laboring upward through melancholy looking October foliage. Willard saw the bronze-dried brush ending in more lavish woods against distant hills. The hollow rumble of wheels over a bridge interrupted his dream.

"The Chagrin River!" a man in a checkered coat on the seat behind him cried. "If you get off at Kirtland, men, hang on to your purses. Hang on to them!"

Apparently a man of experience on the Western Reserve, he caught the attention of the other passengers. Willard turned, and seeing the high-bridged crooked nose and yellow teeth of the braggart, paid no attention to him. He set his eyes on the shallow gorge beside the turnpike, pressing his forehead against the warm glass of the window. Poison ivy matted the bank in the midst of the dry broom grass like a harlot in a red dress. The faded brown reeds bent to the water as if to drink with frayed tassels what they could not get through the roots.

Levi put his hand on Willard's knee, interrupting his study. "Look," he said, "look, brother!" He peered through the opposite window. Willard leaned heavily forward.

"What is it?" a man in front cried, craning his neck.

His companion pushed across the back of the seat in front of him to stare at an immense, three-storied rectangular structure of clear grey stone. Its steeple pierced the bright haze of high noon. The sun brightened the shimmer of white paint on the slender spire.

"What is it?" other voices echoed. And Levi, amused at the increasing astonishment, replied smoothly, "It's the House of the Lord, a temple, built by the Mormons."

"How could they build it? This is of stone, and the houses

around here are of logs. This temple's as high as the Tower of Babel. It's impossible in this wilderness!"

Willard answered the last speaker with a subdued voice, as if profoundly moved. "But this tower won't fall, my friend. If there's confusion here it's because men can't see."

"Great God, you're not stopping in this place?"

"But I am." Willard's voice was like the splash of deep water. "I'm going to find out what the Lord has had to do with this temple, and its design; with the city and its prophet."

"Well," Levi drawled, "I know who built this house, and how much it cost. Forty thousand dollars! To help with the funds, women gave up their tea, saving their pennies, adding them to the sum. Men gave their labor. I've a cousin who looked after the painting."

"A cousin? My ass! And I suppose you're related to that huge man next to you." The stranger's contempt for Willard's great form was biting.

"Yes, I am. He's my brother." Levi smiled. "We're both doctors, and we could both give you a pill to sweeten your tongue!"

The coach was noisy with laughter. The talk continued. At a nearer approach to the temple, the building as a whole was lost to view. Finally only the loft—the attic story with five gabled windows projecting along the side—was seen. And then the details of the dwelling houses became apparent. Mostly, they were log huts or shacks, with a more substantial building here and there. Some were even of adobe brick or stone. And some had small flower gardens of late-blooming marigolds and asters. A few apple trees looked as if they might bear next year. In the fields, receding from the pike, brown cornstalks swayed in the wind. The stubble from the oats and wheat was cut close. Children were calling to each other, hanging onto gate posts, waving as the coach rolled by.

Presently it climbed past the cemetery, a weed-strewn slope which slanted downhill from the north wall of the temple. A row of tiny headstones next to a large one caught Willard's attention, reminding him of the sacrifice of settlement. Now the lower masonry of the building came into view, then the broad steps leading to a wide unroofed porch with two doors. Above each of these, Willard saw a fanlight. New England! he thought, even here.

The coach jolted to a sudden stop, the driver reined in the

horses, and the wheels barely missed a stone pillar about five feet tall, obviously placed to protect the corner of the foundation. The coach doors swung open; the driver stuck his head inside by Willard and Levi. "Here you are, sirs, at Smith Road! To your right is King Joe's palace!"

A guffaw ran through the crowd. Willard awkwardly descended the iron steps. A boy groped in the boot and flung a carpet bag to the ground. Another followed. Two trunks were taken from the back, and a crowd gathered around the Richardses. Some of the people were apparently residents; others were travelers who had stopped for dinner. It was now past one o'clock.

Willard backed onto the steps of the temple. Seeing three men emerge from a store across the common to the south, he stepped forward. Levi followed, his slight physique sagging under the weight of both heavy satchels.

A sandy-haired man, well past forty, and with fiery green eyes, said, "You are stopping here?" His tone of authority surprised Willard. He understood that the Church consisted mostly of young men.

"We are, sir," Levi replied.

"I'm Sidney Rigdon, counselor to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Yonder stands my house." Rigdon pointed across the street. "The finest in all Kirtland, after the House of the Lord!" He smiled with undisguised pride.

Willard mistrusted this arrogance, but his mind was diverted from Mr. Rigdon when a tall man appeared from the store and approached across the common.

"The Prophet!" a stranger cried. "It's him! It's him!"

"The Prophet!"

Joseph Smith's lanky gait possessed an ease and grace that fitted exactly into Willard's picture. He gasped softly. Joseph had the distinctive bearing and features Brigham had described — flaxen hair disturbed by a cowlick, pleasant lips over wide even teeth, prominent nose, strongly bridged. Where it joined the upper lip it was fleshed in a thick, earthy but appealing line. Willard saw the slender structure of the sensitive jaw, and the latent fire of the eyes, indicating not only a dreamer but also a man of action, able to persuade and command, to strike, or to contemplate through the night.

A shiver crept down Willard's back. Here was the person he had prayed to see. His eyes stung for an instant; he thought his

knees might buckle, but his strength returned and he took a step toward Joseph, only now becoming aware of the Prophet's untidy, work-worn shirt. It was open at the neck. He had the powerful hands of a woodchopper, a laborer, rough-knuckled but with long fingers. For an instant he and Joseph stood as if alone, and to Willard the blue gaze was deep with the look of a man bathed with the fire of the Lord.

Still Joseph used the words of any man, and yet of no man but himself. "You are the Richards brothers!"

"How did you know?" Willard showed his astonishment, forgetting all suggestion of the Prophet's intuitive powers.

"You are no strangers to me." Joseph was frankly measuring Willard's height. "I hear you do some wrestling?"

"I have done." Willard smiled and fell into the Prophet's easy manner, abandoning with no effort at all his New England reticence. "But that's not the kind of match I want first, sir," he said. "I came to discuss philosophy with you, history, biography."

Levi entered the conversation, glancing significantly from Willard to the two satchels. He had put them down and was standing between them like a pack horse. An amused expression crossed his face, and he said, "At least, my brother's not ready to wrestle with you just now, sir."

The Prophet's sudden peal of laughter was long and gay. "I understand you are his physician," he said, once he had composed himself. "In this city your brother'll have but little use for a doctor. Here we live first by faith, second by medicine. Only when absolutely necessary do we resort to herbs."

This was a shock. What of his practice in medicine, and of Levi's, Willard thought. He said, "I've been pondering all the way out here about this faith of yours. I've seen your temple and some of your streets and houses. Do you do everything through faith, from building cities to curing the body of its ills?" All this besides your religious work? he thought. All this and yet no burnings at the stake out here? What is this free agency you teach?

Joseph said as if he felt no surprise at Willard's question, "Our Church was born through faith. And we have built by faith. What do you think of our temple? But wait, don't tell me what you think of stone and timber. I'll hear what you have to say of our prayers

and ceremonies, our sacraments, our School of the Prophets, and the Voice of the Lord." Joseph's voice rose.

Willard stared, altogether silenced by this familiarity with Deity. Because the Lord had spoken to Joseph, had He given him the privilege of reaching out with words as though with fingers to touch His side? Had God given Joseph the right to speak of Him thus familiarly in broad daylight, and with a crowd of people staring at him?

Willard heard Joseph calmly say, "We'll have your bags and trunks driven down to Brigham's. I understand you'll be tarrying there, but first come over to the store. You must see my office and sit for a few moments before you walk down the hill."

On the other side of the common, Willard entered another typical New England styled building, the Newel K. Whitney store. The rise contained the mercantile establishment, and an office above. The stoop provided Joseph a temporary home. This part of the house was trimmed with a front porch enclosed by a railing and a cornice finished in a hand-carved scroll. Willard felt no strangeness in entering a building such as this.

He and Levi followed Joseph between the counters to his private office at the rear of the first floor. Overhead, Willard heard the thud of a printing press in action. Joseph explained that the Church paper, the *Messenger and Advocate*, was being run off for distribution.

Willard soon gathered the impression that it would not be easy to be a Prophet. Joseph, it seemed, was forced to listen to the growling of his enemies within and without the Church, even while his heart was opened to the spirit of the Lord.

Joseph paused in his conversation long enough to glance at some proof for the paper. He sent his scribe upstairs with a message. Turning to the Richardses, he said, "This should set their noses straight for a while, and stop the carping of the Reformers. They bring down upon their own heads the very troubles I warn them against."

Again Willard was surprised. He was not prepared for such frankness. Joseph was saying, "You'll excuse me for referring to the criticism leveled at my own head, the first five minutes you arrive in our city." His voice was rueful, his nostrils narrow. "So many have to be taught over and over again the Word of the Lord," he said quietly, and turned his head as if asking for patience.

And Willard suddenly knew that no one would ever be burned in Kirtland because he differed with Joseph. Here was a man of love. All this couldn't be real — it couldn't be!

"But they'll learn," Joseph said, taking up where he had left off. "They'll learn a lesson from the apostates. The sorrow and misery those men suffer! The evil ways they fall into should set an example for these Reformers, as they call themselves. There are at least a hundred of them, some among my supposed friends, the apostles. They're as false as hell." Joseph shuddered. "It's strange what lies they can think up. Don't worry, though; some of the leaders in the Church, most of them, will remain true." He spoke grimly, as if he would conceal nothing from these brothers who had come in good faith to investigate his work.

Apparently the Prophet feels as if he's in the company of friends, Willard thought.

Although he and Levi did not remain here long, in the few remarks passed by Joseph to his scribe, and to some messengers, Willard gathered that stock for a Church bank was being floated. Land values of the surrounding country were fluctuating like quicksilver. Some prices were going higher and higher. Everything was on the move in one direction or the other. New buildings were rising; yet one of the sawmills had closed today. The men had quit their work because their pockets were empty. The Church had no money to pay them, and it had contracted its first large debt last summer — \$15,000. Still the poverty had increased. Joseph showed his impatience when a messenger told him of the strike at the mill. "Why can't the laborers trust us?" he demanded. "The mill's a Church organization, and the Church will pay the wages. I've told the people they'll not lose if they'll stay by my advice."

Willard said, "It seems to me, we're here at a very busy moment."

Joseph threw back his head with another laugh. "We have few quiet hours. And when we do, we commune with the Lord, asking him for instruction and receiving it; then we're busy with our scribes. When we're not actually in the Spirit we're at work on the revision of the Bible, which requires almost the same concentration as revelation. The days are taken up with business, the nights with sacred matters, and still we manage to sleep and eat."

The muscles of Willard's face were fixed, his eyes unblinking.

What is this world to which I've come, he wondered. "I suppose, sir," he said, "cities are not built without planning, or churches without dreaming."

"You suppose right." Joseph nodded. "And not only do we have Kirtland's welfare to look after, but the Church in Missouri — the new Zion in the West — presided over by the officers of a high council, and Bishop Partridge, our merchant. His business doesn't interfere with his work as a presiding officer."

Levi said, "Cousin Brigham told us of the persecutions in Missouri. Bloodshed, wasn't there, when he went with you, with those soldiers called Zion's camp?"

"Brigham was a faithful servant. Our Saints were being driven from their inheritance in Jackson County. The year after the Church was organized, near Seneca Lake, in New York, we established a branch in Colesville, near the Pennsylvania border. We moved west, to this garden spot, and sent our missionaries to the Lamanites — the Indians — at the edge of the wilderness, in western Missouri. In Independence we established a branch of the Church — the land of our inheritance from God. We kept some of our best men there as presiding officers.

"But the old settlers didn't like us," Joseph continued. "Couldn't stomach our people. We are the Children of Israel, working in the Lord's vineyard, toiling to build up His garden for the coming of His Son. The time will be short. We've none to waste. We work without stint, without counting the cost in time or labor. We build schools, meetinghouses; we raise crops, and clear away the weeds. And because we proclaim our views, because of our industry, we're despised and driven out, compelled to leave the land to the tares and filth of idlers who've nothing better to do than arm themselves with guns and corn cutters to drive us away."

The picture of these activities became more vast with almost every word the Prophet uttered. "I'm going to have much to think about here," Willard said, leaning forward with interest. "We'll have some hot discussions! I've got to learn what's back of all this — how you build, how you think."

"Didn't Brigham tell you? The plan is nothing more nor less than a revelation from the Lord!" Paying no attention to Willard's surprise, Joseph continued, "I went to Missouri the first year of our settlement there, in 1831. I went again in '32, and then in '34. This

time I took an army. We had settled our land, the same as those who'd gone before us. I had it from the Lord that we were to build a temple there for the second coming of Christ. On that spot Adam and Eve walked. It was the Garden of Eden, men. Because we said so, because we voted the same as other Americans, we were despised and given no peace. Partridge and his counselors were tarred and feathered. Their houses were burned, their women mocked. Worse happened to some other women.

"The last time I went out there, I thought I'd settle the difficulties with might. The Lord had said we should shed no blood, but blood was shed on both sides. And it had been shed before. Cholera struck Zion's camp, and we lost fourteen men. Still I found some of my best leaders on that march — Brigham Young and Heber Kimball. Thank God, they've stayed by my side! They're true apostles, not Reformers!"

Joseph's lips tightened. He clenched his fist. "If the Saints would only be obedient to the Lord, they'd be in good hands. But they won't do it. They bring these trials upon themselves. I suppose they're here to be tried. I do my best to build up the Lord's kingdom; the keys have been given to me, and I've got to bear them well. They must be turned in the whole world."

What a teacher you are! Willard thought. "Do you know when Brigham'll be home?" he asked. "I can't wait to tell him about this visit."

Joseph rose with the brothers. He clapped a hand on a shoulder of each man. Ignoring Willard's question, he said, "You should see Missouri now. We've got our own county, growing like Jonah's gourd. A new city's being settled in Far West. We're going to build a temple there." He laughed with the light of the sun in his eyes. "I hope we'll see a lot of each other, you Richards brothers and I. We ought to be as thick as trees. Brigham'll show up some time today or tonight. Go down and find him."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

A few minutes later Willard and Levi were crossing the common to walk down the hill toward their cousin's house. Seeing three sawyers in hammer-claw aprons and leather caps strolling over the seared brown grass, Levi said to Willard, "I could take the place of any one of them. I'd not worry about my pay." He watched the idlers as they passed by, then turned to the temple, his eyes on the steeple, which rose from a rounded base upon a square tower.

Willard leaned on his cane, studying the row of windows in the loft. The dormer to the west must open to the room Brigham described, he decided, the one reserved for Joseph's communing. I wonder what impressions he's now receiving from the Lord.

His chat with Joseph on Willard's mind, he fell naturally into the contemplation of the theme of salvation. As taught by this shirt-sleeve prophet, the doctrine differed from anything Willard had lived with as a boy. Yet Joseph, too, had drawn from the Bible.

The principle of salvation was chiefly what Willard had come to discuss. The Prophet doesn't seem afraid to speak of anything, he thought, to project any doctrine the Lord dictates, anything that comes to him through God.

Brigham says that Joseph teaches that Christ is the god of this world, a god belonging to the people of this earth, who is waiting in heaven to receive mankind. And already the Lord has given Joseph the secret signs of faith and knowledge. Can this be true?

Joseph says that without seeing the Lord — Brigham's words multiplied themselves in Willard's ears — the rest of us must believe in Christ's high office. He is sure the Lord is with us in time of trouble, ready to answer our need, to reach out to us in our sorrow. Come to Kirtland and learn these things for yourself, Joseph tells the whole world.

Willard's excitement sent the color to his cheeks. He was here! According to Brigham, Christ had said to the modern seer, "I will

come suddenly to my temple.” No wonder the Prophet has seen to it that it has been built! Willard bit his lip, studying the dormer, not knowing whether to close his mind to the voices freed in that room, or to open his heart to the temple’s bright interior.

He felt half afraid to believe what Brigham had told him about the visit of John the Baptist to the young man in the ragged clothes, and to Oliver Cowdery, on the banks of the Susquehanna. The Baptist had instructed them to baptize each other by immersion. This being accomplished, he had then conferred upon them the lesser order of the priesthood.

Again Willard wondered whether he would dare to believe such scripture. Could he live for the millennium, and bring down upon his head the animosity of those he loved best in this world, his parents and some of his brothers and sisters? “I swear,” he said to Levi, who had been lost in his own study, “I don’t know whether I can take all this or not.”

Visibly moved for once, Levi replied, “Nothing can prove the practical side of revelation any plainer than this temple, Willard. Here is your sign, the heavenly and earthly tokens combined in one manifestation.” Levi removed his hat to stand bareheaded before the plain building. “Since Joseph Smith was commanded to build this temple, what was there for him to do but to see that his people piled stone upon stone?”

“Who commanded him, Levi? Who was the God that gave that word?”

“A God who did not ask for a burning pyre as an altar, but for a holy building, a temple where He can speak His mind to His people.”

“If this God lives, His very words are wrought in stone. This is a sign of His strength!” Willard looked at the attic windows. Then as if plucking his own sleeve as a reminder of the Lord’s work over and above the building, he said, “Nothing ever was stranger than what goes on within the walls: classes in Greek and Hebrew, mathematics, grammar, theology. The Mormons are conducting a school for their missionaries. They’re calling the whole thing the ‘School of the Prophets.’”

“Yes,” Levi agreed with what Joseph had said, “there’s no other city in the whole world like this one.”

“Either you’ve got to accept the whole thing, believe everything

the Church teaches, or grind the entire structure into the dirt, put it under your heel." Willard gave the temple another glance, unable to forget its implication, as oddly he voiced these thoughts.

When at last he walked with Levi diagonally across the common, he once more turned his eyes to the spire. But in doing so, he strayed from the path; his cane hit the grass.

A woman he had seen in Whitney's store passed, walking briskly ahead of him, though she carried a child on one arm and a loaded shopping bag on the other.

"Some people seem to want for nothing," Willard said, envying her youthful pace. "I wonder how you tell the Reformers from the faithful."

"How on earth did she put your mind in that hole?" Levi demanded.

"She didn't, of course." Willard frowned. "I was thinking of the idlers who have deserted the mill. Why are they up here? Look!"

"They're trying to tell us that they own the temple. Can't you see?"

"But they're so sullen. Certainly they can't own it, no part of it, if they can't understand the priesthood, its place in the divine scheme. As Brigham said, the keys of the kingdom are so bright you could almost think they're hammered out of pure gold. But then, who knows?" Willard concluded, as if calculating the sum of things. Firmly, he said, "It stands to reason that the Reformers don't understand the meaning of the keys."

His pondering was broken by some people hurrying up the grade from the direction of the mill. A group, walking toward the afternoon sun, passed them. Some people appeared hopeful; others looked sour with hate. Some seemed in doubt. Much of the talk going on was whispered. A loud voice rose here and there, however. And the excitement suddenly centered in the three sawyers who had now returned to the common.

But above all these strained noises, Willard seemed to hear the distant pounding of a hammer. He was certain he could detect the whine of a saw and the steady blow of an axe. He nodded, his inner eye deep on the hard bite into the wood, and the flying chips.

Looking to the open country between the town and the forest, he said to Levi, "This is certainly ugly in comparison to our father's

valley, the hills are so rough and bare. See how the river meanders where it crosses the flats!"

The brothers were still in the open sun, finding their way down the rise to the west of the cemetery. The black-printed names on the head-boards were already fading. Among the flaming woods to the left, strange pools of darkness banked the elm and ash. But as Willard walked on, he saw the meandering of the river in a different light. He heard the still murmur of the water.

Brigham's house was two stories high, with the ridgepole running parallel to the street. Levi rapped, and the door opened from the center front, beneath a small roofed stoop, which had neither pilaster nor fanlight for ornamentation. A woman, extremely heavy with child, stood with questioning eyes.

"Mrs. Young?" Levi asked.

She nodded, and Willard said, "We're the Richards brothers."

"Cousins!" For a moment Mrs. Young's smile covered the white exhaustion of her face. "We've been looking for you. Where are your satchels?" Her plight made her manner seem all the warmer as she held the door open and looked at the staircase ascending from the hall.

"They'll be driven down with our trunks," Willard explained.

As if trying to accept the unusual convenience of this service she said, "Well, Brother Young's glazing a house; he should be here any minute. Go on up, turn to the left, and when you come down, look for us in the kitchen."

Having reached the top of the stairs, Willard heard Mrs. Young call from the stove, "Dinner's almost ready." The room smelled tantalizing.

Presently, as if completely at ease among the family, he looked around for the wash basin. Three or four children, whining and fretting, blocked his way. Soon Willard saw two mothers, the second a Widow Frost, from Maine. Upon being introduced, he learned that she had been converted last summer when Joseph visited her home. She had been baptized by him immediately, and with her, her small daughter, Mary Ann, who was now crying with fever.

Willard had been staring at her red-rimmed, running eyes and the rash covering her neck. He saw the rosy hue mottling her wrists

below her sleeves. "I wonder now," he said kindly, "she couldn't have the measles?"

"She's certainly plagued with something! They've all got it." Mrs. Frost sent a discouraged glance around the kitchen.

"Well, if one's bad, shouldn't they all be? It wouldn't do to slight one." Willard's unexpected joyous laugh filled the kitchen. Even the children looked up, silenced; and he took advantage of the pause. "Would you like me to cure you?" he asked over his shoulder, as he washed his hands. In a few minutes he was brewing a potful of composition tea.

Mary Ann Frost pulled a face over her cup and began to cry. "I'll throw up. This nasty old tea burns my mouth out. I want a drink of cold water."

"Not one drop do you get, little miss, till you're all better," Willard mildly decreed. "You don't like cayenne, you don't like hot drops?" He smiled. She shook her head. He took the cup away. "Well, we don't have to burn your mouth out, only your insides." Turning to Levi with an amused look, he said, "I wonder now, would you mind going for some straws?"

Mary Ann gaped.

Willard said, "I'm going to teach you a trick."

Levi remarked, "And pray, Dr. Richards, where am I going to find the straws?"

"Didn't you see the Indian grass by the river? Dry and hollow as a pipe?"

Levi asked, "And so I have to be the errand boy?"

Returning, he brought with him Brigham Young, who was wearing his glazier's apron, work pants and checkered shirt, and looking every bit the journeyman. His sandy hair was sprinkled with grey dust. His eyes were steel-stained in the fine lines of the iris. They were hospitable, and more blue than grey in the mellow sunlight pouring through the cross-paned south window. Brigham's plain lips parted widely in a welcoming smile. His voice practical, he said, "Well, how are you?" He took Willard's hand, his canny heart apparently filled with concern over his cousin's health. Changing now to a certain degree of excitement, he said, "Levi told me of your visit with the Prophet."

"Yes," Willard agreed, his voice trembling, "we met him. He

etched us into his office, and we sat with him. I've so much to ask you about that strange man. Not now; later, when there's time for talk."

Brigham smiled confidently. "You won't need much time to learn the truth about Joseph. Our city itself is a testament, enough to make any man forget the barbs and nettles that might have hurt his feet." Brigham's voice was ground to the spirit of truth. Willard did not reply. He poured Mary Ann's tea, and Brigham said, "What! the doctor already at work? Cousin Levi told me you'd sent him a-messaging."

"I'll not be long getting these children well." Willard held the cup for Mary Ann, showing her how to use her straw.

"It isn't quite so nasty this way, sir." Before she knew it she had taken the whole cupful.

Willard patted her shoulder and turned to Brigham. "Have I done wrong in not recognizing your faith healing?"

"That's all right when one has the faith to be healed, but sometimes men like you and cousin Levi are needed. But you can leave me out when you stir up those concoctions. I've heard some of your pills are as big as a horse chestnut."

Willard laughed. "I've got a mould that makes them that big. If I practice, perhaps I should prescribe them. I'll have to earn my living some way."

Brigham interrupted him. "At your father's, Willard, I believe I heard you make a remark, one that came to your lips when you first read the *Book of Mormon*: 'If this book is true, God's got something better for me to do than peddle pills.'" Brigham's grey-blue eyes were hard.

Willard looked at him with iron in his own glance. He had heard Brigham say, "There's a mission for everyone in this Church able to fill it. Men like you do not join idly." Brigham's glance had been as sharp as an awl.

Willard did not flinch. "I've come, and I've already seen much, but there's a lot to learn before I make up my mind about this Church." He spoke like a Yankee who would take his time chewing a matter of weight.

As if nothing strange had occurred, Brigham went to the wash-bowl, rinsed his hands, and without another word took his place at the head of the table. His wife glanced at two empty chairs,

nodded to Willard and Levi, and said, "Cousins, draw up and make yourselves to home."

Some six weeks later Levi was lodging with Brigham's sister, Rhoda Greene. Mary Ann Frost, who had now entirely recovered from the measles, felt so much at ease with her "Uncle Willard" that she sometimes forgot her manners toward him. One evening near the end of December, when the steam from the kettle on the hob was freezing upon the window pane, she became engrossed in the glistening frost patterns.

From the corner of his eye, Willard watched her trace with her finger some stories in ice. Though she seemed to be paying no attention to him or the stream of talk going on between him and Brigham, she suddenly advanced across the room, stopping where the side of her nose and one rounded cheek reflected the warmth from the hearth. "Oh, sir," she said to Willard, "it's strange you cannot see the truth. Ma and I needed the message no more 'n once. We knew in an instant."

"Mary Ann!" The shocked exclamation came from both mothers. "I'll take her right to bed." Widow Frost rose. Mrs. Young went to the cradle where her new-born twins were asleep. She covered them and said, "I think I'll make my own peace with the Lord." She started to draw the curtain which blocked off the corner where she and Brigham slept.

"No," Brigham said, "we'll pray together. Come back, Mary Ann." After they had prayed, he and Willard were left alone before the fire to continue their discussion. The murmur of voices rose and fell.

Brigham said, "The salvation of men is of that importance that they must know Jesus was the Christ. And how can they know, Willard?"

"Through belief?"

"Belief!" Brigham grunted. "It's like a house without a foundation. When the storm comes, it falls. Knowledge is the staff! It's the lightning rod, too. It comes from assurance. And such assurance can come from no one less than God, Willard. Christ told Peter that God had revealed to him that He was His Son. Joseph Smith was told by God that Christ lives. In vision, Joseph saw the Lord God in the heavens above. We can't expect the multitude to believe

this. We can't preach such doctrine at large. Christ gave His testimony for all people, but they won't accept it. That doesn't bar it from being true. Still, I'll not say that it's for free. What's free is of no worth. Yet the gospel is ready for the taking. It's ready for all who will take it, and pity it is that so few'll reach forth their hands."

Brigham stopped for breath. Willard scanned his face, seeing in each eye a tiny tongue of flame. He said nothing. He was listening, concentrating on the single point in his consciousness at this moment—the choice that lay before him. Which turning should he take? The hour of certainty was at hand. In either case the gale would sweep him, but he must decide. This was the hour. Either he went forward into the waters of death with Christ to be reborn of the light, or he closed his ears forever to this strange immutable declaration of correspondence with God.

He was tied to the past. He saw himself in this position. Rejected from what he craved, he had to fill the missing blank. Brigham, and Brigham's comical, good-natured, lovable friend, Hebe Kimball, could take their Prophet as they found him—shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. But I have to see this gospel, Willard thought, from the standpoint of its tenets! I have to see where it overlaps with the faith of my own Puritan fathers, and where it differs. Until I know it is a religion—an actual religion—I can't accept it, not even with all this building that's going on, with this bank, with these cities here and there. Who's back of them, God or Joseph Smith?

He worried his brain as a dog goes after a sheep. He had pastured his mind with the green, green grass of two surprisingly beautiful statements on salvation he had found in the *Book of Commandments*, straightening them out, ruling them in, breaking them down. And he loved them. But were they true? he asked himself as he sat before the fire. Could anything so comforting, so simple in its essential meaning be real?

Answering the question that Willard asked aloud, Brigham said, "Why do you split hairs over all these points? I took to the Methodees before I came upon the truth. I played on the same brook you did when I was a piddlin' lad, but I wasn't forever lookin' out the back o' my head to see where the people got their covenant.

Then when I found the truth, I accepted it. You can't ask for anything higher than the voice of the Lord, Willard."

Brigham, Willard told himself, as he sat silent for a moment, had not grown up with a father whose fathers before him had believed in pain for everyone, in damnation for their sons if they forgot God. He had not lived with a minister in his house, who had sat at his father's table in company with twenty-four other men of the cloth, all believing the only clothing for the heart was a garment of thorns. He looked at Brigham and thought of the doctrines of Mormonism, seeing it as one cloth with the gospel of Christ, with God's word concerning the soul's hope. He asked himself, Could the bright threads of the ages be drawn together? Is it possible to build toward God through the design of earthly hope and joy? He shook his head as if in pain.

Joseph Smith, Willard thought, has defined the soul as the sum of the body and the spirit of man, declaring that in the world of the spirit man lived before he came to this earth, and he will live again — in one eternal round — and that here, during this earthly experience, having heard the gospel preached, man has his chance to associate himself with the most blessed of the Lord. This is his school, his opportunity; it will not come again.

And Joseph has said that God is light, and without Him there is darkness. His glory permeates all space and all matter. His spirit exists in man, and can be received by him through an acceptance of the Holy Ghost. The gift of the Comforter can be granted at the time of confirmation, after baptism, because the priesthood has been re-established upon the earth in these last days. The keys of the kingdom — the mysteries of heaven — have been given to mankind with this endowment. In this, the fullness of times, God — through the visit of the Baptist — conferred the lesser priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. In a secluded spot in northern Pennsylvania, John, in his resurrected state, made his presence known to these men.

Instinctively, Willard withdrew from these thoughts. Recognizing his timidity, he wondered why he was afraid to accept the plan as God had given it to Joseph. That's just it — *did* God reveal His Word to this man? Willard shuddered.

As if reading Willard's doubts, Brigham said, "Come on out into the light and accept the keys, cousin. They're as bright today as in

ancient times; they're as real as if you could feel 'em, and see 'em." For three months Brigham had been waiting for Willard to decide.

Willard opened his hands. He looked at Brigham and then turned his eyes to his palms. One day, during the past few weeks, he had sat in the room next to the one reserved for Joseph, studying the *Book of Commandments*, the sections he loved so well, 78 and 88. The day was wintry and windblown, the atmosphere tuned to a high pitch of sound and light. And in this tuning Willard could see the distant lake. He could also feel the sun pouring in at the south window as if it were a living presence. He could almost feel physically his desire to understand the truth of Joseph's claim.

The Prophet said that because God had ceased to speak directly to men, His Church had dwindled in meaning; then through him it was restored to the world, given life and blood, the breath of the living spirit. And, Joseph said, he was not afraid to accept the divine burden of giving this message to the world, though it should one day mean his life as a seal upon the testament.

Now, at Brigham's hearth, Willard remembered how he had pondered the published revelations which had pricked him to believe or to reject Joseph's testimony that Jesus was the Lord of this earth. The statement was founded on Luke, who gave this particular word in the first chapter of his testament. In taking the name of the Savior upon himself, Joseph said, a man can be washed free of his sins. He must understand, however, that from the moment of his baptism the moral responsibility of his salvation rests upon his own shoulders. This is true even in the case of the child, the child of eight years. For with baptism everyone becomes responsible for his own free agency.

Willard, studying that day, understood that through his belief in the revealed Word, and through righteous living, a man can rise in the offices of the priesthood, and he can be ordained to its various orders, understanding better and better the mysteries of the Church. Through Joseph, the priesthood is denied to none except to those known to be unworthy of receiving it, and to those unable to understand it. The mysteries have lived through the ages, denoting the keys of the kingdom, the rites of the covenant as explained through the visitations of the Lord. They are the gospel; they are the priesthood.

Willard referred to the mysteries now, and Brigham said, "Men receive wisdom when they are ordained to the priesthood, men like you who take its meaning unto themselves and chew it, digesting the truth as you digest your food. The mysteries have to be real, they have to be given commonly, though they are themselves so uncommon. But you can sense them if you wish, rake them back and forth in your mind as you'd hoe your ground, for a knowledge of them is denied to no one who will listen to the truth and live within its meaning."

Willard's thoughts returned to his studies. And now, since Brigham kept his peace, Willard continued to reflect, recalling Joseph's revelation on the three degrees of heaven. Joseph had rewritten the passage from John on the resurrection to read: They who have done good shall come forth to the resurrection of the just, and they who have done evil to . . . the unjust. In defining the various degrees of salvation Joseph had differed with the Bible. He had dared to differ with the interpreters who claimed that John had declared that man would rise either to complete glory or to total damnation.

The thought of the *Three Glories* as Joseph pictured them had more meaning for Willard now than when he had first heard this startlingly hopeful plan. The flood tide of the theme swept over him as he sat before Brigham's fire and saw the utter necessity of making his choice between the death of hope and hope itself as the core of life. In a decision as deliberate as the pendulum of a grandfather clock, he said within himself, The logic of Joseph's revelation is as clear to me as the waters of the Chagrin the day I arrived in Kirtland. Willard saw the bed of the stream with its sands and rocks shimmering beneath the flaming color overhead. The leaves have dropped. The surface of the river is now frozen over, he mused, but beneath the ice the water flows.

Today the hills and valleys of Kirtland fall away from the temple, white with snow. The road into the city is hard-packed and icy. Men have come and gone while I have remained to ponder, taking all too much time, perhaps, to read and study, to pray and meditate. Some of the passages in Joseph's revelations are sublime; yet I know that the Tempter can be very cunning. But tonight it seems as if the truth of all time is in them. Why should some men not rise to the highest glory while others come forth to the second

and the third, and while still others go away to the lake of fire, where they will remain forever and ever?

Joseph says this doctrine leads to a multiplicity of gods. He says the soul of man comprises body and spirit on its pilgrimage to a higher kingdom, and that God, the Father, as we know Him, is Himself on a pilgrimage. Yet God extends Himself to become part of all matter, space, and light. Joseph says that He is part of every man who breathes. God's holy spirit lives in the hearts of men as long as they do not deny him. And Brigham says that the apostles in the restored Church of Christ must go out and teach these things.

Willard looked at Brigham, and without any introduction to the subject from the *Book of Commandments*, began to quote:

"Therefore, tarry ye, and labor diligently, that you may be perfected in your ministry to go forth among the Gentiles for the last time, as many as the mouth of the Lord shall name, to bind up the law and seal up the testimony, and to prepare the saints for the hour of judgment which is to come . . ."

"And for that hour," Brigham interrupted, "in these few short days before the second coming of the Son of Man, we must toil and labor."

And now Brigham, too, began to quote:

"Not many days hence the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man; and the sun shall hide his face, and shall refuse to give light; and the moon shall be bathed in blood. . . . And after your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people. . . . And then shall the angels be crowned with the glory of His might, and the saints shall be filled with His glory, and receive their inheritance and be made equal with Him."

"And so it it," said Brigham, "that in this Church men may rise to godhood!" He pulled himself up from his spindled armchair with its calico cushion. Before reaching for another log, he looked at Willard with the question in his eyes: Shall I put one on?

Once more Brigham stoked the fire. He made himself as comfortable as though the hands of the clock on the mantel shelf were not pointing to midnight. He went on as though the pause between him and Willard had been brief rather than long, saying, "You've had your chance to study. You've learned the history of the Church.

You now know something of the temporal affairs, but tonight let's stay with the doctrine." He half shut his eyes when Willard kept his peace, and in a voice that was a kind of chant, supported his cousin's mood.

Quoting, Brigham said:

"They are they who are priests and kings, who have received of His fulness, and of His glory; And are priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek. . . . Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God."

His thoughts making his face draw from time to time, Willard continued the round in silence:

And to them will I reveal all mysteries, yea, all the hidden mysteries of My kingdom and from days of old, and for ages to come . . . and by My power will I make known unto them the secrets of My will—yea, even those things which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor yet entered into the heart of man.

Brigham was watching Willard. He said, "You make such work of it, cousin. You place such a hardship upon yourself! But your toil is like the pangs of hunger that feed the stomachs of the poor in emptiness."

Willard looked up.

In his soiled, dark plaid shirt, Brigham stared back. "You've never heard me speak of hardship in this Church," he said. "The word floats in the mouths of some, but as for me, I've never known any hardships here. The gospel was given to me like a new coat. You purchased the one that covers your back; you refuse the one that heaven offers, as if it would not go round your belly."

"I did buy my coat," Willard agreed, "but I paid for it serving the sick."

"Well, if its not entirely of Mammon, it's not yet of God. It's in one piece, as though the things of earth unsanctified counted. Let me tell you a story, Willard, the one I promised you should have when you were ready for it.

"You remember when I left your father's place that I told you I'd soon be in Kirtland?"

Willard nodded. Brigham's eyes glowed as if he had been drinking hot toddy. "The Lord brought me home in time to attend

a meeting of some of the Twelve, in the temple — members of the Reformers' group from among the quorum!" As Brigham looked at Willard, making sure he understood the full meaning of the statement, he became indignant. "Opposers among the Twelve were at work with the Reformers, leading the traitors in the Church. I went upstairs ahead of them," Brigham continued with increasing intensity. "The last man of the group no sooner entered the door than someone rose and barricaded it, the third room of the loft."

Willard saw this room in that midnight hour, stretching across the middle of the building, from dormer to dormer, black with night. There was nothing in it to resemble the fourth chamber in which he had studied when the sun was flooding the room with warmth and light. That afternoon he had seen to the north the distant line of Lake Erie, blue, with white clouds above the horizon. But he now saw the September room of the Reformers, dismal with its one guttering lantern, cold and cheerless; and in the stealthy dark, men barricading the doors. He nodded.

"They expected me to join them in cheating the Lord!" said Brigham. "They forgot they had given the temple to God! When I couldn't endure the sound of their damnable bickering any longer, I rose. I said, 'Joseph Smith is a Prophet of the Lord, and I know it. You can rail; you can slander him as much as you like, but you cannot hurt him. You can cut the thread that binds you to Joseph and sink yourselves to hell, but you'll never sink him with you! Destroy your own authority, if you like. You cannot destroy the appointment of God!'"

The crescendo had heightened. Brigham broke off as abruptly as he had begun, his indignation like a sword across his knees.

The silence remained between him and Willard until Willard looked up and said, "My coat's no good to me. It isn't torn, it's not in shreds; let the tatters come." His eyes closed. In the firelight his quivering lids alone were visible to Brigham, who saw in them the outward token of his cousin's strength and of his weakness.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The sun had set, and in the dark water flowing between the broken ice of the Chagrin River near Brigham's house, tiny ripples reflected the embers of the fire built in the snowdrifts near the bank. A small group of men and women stood beside the flames, singing a hymn, their breath freezing on the night air. It was the last day of December, 1836. Twilight had been brief; darkness had fallen, but the glow of the burning roots illuminated the hopeful breath of the choir. With their attention on Willard and Levi, who were to go with Christ into the waters of death and be reborn of the spirit, the group gathered, linking arms, brushing shoulders, seemingly more jubilant and gay than serious.

The homely, uncouth, uneducated Heber Kimball had spent the afternoon cutting blocks of ice from the surface of the Chagrin, proving again the friendship he had often during the past three months declared for Willard.

In the rapidly disappearing warmth of the fire, Brigham called the meeting of the Saints to order. Heber prayed. The group sang another hymn, and Willard stood with bowed head, concentrating on the glory of this moment. While others shivered with the cold, he felt a holy fire turning his blood into a weightless magical fluid.

When Brigham said, "If the Lord is a witness to this moment — and I, for one, am sure that He is —" Brigham looked around fearlessly, then continued — "He is smiling upon His son in the full measure of that love and mercy poured down upon His children in these last days."

To Willard the distant fire of the skies seemed so wondrously close that he wanted to reach up and pluck a handful of stars. He removed his coat, shoes, and socks, thinking, In this act I may even be freed of my palsy. In the shadow of death he was aware of the peace of the valley. And he went down the bank holding onto Brigham, dedicating his life to the coming of the Lord.

With one hand on Willard's crossed wrists, with the other at his back, Brigham repeated the ritual prayer. Swiftly Willard sank into the dark water between the thick jagged edges of the ice, his faith counteracting every effect of physical cold.

Without a suggestion of chill, he put on his coat and shoes, and stood beside the embers with his head bowed to Brigham's prayer for Levi.

"The world with its rich hoard of hidden treasure is before us," Brigham declared, "and eternity with its sparkling intelligence and unspeakable glories is ready to aid us in the work ahead." He took hold of Levi's wrists and repeated the ritual. . . .

Eight days later, Willard sat in the temple at Sunday afternoon meeting. Every few moments he glanced up at Joseph and Father Smith, the patriarch of the Church, Joseph, Senior. On the stand for the Melchizedek Priesthood, they occupied gilded chairs. Beside them, Sidney Rigdon sat, his russet mane in strange contrast to the pale hair that rolled smoothly back from the brow of Joseph's brother, Hyrum, who was older and more staid than the Prophet, and the fourth man in the row.

From the second terrace of gilded chairs, Oliver Cowdery occasionally cast a glance at Rigdon that all but said he considered himself displaced by this man with the hot tongue. Oliver's brown eyes gleamed. The lines of his bony jaw looked as sensitive as his lips. Willard wondered where Frederick Williams, Joseph's second counselor, was spending his time this morning. He, too, had helped to crowd out Oliver. He should be sitting next to the Prophet, but like Warren Parrish, Willard thought, Williams is not seen on the stand these days—not when Joseph is there. Willard shuddered slightly. For an instant, like a chain falling apart, the strength of the Church seemed broken.

Fair complexioned Wilford Woodruff, recently returned from a mission in Tennessee and Kentucky, bringing many converts, and almost half a barrel of money to Kirtland, had been called to the stand to sit with Brigham and Heber in the third terrace of gilded chairs.

The choir occupied the elevated pews built into the four corners of the room. Willard could see the wire cords running like a cross through the auditorium, where white canvas curtains, now

folded against the walls, could be drawn to separate the room into sections. Veils could also be lowered from the ceiling to divide the seats on the stand for the Melchizedek Priesthood into two recesses. When the building was dedicated, Joseph and Oliver had, in one of these retreats, seen Christ and three of the ancient prophets who had foretold the second coming of the Lord.

On Willard's left, beyond the first bench, the sacramental table stood covered with a white cloth and laid with goblets of wine and a long row of glass plates containing the finely broken bread. Suddenly the stream within him rose high. Again Willard's blood became weightless. For the first time in his life he was to partake of the Lord's Supper.

He contemplated the deacons, members of the Aaronic Priesthood, who sat on the first bench near the table, waiting to pass the sacrament. Their presiding officer was of the higher order, and to Willard the blessing of the priesthood in this Church seemed so far-reaching that his eyes brimmed. Into his heart, like the lingering voice of a sweet-throated chime, came the whispered thought of the restoration of this gift to the world. Though he was expecting to be called forward for his own reception into the Church, he started when he heard his name ring down the aisles. He rose awkwardly and walked to the front of the room.

Brigham, Heber, and Father Smith came down from the stand to meet him at the plain wooden chair in front of the red velvet-covered lectern. Willard's eyes met Brigham's, glowing with an intensity rooted in untried chambers of his being. Thinking again of heaven's largesse, Willard lowered his head in humility when Brigham soothed his forehead with the consecrated oil. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood vested in me . . ." Brigham finished the anointing; Heber and the patriarch joined him in placing their hands upon Willard's head.

Speaking low, yet distinctly enough to be heard throughout the immense congregation, Joseph Smith, Senior, blessed Willard for health and a long life of service in the Church. He conferred upon him the gift of the Holy Ghost. In tones that seemed to well from the ancient past, Father Smith promised Willard that the Holy Ghost would serve him like a golden shield against harm and evil as long as Willard would heed its power. He would hear it as a voice; all he had to do was listen and obey its secret warning.

Willard returned to his place, using his cane with a light touch upon the floor. Among the thousand people around him, most of the men were wearing rust-ridden frayed coats that did not match their pants. The women's shawls were thin. Many of the voices held the familiar New England accent, yet even now Willard could distinguish among them a Southern softening of vowel and sibilant. Men were coming from all directions, opening the windows of their widely differing philosophies onto the one great outlook of this faith.

Never had Willard seen more than a scattering of worshipers in the congregation at Richmond. Here, where all men worthy of the endowment might receive the priesthood, there was a multitude. Willard sank back against his hard bench, relaxed and soothed. In this sacramental hour he brushed aside all remembrance of the Reformers' plot against Joseph. Here Christ and the Prophets, Moses, Elias, and Elijah, had appeared in vision before Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

Every question in regard to this appearance vanished from Willard's mind. Both logically and spiritually, it now seemed certain that in this coming Elijah had brought to pass the prophecy of the Old Testament found in Malachi: *Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the great and dreadful day of the Lord. . . .* The rest of the passage burned deep in Willard's marrow: *Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, said the Lord of hosts.*

Again feeling the waters of the river flow over him, Willard allowed the prophecy to run on in his mind: *But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth: for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. . . .* Indeed, to Willard the last days seemed already to have commenced. With his first taste of the bread broken in memory of Christ's flesh, he felt liberated from the prisons of the past.

During the passing of the sacramental goblet, his friend Elder Sherman sang a hymn on the coming of the Messiah. With each word and note, Willard heard the rhythmic heart-beat of the theme, until at last it almost seemed that he was actually seated beneath Christ's uplifted hand, and that the Savior could even now be walking among men.

The solo ended. From the four corners of the room came the voices of the choir. Again Willard saw his friend Heber at work, last week, chopping away the ice for his immersion. He told himself that what Heber had not gained in dame school, or in the classes in English and arithmetic in Kirtland, in the School of the Prophets, he had not needed. Heber had been refined and purified by the Lord.

As the sacramental strains from the choir closed, Willard thought, Heber himself has helped purge this house of the evil words of the Reformers. He has helped to free this temple of the worldly affairs that Joseph occasionally feels obliged to deal with. Heber as well as Brigham helped me to believe in Joseph's vision of Elijah in this room. No wonder the devil's at work with his minions — Williams and Parrish! Joseph's counselor, and his financial advisers! High priests? Bah . . . !

Knowing that the Church was in debt and that the Reformers were clamoring for the repayment of funds advanced to help start the Church bank, Willard frowned. Can't those men see that if the Word was true when Joseph received it, it's true now? Why are they afraid to face the loss of a little money? Counting their pockets more precious than their *Books of Mormon*, they'll throw themselves into the devil's hands. They have but little time to repent. The last days are upon us.

When Brother Woodruff rose to preach the sermon, Willard thought, I'll begin my work as a missionary now. I'll wash my garments first of my cousin Lucius Parker's blood. The expression came naturally. Moroni, the ancient American prophet, told the people that since he had described to them God's plan of salvation, he could stand at the Judgment Seat with his garments cleansed of their blood. And the three witnesses to the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon* had further freed the term from its association with the blood money of Christ. The words suggested to Willard no graves in potter's field. To wash one's garments of the blood of another was to bear him witness to the truth of the gospel. I'm well enough to start. I'll take the next coach to Buffalo. And while I'm down East, I'll visit Father, Mother, and all my relatives.

Within the week Willard bade the Youngs goodbye. Three days later he appeared at Brigham's door. He had returned to Kirtland, satchel in hand, feverish and shaking.

Answering his rap, Sister Young opened her eyes. "Come in, cousin. You're sick. You do look a sight, but no one ever comes home before his mission's *done*." She threw up her hands, then caught her apron.

Discouraged, Willard said, "Six horses couldn't drag the coach through the mire." He coughed and wheezed as he put his satchel down in the kitchen. "We'd hardly get out of the mud before we were in it again. With every battle, my head felt worse." He put his hand to his forehead, feeling conscience-smitten over his failure to reach the destination of his first mission, though it was self-appointed. That night he wrote in his journal: "I fear I did not manifest that meekness which is desirable in the Gospel Ministry. The Lord pardon me in this thing."

One evening in March, Willard and Brigham met on the path between the back door of Brigham's house and his shop. Brigham wiped his hands on his carpenter's apron, indicating that he had set aside his day's work on his famous chairs. Willard knew their comfort. As a joiner, Brig made them to fit the back.

The apostle said urgently, "Come into the shop, Will." Closing the door behind him, he whispered, "The Kirtland bank notes that Joseph's committee's been printing ain't worth a tinker's damn. The Twelve are holding a meeting with him tonight. He's had enough of his financial advisers. The Twelve have got to support him!"

Willard gasped. "What do you mean? Only last month I wrote Hepsy that our bank was worth four million dollars, with every note as good as gold."

Brigham nodded as if to agree.

"I knew the Church had been refused its charter at Columbus. But Joseph said that was because we had asked for it as Mormons —" Willard's voice was like a saw going through steel. "I knew as well as you that we were taking the law into our hands when we changed the bank plates Oliver brought from Philadelphia."

Instead of reading, "Kirtland Safety Society Banking Co.," the plates now read in connection with the title, *anti*-Banking Co. Joseph and his committee had inserted the word. "With Joseph treasurer and Sidney president," Willard said, "and with all this land to our credit, I certainly thought we were safe."

"We were — up to a point." Brigham's lips had gone white.

"Up to the point where the fence broke and the wolf got in amongst the sheep!" Willard snapped. Thinking of all the New Englanders in this Church, he said, "To touch a Yankee in the pocket is to touch him in the heart!" In his mind's eye, wolf, devil, and Reformers suddenly merged to tempt almost the entire Church to fury. What now of the common outlook? "This *will* be a test!" He gave Brigham a calculating glance.

"Charters for new banks have been refused all over the country!" With a shrug, Brigham opened both his hands as if they were truly empty. "Joseph has so much to do shaping our souls to God's bed that he shuts his ears against the clamor of the world, he sees only the Lord's House overlooking these vast hills and the near-by lake. He sees the future. We have wood, water, houses, public buildings, with more to come. But the panic in the East has robbed our land of its value until it's like a cast shoe lying in the dust."

Willard saw his letter to Hepsy. Replying to her plea for news and information as to when she might come to Ohio, he had written:

"I anticipate you would like a description of Kirtland. I give it accurate as time will admit. You will perceive I am somewhat nervous this day though my general health is a thousand percent better than when I left you."

He remembered giving her the plan of the city, with its temple in the center, and the possibility of two other public buildings on the same square. He had mentioned the industry of the people and had adapted the picture of the financial situation, with its high wages for labor, to a glowing prospect for herself, in relation to the millinery shop which she might open. In reply to her inquiry as to where the Mormons got the money to build up the city, he had said:

"If you had remembered it is written that the 'Riches of the Gentiles shall be given to the Saints of the Most High,' perhaps you would not have asked the question. . . . There is a banking co. here, \$4,000,000 capital, and may be extended to an indefinite amount. Private property is holden & Kirtland bills are as safe as Gold. . . . We expect Kirtland will be incorporated the present winter. There is an equality [*sic*] here which exists among no other people; not that they have all things common, but one is not made a king because he is worth more than his neighbor. Is he a righteous man? is the question. — It is not to be expected that a people, coming from

the four winds, will be exactly agreed upon all points. Should the eyes of any one become dim he can get his vision polished by the prophet, for as in days of old, we too, have a prophet of the Lord among us *even* Joseph Smith, Jr. — of this I am satisfied, that yourself and all the honest in heart will arrive at the same satisfaction & assurance when they shall submit themselves to an examination of his work.”

Willard had refused to enlarge upon the bickering. In answer to her questions about that, he had merely said that if there was any quarreling being done here, it was all going on out of his sight and hearing. The Lord knows who'll be scheming against Joseph now, he thought as he stood with Brigham, recalling the letter. He gave cousin a hard look.

“I don't know but what some of the men who're objecting to the loss of their savings are right in making a fuss,” he said. “And I'm not sure the Twelve are moving in the Lord's direction to take up the business of the Church. Aren't you missionaries? How can you set out for this meeting as cool as cold porridge, Brig?” Willard's indignation had boiled up like a whistling tea kettle.

“How do you think we're going to build up the Church?” Brigham put his hand on Willard's arm, the sawdust showing between his fingers. “Lay down and die because we get a few hard knocks? I'm glad to go to the meeting. Brother Joseph needs counsel in worldly affairs. If he looks after our souls we can't ask much more than that. If he gets into a scrape we've got to pull him out of it instead of jawing because he stumbled. It's the Reformers that jaw at him, not the apostles.”

“You're right, Brig. You're always right.”

“Oh no. The Lord lays these stumbling blocks in all our paths. He just don't want us to trip ourselves up till we can't rise again.”

It was late when Willard started upstairs to bed that night. As he stood on the second step of the staircase, Brigham opened the front door. “I'm glad to find you up. I've got news!”

Willard thought of the bank. “Yes?”

“You've been appointed to attend a meeting of the high priests next Monday evening, at President Alva Beaman's —”

“The high priests?” The candle's jerky shadow on the stair wall

revealed Willard's surprise. "But I've never been ordained to the Aaronic priesthood. What right have I got at Brother Beaman's?"

"Some men are naturally called upon to go ahead faster than others. Never disparage the appointment of the Lord, Willard. You've got your dish right side up; now don't tip it. I've nothing more to say just now. Good night, cousin." Brigham reached up and pressed Willard's hand with affection.

"Good night, Brig." Willard's excited heart told him that sleep was hours away.

At the meeting he was overjoyed to see the Prophet. Since he and Hyrum had blessed him for the recovery of his health after the failure of the mission to Lucius, Willard had hardly seen Joseph. Pursued by some of the Reformers, even some of his formerly most intimate friends, Joseph had said secretly that to show his face in public was to risk his life. He had broken with Frederick Williams, his second counselor in the Church presidency; and with Warren Parrish, who, having access to bank funds, had hidden in his trunk some large sums of money belonging to the Safety Society. When Joseph crossed the common one night, a group of men had called from behind the trees, "False prophet! Fallen prophet!"

Once someone had tried to waylay him with a club. His own brother William had fought him with bare fists. Had Joseph not been so lithe and strong, the disgruntled brother might have got the better of him.

As the high priests formed a circle in Brother Beaman's kitchen, Willard could hardly keep from staring at the torn coat pocket over Joseph's breast, and the tight stretch of the garment. He wouldn't wear the thing if it wasn't so cold, Willard thought. But neither coat nor frayed shirt held Willard's eye as did the strange transparency of Joseph's cheeks. Responding to the peculiar pallor which revealed the powerful underlying structure, Willard felt a sudden anxiety for the Mormon preacher. Into what fire of animation was he heading?

He's pulling stakes, Willard told himself, hearing the enemies at the Prophet's heel clamoring like barking dogs. Founding a Church, building a city, establishing both financial and spiritual credit should give a man a right to make a few mistakes. Who but Christ — ? But Joseph, too, is the appointed of the Lord. He too has

got to build stone upon stone till his hour comes. The Refiner's fire is terrible, but Joseph will not burn until. . . .

When the ceremony ordaining Willard to the higher priesthood was completed, Joseph rose. Glancing around the circle like a streak of blue flame, he said, "It's time now to concern ourselves with another side of this Church. All those with faith in our Safety Society will show it by raising the right hand." He smiled at the demonstration; and now he spoke like a man well pleased. "The light of the moon comes and goes in one eternal round. Heaven sees to it that when it gets the thinnest it begins to get the fattest. We're down, brethren, but in how many ways?"

Joseph raised one finger. His handsome teeth shone through his happily curling lips. "We're down, but shall we cry 'enough?' Now's the time to pool our strength and dollars. A little rope can become a long one provided we're willing to spin it into a strong cord. Don't forget the widow's meal. Some of the brethren must go into the world to gather in the substance of the gentiles. The Lord has declared this so. We'll repay our friends when we can. If you won't help me, I'll gather this substance myself. I'll have God's help, if I can't have yours. But after much consideration, I and my counselors, Sidney and Hyrum, have selected two of this Quorum to go East. These men, the two of them, will meet with me tomorrow for further instruction to save the bank of Kirtland."

During his pause the group stirred; their silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock and two long sighs.

Joseph nodded. His eyes stopped at Brigham Young. "Brother Brigham, you will lead this mission. Your assistant will be"—Joseph's glance shifted to Willard,—“the last man ordained to this Quorum.”

To Willard, Joseph's voice pealed like an organ. He felt a wave of approval passing from man to man. Confidence like this was a gift of manna. With unwonted self-reliance, Willard lifted his head, strength from God and his fellow priests rising within him. He was ready to commence his work. The land values will stand, he inwardly declared. And this time I am ready for my mission.

After the meeting, he gave Joseph his hand. "I'll be at your office precisely at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

That night, walking home with Brigham and Heber, Willard crooked the handle of his cane over his wrist and linked arms with his friends. As they sauntered across the common, the group fell silent. The March wind had softened to a whisper. The bare arms of the trees moved little against the moonlit sky. Confidences could not be aired here, but at the foot of the hill, when the men were about to separate, Willard could not help referring to the journey. "I feel that it's God's will that we raise these funds. Although everyone knows that dollars and stones are not the most important items in building a temple and a city, what can Joseph do without them? Money must be had."

"There are times when you can be a persuasive talker, Willard." Brigham's tone, though low, was brisk.

"With God's help to loosen my tongue from the everlasting block that hit me when I got sick, I may learn to be." Willard's confidence was apparent.

"You once ran the road for philosophy," Heber declared.

"Yes. And a number of ministers gathered about me. Later I preached against the old-fashioned medicine, the poison cures. That went against the grain with some of the cloth; but others gathered about me then, too. God blessed the means."

"He will again." In quick agreement Heber gave Willard the hand of fellowship.

Suddenly remembering something else of importance, Willard held on. "What about your promise to me, Hebe, the one you made in the name of the Lord, some three months ago?"

"That I'd take you with me to England, when I'm called to open our first mission on foreign shores?"

Willard loved Heber's assurance. "Yes," he said, "that's exactly what I mean. You prophesied that the keys would be turned there, that you'd lead this mission, and that I should go with you. What if the call comes while I'm out borrowing funds for the bank?"

"Let the day suffice for the task, Willard. The mission will come to pass. And if I go to England, you will go with me."

"How can you make this promise?"

"If I told you, you still wouldn't know. If you could understand, you wouldn't ask. The things of the spirit do not come through the ear."

"After many trials, Job heard with the heart." Willard spoke thoughtfully. "Yes, I've heard, and I'll not ask again, Heber."

"You've gone far," Heber replied warningly, "but you've got some distance to travel before you can turn prophet, Willard. Meanwhile meet every duty, but don't stub your toe. Learn to dodge the stumbling blocks!" Heber's laugh rang out across the river, dying away over the sleeping fields.

After a mission that had taken them to important cities along the way, such as Canandaigua, Batavia, Troy, New York, Providence, and Boston — where small sums of money had been obtained and much more had been half promised — the two missionaries for the Kirtland Bank again arrived at Willard's home in Richmond, Massachusetts. The following day, Brigham packed his valise, ready to leave for the West. Phineas and two of his sons expected to accompany him to Ohio.

As the travelers were ready to depart, Mother Rhoda stood in the kitchen of the old home, tears in her eyes, her love like a cloak around the shoulders of young George and Franklin. To Willard, this was almost like saying they had been blighted by the curse that had struck the family. "Oh, George," Ma asked Phineas' son, "why do you want to meet this Joe Smith?" Her voice was spent.

"I don't mean to be rude, Grandmother, but I must tell you that I long to go to Kirtland."

"When will we have another chance? We can't put off till tomorrow what we can do today." Young Franklin's shoulders stiffened. "Oh, Grannie, if only you could listen to the message!" Facing his Grandfather Richards, he said, "Why can't you try to open your heart, Grandpa?"

Joseph Richards shook his head, his lips puckering over the taste of this bitter cup. "Oh, God of Israel," he muttered, shuddering.

"Uncle, your sorrow will pass," Brigham offered kindly. "You've no need to suffer. Come and see how happy my father is."

Willard put his arm about his father's frail shoulder. "Pa, I wouldn't hurt you for a thousand head of horses. But goods, farm-lands, stock mean nothing in comparison to the Word of the Lord. God would direct your steps."

Joseph withheld his condemnation of Brigham's plan to meet a company of Saints in Albany, gathered there from Maine, Massa-

chusetts, Rhode Island, and New York State, even though the Havens and Rockwoods of Holliston would be there; and even though on the way to Kirtland, Phineas and the boys were to call for sister Hepsy. He simply said to his grandsons, "If I ever see either of you again, chances are you'll both have been dipped by the Mormons. I can't bear the thought. Give me your hand and go."

In sorrow, Willard passed his fingers over his mouth. Presently, the carriage, with brother William in the driver's seat, started for Hudson. William would return. He had published against the Mormons in the local paper. Hepsy had written to sister Rhoda, begging her not to send the paper to the relatives in Waterville, New York, lest the fighting words be read by those who scoffed at her for wishing to go to Kirtland.

Sister Rhoda glanced at Willard with bitterness. "How can you see them leave? Why couldn't you abide by the faith of our fathers?"

Willard felt almost unwelcome to remain in this house while waiting for news from the financiers. He had promised Brigham that he would tarry in Richmond until the answers they had sought were received. He gave sister Rhoda a pleading look. Upon these letters depended the true success of the financial mission, and he had to watch the post for a few days, or a few weeks, as the case turned out.

A fortnight passed without news. To make his cause more certain of success, he decided to drive down to Boston and again call on the men he and Brigham had solicited for funds. Hoping to put in some good strokes with sister Rhoda, he invited her to go along. They visited a hundred relatives, but always, Rhoda seemed to be reaching out to her kinfolk like a mother hen, trying to keep them together. She reminisced over letters and promised to write again. And Willard's joy over the money he received cooled when the Parkers once more turned a deaf ear upon his gospel testimony.

Rhoda herself held out against him. As they neared home, Willard promised her no relief from her lingering illnesses until she consented to be baptized. "Get you up now, out of Satan's path. Pack up your duds, and I'll take you to Kirtland."

"I'm tired." Rhoda turned aside her face.

"The troubles of an evil world are about to fall upon these green hills." Willard flushed. "Go to the city of God and enjoy the peace He's promised His children. He has said, sister, that He'll have a

righteous people, or He'll have none. I can promise you this, if Kirtland does not obey His word, it too will feel His wrath. You've *nothing* to lose."

She shrugged.

"Men of means have faith in us." In desperation, Willard appealed to her sense of thrift. "Why can not you?"

She sat with folded hands.

At home he set aside his distress over the unyielding members of his family. A letter from Mr. Fordham, of New York City, promised the money that he and Brigham had requested. Willard was to meet Mr. Fordham in Albany. Willard also found some letters guaranteeing some rewarding appointments at Troy and Batavia, and he was eager to start West. The only thing now holding him back was the lack of news from Kirtland, news that Brigham had promised.

Willard saddled William's stallion and started for the mail depot in Spencer's store, at West Stockbridge.

Behind the counter on this June day, his friend Augustine met him with a half-smile, a smile that seemed to taunt Willard for the sermon he had preached in the Spencer home.

"Anything for me in this week's express?" Willard asked, putting out his hand in an effort to be friendly.

Augustine slapped his palm on the counter. "Yes, there's news, a paper, but featherlight. It's worth only twenty-seven cents to the post."

"Maybe it's worth twenty-seven thousand to me." Willard had seen the Kirtland stamp. He pocketed the letter, waiting for a better place than this to read it.

"How do you like the West, Willard?" Augustine's words were insolent, a teaser.

With a swift glance at his pocket, Willard said, "Why don't you look Kirtland over and find out how you like the West, Aug? You've heard the gospel here. You could hear it there from the lips of the man who received it from the Lord."

The tilt of Augustine's strong chin became as defiant as his eyes. Still he replied softly, "I could do just that if I was so moved. Who knows but what I may? What are the chances for a man to make money out there among the *Saints*?"

"Excellent. But first of all a man must polish his soul till it's fit for the Quiver of the Almighty." Willard pulled his beaver hat down over his forehead. He walked to the mounting block.

When he reached a lonely spot on Dublin Road, he read the letter. He turned faint. Before he arrived home, his head was aching so violently that he had to feel his way into the house. Upstairs, he reread the message and sank to his knees, asking God for a sign. If he was to start for Kirtland without waiting for any more replies concerning finance, he prayed, his headache was to leave him before morning.

At two a.m. he woke, jumped out of bed and groped his way into the east room of the boys' attic. Reaching William's bed, Willard did not say that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had been arrested for breaking the banking laws of Ohio. Clutching his brother's shoulder, Willard said, "My headache's gone, William. I must catch the morning packet for Buffalo, and I want you to take me to Albany."

William grunted. Out of the dark he asked, "What's your hurry? Police after you? Want me to drive down that gap without an eye?"

"It'll be getting light within the hour." Willard again shook William's shoulder. He felt relieved when his brother yawned and said he calculated he could be disturbed. "Have I ever failed you?" he demanded half lovingly.

"Well," Willard reminded him, "you owe me forty dollars. And you're not freeing yourself of that with this, but let's start. I'll collect the money the next time I see you. I'll allow something off for the trip if you insist, but you know I ask this favor for my mission."

"You and I was yoke fellows in the field once. We're not that in your Lord's vineyard. I wouldn't belong to a fool sect that'd let anybody in for the mere dipping!" The voice had edged.

"I'll be ready in twenty minutes. Let's get going!" said Willard.

He disembarked from a sail boat at Fairport, twelve miles below Kirtland. On this Sunday morning of June eleventh the new wharf was deserted. Willard had been the only passenger to come down from Buffalo headed for this port. As he looked about the landing, the light dawned with a sudden flash of brilliance.

Toiling up through the hills on foot, Willard dropped his

heavy satchel every ten minutes to mop the sweat from his forehead and neck. Though the road was dusty and vacant, he was glad there was no transportation available. That would cost money. Yet when he was only half way to Kirtland, he put down his satchel, wondering whether he could reach Brigham's house without entirely melting.

The heat remained torrid. The road got steeper. I'll have to slow down, Willard thought. But now the desire to let Joseph and Brigham know that he had money for the bank was like a windmill whose whirling vanes were urging him to hurry.

At high noon he saw Brigham across the flats. Willard met him at the river, near the house. "What's your news?" Brigham demanded.

Before he spoke, Willard dropped to his knees to drink.

"Wait," said Brigham. "I've got spring water at the house. You're as red as a firebrand."

"I'll be all right," Willard gasped, "once I get my breath."

"Why didn't you take the coach?"

"There was none. Besides, Sidney's letter reached me at Richmond. The Lord gave me a sign—I was to start for Kirtland at once. I left at two o'clock in the morning, and here I am. I've got news, but so have you. What about Joseph? Who set the law on him, the Reformers?"

"Yes. But tell me about the money. Is there any?"

"Lots of it, but will it be enough to save the situation?" Willard's dream to help the Church brought back his voice. "I met Mr. Scribner at Troy and got a thousand dollars from him. Mr. Fordham of New York also granted our request to the cent. I saw him at Albany; no, he'd gone up to Troy too. But I found him as mad as a hornet; he was still angry because his son had become the first Mormon in New York City; so it seems, Mr. Fordham is demanding very high interest on a short-term note."

Willard named a number of promissory notes, declaring that most of them would fall due next October, and that none would run past February.

"October? February? How in darnation can we meet them then?" Brigham sounded grim.

Willard replied, "We've got to pay Kuhn and McNitt nine

thousand this autumn. I signed the note in the name of the Church, using your name and mine to do it."

Brigham's tone changed. "Thank God for the money! We'll use it wisely. If we make a new start we may save the situation. The Church will go on. Joseph's sending Heber to England. He starts in two days."

"Heber? England? Am *I* to go?" Willard searched Brigham's eyes, his face tense as he sought an answer which he did not find.

"Nothing's been said. Joseph's in hiding, in Hyrum's cellar." Brigham chuckled as if he thought the Reformers would never find him. But he said, "I'll take you there after dark; we're always on the lookout for peeping Toms."

After dusk the cousins turned west from the common, stopping on the south side of the first block. Brigham knocked three times at Hyrum's door. Heber opened it and threw his arms around Willard.

Joseph got up and gave Willard his hand. "I'll be with you in a moment, when I've finished my instructions to the elders. Brother Willard, this is Joseph Fielding, from Canada. He has a brother in Preston, England, a minister, who's invited the Mormon elders to visit him. And Brother Fielding's been writing to me all winter. The time has come to act."

Joseph Fielding put out his hand. Willard's hope of becoming part of the mission fell.

Brother Fielding's older than either Heber or me, Willard thought, attracted to the deeply-featured face with the determined mouth and well rounded chin.

He sat silently listening to the instructions.

The Prophet said, "I cannot warn you elders firmly enough to say nothing, absolutely *nothing* of the restoration of the priesthood through sign and vision in these last days." Every word was emphasized. He turned to explain his reason for this warning.

"Brother Richards," Joseph Smith said, "Brother Fielding tells me that many of the people in Lancashire, in the Ribble Valley, where the keys to the gospel will first be turned in England, can neither read nor write. They're taxed by crown and minister — king of the pulpit — until they pay for the very smoke that rises from the chimney. There the minister's word is law. The pastors teach the

people to ask no questions. They cannot understand the mysteries of the true Church until they know its first principles."

Again speaking to the missionaries, the Prophet said, "Since the mysteries are explained in the *Book of Commandments*, you'll naturally keep that book hidden until the time comes to show it. Never speak of John the Baptist's visit to me on the bank of the Susquehanna. Don't say I was baptized by him. Don't even mention the first of my visions."

With the candlelight flickering over his face, Joseph said, "Preach nothing but faith, repentance, baptism by immersion, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Give those people the first principles only. Let them suffice until it is made manifest by the Spirit to do otherwise." He sighed as if tired.

The missionaries left. Brigham and Willard remained to submit their report.

As he passed him, Heber made no effort to speak privately to Willard about the turning of the keys in England. But he pressed his hand, and Willard fancied that his tone carried a certain bearing upon the subject when he said, "I'll see you tomorrow, Will —"

It was after midnight when Willard remarked to Brigham as they walked home from their interview with Joseph, "I could hardly keep my mind on the accounts. My thoughts kept straying to England and Heber's prophecy. How does Hebe stand with the Lord, Brig?"

"You know how Heber stands, Willard."

"He promised me in the Lord's name that I should go with him. And I couldn't suppress the burning of my heart as I sat there listening to Joseph's instructions. I know that if the Lord wills it, I shall go to England. If not," Willard paused — "I'll have to content myself with the simple fact that I cannot. I'll rest my mind on the matter tonight."

The next morning, Willard met Heber beneath the cherry tree just outside the Kimball's front window. Heber went right to the point. "You won't be surprised to hear that I want you with me, Willard. I'm prepared to carry out my part of the bargain." The blunt tone rose.

Willard's round face showed his deep desire to go. What does

Joseph think?" he asked as if everything depended upon the Prophet's wish.

"Why don't you ask him? Come right out and tell him where the wind sits."

Unexpectedly crestfallen, Willard said, "It sits poor, Hebe. How can I go without money? The business mission took my last cent."

"So?" Heber laughed derisively. He turned his pants pockets inside out; they hung limp and ridiculous.

Willard reached up to pick a cluster of the red fruit near his shoulder. With a smile, he said, "When did you plant this tree, Hebe? It's bearing early, isn't it?"

Heber smiled.

But Willard again turned serious. "How can we go without any money?"

"Well, when Brother Joseph called me on my first mission, I didn't have a cent. During a meeting in the temple he walked down the aisle to where I was sitting. Reaching over the others on the bench, he said, 'Hebe, I want you to go on a mission. The Lord has just made it known to me.'"

"Yes?" Willard reached for another cluster of the red fruit.

"I'll be damned if I'll go," I said. "I haven't a dime." All Joseph did was look at me and laugh, and I knew I'd be damned if I didn't go."

"When do you leave for England?" Willard asked with a sudden change of spirit.

"At six o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I've got one day to get ready! Can I go to Joseph in broad daylight? I'll have to get his consent and his blessing!"

"Go and find him," said Heber. "Just keep your eye skinned when you enter Hyrum's yard."

Hepsy, who was living at Levi's house, washed and ironed Willard's clothes. She packed his satchel while he spent the evening of June 12th at Heber's. The social hour included Willard's brothers and his nephews. After a meeting in which men blessed each other and some spoke in tongues, Phineas cried, "I'm ready for baptism. I've never felt so near to the Lord."

"I'm going into the water, too," young George announced. "I'll

stay in Kirtland if Uncle Levi can use me in the carpenter shop. May I live with you and Aunt Hepsy, uncle?"

Sixteen-year-old Franklin said with the air of a man, "I'll not go in with you tonight, Pa. I need a little more time than this to consider."

"I don't need any further persuasion," said George.

Heber jumped to his feet. "Come on! Come on, everyone! Let's go to the river!"

The next morning with Heber, Orson, and Joseph Fielding, Willard called on Joseph Smith. They stood at his bedside. The Prophet was too ill to ride with the large party to see the missionaries off to Fairport. From his pillow, he once more blessed the four elders, who, on their way to New York City, would meet three Canadian converts who expected to accompany them to England.

With a wave of the hand, Willard looked back from the door, a tender convulsive movement of lip showing his love for Joseph and his desire to fulfill his mission.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

At six o'clock in the morning, July 30, 1837, in Preston, England, the sun shone for Willard with a special gleam through the beeches and long-branched sycamores on the broad bank of the River Ribble. The Mormon missionaries had gathered to baptize nine converts. The seven men had been in England only ten days, and yet these conversions had occurred.

The river ran wide and deep past the southern edge of Preston. The tide from the Irish sea had further widened the flow, pushing it farther up the steep and grassy banks. The field of grass on both the near and the far side of the river was broken by clumps of trees, some growing on the very verge of the stream.

Willard observed that for once the factories' sooted chimneys had not sullied the atmosphere. A fresh breeze, culling inland, was rippling the tidal waters, while the wind carried to the missionaries some of the remarks of the multitude, over a thousand persons, it seemed, who had come to watch the first Mormon baptisms in England.

One man within earshot of Willard exclaimed in disgust, "How can these people apostatize for those wretched eylders?"

"One of 'em's stepping down, e' is," said the man's friend, with contempt.

"George Watt, dost mean?" a third person indignantly broke in. "T' numskull. Who'd a-thought he'd entangle 'isself with these Mormon blasphemers?"

"'E's lost 'is senses, 'e 'as," said the first man, "leaving Vauxhall for the market place."

The scorn struck no dismay in Willard's heart, but he did feel a pang of sympathy for the Reverend James Fielding. The minister had opened his fine church, Vauxhall Chapel, about a mile and a half southeast of the market place, to the missionaries for their first preaching in England. Indeed it was he who had answered the

request of his brother Joseph, the Canadian, to bring some Mormon elders to the British Isles. When the Reverend James saw what was happening to his flock, he did his best to confound the message of faith, repentance, and baptism by immersion that the missionaries had brought.

But on this Sunday morning, Willard knew that these baptisms were of God, foreseen and foreordained. He pitied Mr. Fielding for his alarmed attempt to block the turning of the keys of the kingdom. His church might have become a shrine for the Lord's Word. It now stood with its doors locked against the missionaries.

"What a pity your brother's not one of those going into the water!" Willard whispered to his companion, Joseph Fielding, as he again saw the anguish of the minister when he had gone to Heber yesterday, in the elders' lodgings near Vauxhall Chapel. This was a fairly large church of red brick, with handsome cross-paneled windows and a high pulpit.

Upon hearing that nine of his flock had requested baptism, the Reverend James, scarlet browed, had accused Heber of being a Church wrecker. "You are a thief, a stealer of sheep!" he said, facing the apostle in his small room. "When I opened my chapel to you, you promised not to mention baptism."

Calmly studying his enraged accuser, Heber had answered the charge. "But I came here to turn the keys of the kingdom. These people are of age, free to act for themselves, and I shall baptize all who come unto me, and ask no favor of any man." He had held his head high.

The minister had turned from the steadfast dark eyes in despair.

Willard was roused from his sympathy by suddenly seeing the weaver, George Watt, and his friend come racing through the green field toward the bank. Both men had apparently changed their clothes in a near-by clump of bushes. In a flash of sudden enlightenment, Willard exclaimed to Joseph Fielding, "What a problem they've solved!" Already, Willard knew that though these Lancashire men were friendly to the bone, they were quick to take offense. "How could we have been the ones to name the first amongst nine to go into the water?"

Brother Fielding smiled, intent upon the race.

Puffing, pulling and stretching his muscles, showing with clenched fists and bent arms his desire to be first, each participant

sped toward Heber, who stood conspicuous in his white clothing against the dark stream, his hand outstretched.

"Hurrah for George Watt!" a man cried, not one of the converted, but a watcher who delighted in a good race.

"George Watt!" another man yelled as George tore down the bank.

"George Watt!" The cries rose.

"Devil's fools! Thowd lad's got 'em," said a black-bearded weaver as Heber clasped the winner's hand.

"Not to mention the blighters 'elpin' 'em to do it," his friend replied. "N' takin' the Lord's Day, at that!"

Ignoring the remark, Willard turned to Joseph Fielding. "Surely your brother will understand."

Joseph shook his head, hardly daring to think of his brother, who was not among this audience. And now both Willard and Joseph watched Heber take the winner of the race into the dark-stained Ribble, clear at its source, but muddy from the factories' waste here at its wide throat.

The breeze still moved gently toward the uplands, cutting away to the east, where the mooredge shelved into the green nabs and fells above. Willard tingled while Heber baptized the other converts. The first woman to be immersed was Ann Elizabeth, the invalid wife of Thomas Walmsley. He was carrying her into the water. The elders had taken supper with the Walmsleys. Ann Elizabeth, Lizzie for short, had not walked alone for months. The missionaries had gone to her bed to bless her with the laying on of hands for the recovery of her health. Heber had promised that the Lord would remember her if she would be baptized.

Even for the superior, the angry, and the curious, it was a solemn moment when little Lizzie Walmsley — carried into the river by her husband — walked out of the water and up the bank on her own two legs. A hushed silence fell over the crowd while a friend placed a robe over the invalid's emaciated shoulders. In Ann Elizabeth's eyes, Willard had perceived a stillness, as of a celestial experience, undeniably sensed by her as a gift of God.

Her husband, walking beside her, did not touch her. He looked mystified and triumphant in his own right. The people whispered and gesticulated toward Lizzie.

Willard took Joseph Fielding's arm. In staid old England, was

this event possible on the morning of the eleventh day of their visit? This baptism of nine and the miracle that all were observing? He had not dreamed of such a triumph as this in the turning of the keys.

To be sure, many signs had pointed toward a victorious opening. On board the sailing vessel, the Mormons had watched their ship edge out its rival in a race for the mouth of the Mersey. At the dock in Liverpool, Heber had jumped from a tender across the swirling black waters around the pier, the first aboard ship to land. Following Orson Hyde, the second apostle in the company, Willard leaped, thrilling to the ground of Britain.

Early on their third morning in England, their first in Preston, thirty miles north of Liverpool, one of the missionaries had been possessed by an evil spirit. In their lodgings in Wilfrid Street, Heber had successfully rebuked the devil but had himself fallen to his bed, unable for a moment to move after blessing the tortured victim. But he soon found his self-possession, and he had stopped Satan in his effort to halt the work before it was well begun.

A few minutes after the seven elders had arrived in Preston the previous afternoon, above the doorway of the inn where they were standing, near the market place, a banner was unfurled over their heads. In honor of the girl queen, Victoria, it read: TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.

The missionaries had clasped each other's hands, crying, "Yes, truth will prevail!"

And now only eight days following this declaration, Willard had just witnessed these amazing baptisms. The nine persons would be confirmed on the following Sunday. Since the Reverend Fielding had shut the doors of Vauxhall Chapel to the Mormons, Heber Kimball announced, though he stood in his dripping clothes, that he would preach in the Preston market place that evening near the "obelisk." "This I intend to do each night," he called, "and on the coming Sabbath we will hold an indoor meeting to confirm those who have accepted the truth."

Where the meeting for the confirmation would take place, no one quite knew, but it was bound to occur somewhere, Heber assured his newly baptized friends.

It so happened that Willard was not in Preston on that particular Sabbath. He and one of the Canadian missionaries, John

Goodson, had during the week been appointed to open the mission in eastern England. In the same council meeting, Isaac Russell and a companion were assigned to carry the work north to Cumberland, just below the Scottish border. Orson Hyde and Joseph Fielding would assist Heber in his labors along the Ribble, from the sea to the northeastern tip of Lancashire, and even into Yorkshire.

The next day the men separated to turn the keys of the kingdom in their respective fields, where, and as, the Lord directed.

Heber soon discovered that the Lord was with him in Preston. Two days after he had given Willard his farewell hug, he went to the Walmsley home on factory row. When he was admitted to the kitchen, he was taken aback by an oval-faced Lancashire lass of exquisite proportion. He found her standing near Sister Lizzie, dressed in fine dark wool, and wearing kid shoes.

In her coarse homespun, Sister Lizzie introduced Heber to Jennetta Richards, as her dear young friend. Inordinately proud of the mellow-voiced, grandly-clothed young queen in her kitchen, Lizzie almost lost her good Lanky dialect. "Miss Richards has come down fro' moors," she explained.

Heber soon learned that Miss Richards lived at Walkerfold, in Chaidgley, a length of village some ten or twelve miles up the Ribble, and off to the north, at the foot of the fell drained on the east by the Hodder. "You are a long way from home," he said, holding her hand a breath longer than necessary.

Strangely unobjecting when she returned the missionary's glance, though her flashing eye revealed the independent turn of her nature, she said, "Yes, I am." Flushing now, she withdrew her hand and told Elder Kimball that she had come down in a shandry to visit her brother John, a solicitor living in Preston, with his wife and child. The faint pink creeping into the lovely contour of her cheek, Jennetta said, favoring the household with her smile, "I came to see how an old acquaintance of my mother was enduring her bed, and I find her up. A miracle! She has told me."

"Miss Richards' faither is minister, the Reverend John, o' Walkerfold." Lizzie preened over knowing anyone so plush, a man to whom the women of a whole valley curtsied.

"A man of the cloth?" Heber scowled. "Church of England, High Church?" he asked, seeing the distance widen between his

converts and Jennetta. They were neither among the learned nor the well-to-do. And never had he seen such a broad distinction between rich and poor as in this country.

A smile lighted Jennetta's oval face, though the sensitive lips, by way of habit, patronized little Mrs. Walmsley. "My father is a Congregational minister. We live at the Manse at Walkerfold, near Chaidgley. His parish is small, but he's well respected."

"Her father is student o' classics, Greek and Hebrew," Lizzie supplied, as though the fact should be proclaimed to these Mormons who had arrived without such accomplishments. The miracle-performing elders could learn a thing or two from her people. She rose from her sofa, smoothed her apron, and walked to the great stone crock in the corner, dipping for Heber a pot of nettle beer as if she must show him without any verbal bragging her new-found health.

Jennetta watched every step. She turned to Heber. "Tell me," she said thoughtfully, "what is this gospel you've brought to England?"

"I should like to answer your question this evening. I'm preaching in the market place, near the obelisk."

Jennetta put out her hand. As Heber touched her fingers, she said, "I should like an answer. What have you got that my father lacks? A knowledge of Greek and Hebrew does not touch the spirit as you have affected the people who have heard you."

Heber nodded. "You must be with us."

Jennetta said, "But I'll have to obtain my brother's consent to come to the market place."

"I think you'll understand my message, if you do," Heber returned as if both she and the kingdom were being honored by this chance meeting. The daughter of a Congregationalist, he seemed to say, could hardly know the story of Christ as he would teach it. "God," he said, "is a God of love, who judges men by their works."

Jennetta went to her brother's office, a room in his home. John Richards, the solicitor, told her she would be degrading herself to walk to the market place with women clogging over the cobbles, rattling their wooden shoes as if to drum up trade for these foreign beggars of souls. "Do you want them to call you Sister? Would you call those mill hands without privilege or taste your brothers?"

Jennetta replied, "Will you not come with me, brother? Just to see what the message is like?"

"You think I'd be listening to a blasphemer?"

Jennetta looked into the stern eyes. Her shoulders lifted. "Then I shall go without your consent."

"I forbid you."

In her brother, she had struck rock bottom. The flint of the Lancashire nature, his by right of their mother, a Lancashire lass herself, born in Kirkham, turned his voice as cold as the sea. "It's my duty to protect you from an uncouth, unlearned monger of cheap words."

"The more you say against the message, the more I desire to hear it." The Welsh of her father's spirit, added to the Lancashire blood of her mother, gave a stubborn line to Jennetta's chin.

"Jeanett—" Her brother's use of her pet name was intentionally colored to impress her with his wisdom.

"Brother, I shall go, and I shall ask Mistress Walmsley's permission to stay with her tonight." In her own way, Jennetta was as fiercely proud as he.

Under the flaring light of a market torch, to the accent of clogs on cobblestones, she listened to Heber's sermon. He kept his eye open to her reception as he preached near the town monument, a stone column of irregular circular dimension, popularly called the obelisk.

Wearing her fine shoes and lady's gloves, and her silk bonnet and cloak, Jennetta looked strikingly different from the roughly shawled and hollow-cheeked millhands whom for the most part Heber had attracted. An old man in wooden shoes was dripping vinegar sauce down his coarse smock from a black pudding that he was eating. Jennetta had enjoyed hearing a woman vendor cry, "Dosta want a fatty 'un? An' what's to want on it—mustard or vinegar?" She handed him the small fist-shaped pudding made of blood and groats, on a cracked plate. The old man smacked his lips on the last taste, and wiped his chin with his sleeve, just as Heber commenced to appeal for faith and repentance.

Jennetta did not shrink from her close contact with these people of hardship. Still she ignored their need, even though there were young men and women in the crowd so faint-looking that Heber

feared some might fall at his feet. He had already seen one Lancashire girl drop dead from starvation. On the edge of his present group, a girl had taken her place with a basketful of offal she had gathered to sell later as fuel. But almost within reach of the beggars, whose outstretched baskets all but mouthed the plea for a bite of food of any kind, Jennetta stood, equally intent.

On her other side, clustered the converts whom Heber had baptized only three mornings ago, listening to his repetition of the first principles.

“— And let me tell you,” Heber continued, “the truth is for the rich as well as the poor; for the humble as well as the high. In the kingdom of the Lord a man stands on his record for good deeds. Do you love God? Do you believe in the atonement? Will you be baptized for the remission of your sins by going into the water, and later receive the gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of hands? My friends, through faith, repentance, and baptism, you are heirs to continual improvement in eternity. Heaven is for the godly, for you, do you but earn that state. We have come to bless the like of you, and through the priesthood vested in us to confer upon you the gift of the Holy Ghost. It is yours for the asking if you will only repent your sins, exercise your faith, and go into the water, believing in the example and sacrifice of Christ.”

The next evening Jennetta went again to the market place to hear Heber preach. At the Walmsleys' later that night she asked Heber to baptize her before she returned to Walkerfold.

He met her the following morning at the water's edge, and took her into the river. When she came up the sloping green bank she accepted a robe from Sister Lizzie. The sun had lost none of its northern glory, and under the dark-splotched branches of the long-reaching sycamores, Heber laid his hands upon her head, conferring upon her the gift of the spirit, making her the first actual member of the Church baptized and confirmed in England.

At the conclusion of the blessing she opened her enraptured eyes and put her hand in his.

An hour later, when Jennetta was ready to step into the cart that would take her to Walkerfold, her expression had changed. She looked at Heber with dismay, tears on her lashes. “Oh, what shall I tell my father?” Her fine-toned voice showed for the first

time a hint of doubt and alarm. "I'm sure my brother would have forced me to return to his home had he dreamed I'd act in such haste. But I'm not sorry!"

Heber patted her shoulder. He said, "Be of good cheer, my dear. Tell your father exactly what you've done, and ask him to invite me to preach in his chapel. We shall invite your brother to our meetings here."

Not quite twenty years old, Jennetta looked as if it would not be easy to confess to her father, but she promised to do as Heber asked.

And that day, August 4th, Heber wrote to Willard, addressing him in Bedford, in care of the Reverend Timothy Matthews, the Reverend James Fielding's brother-in-law: ". . . Today I baptized your wife."

When Willard opened his letter some two days after it was written, he sat back in his chair in his new lodgings, gaping at the words. How did Hebe find a girl for me? And so he has picked my wife? And I've nothing to say about it? Still a strange tingling suddenly ran through the pit of Willard's stomach, and he felt flowing within his own veins the river of life.

Unreasonably, he decided, he all at once found himself unable to smile a second time over Heber's extravagant statement. His prophecies had in the past come unbelievably true. Willard pictured himself in Kirtland, and those two quick days after his return from his mission to the East, indebted in the name of the Church for thousands of dollars — and his blessed but abrupt departure for England — all according to Heber's word, spoken six months earlier.

Here I am, Willard thought, in a strange land, without purse or scrip, but with friends already made and a wife predicted. He cut short his insistent smile. Who is she, this daughter of a *Congo** minister, who already has my name?

Heber had not described the quick smile that had sent such a lilting cadence over Jennetta's thoughtful features, but he had told Willard that after bidding her goodbye he had hastened to the other missionaries in Preston to tell them what Jennetta had said when she rode away in the cart. And together the brethren had prayed, asking God to soften her father's heart.

*Congregational

In a letter Willard received a few weeks later, Heber described the rare beauty of the Hodder Valley, and Willard could see the fells rising from the banks like well-filled breasts. For six months, as he tramped the rain-soaked tracks of Bedfordshire, he lived with a vision of this girl in tree and forest, on green and down. His wonder deepened at Heber's prophecy as he again heard from him in regard to Miss Richards and the organization of the Church in the moors, beginning at Walkerfold.

As Jennetta had begged, her father had written, inviting Heber to preach in his chapel:

"Sir — You are expected to be here next Sunday. You are given out to preach in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. Although we be strangers to one another, yet I hope we are not strangers to the cause of our blessed Redeemer; else I should not have given out for you to preach. Our chapel is but small and the congregation few; yet if one soul be converted, it is of more value than the whole world.

"I remain in haste,
John Richards."

When Heber converted nearly all of the "few" in this small but far-reaching parish, Mr. Richards' Welsh nature made him more than a stranger to Heber Kimball. Instead of proving a fellow-laborer in the cause of the "blessed Redeemer," the kindly old gentleman became a diminutive mountain of stone — cold, blunt, and as immovable as the rocks of his native land. He forbade Heber the use of his chapel and the hospitality of the Manse, which he had provided the Mormon free of charge for the past nine days.

Heber found in Mrs. Richards an equally proud and unyielding streak. Generous to a fault with him at first, even disregarding her daughter's mistake, though completely startled that her gently-bred lass could so forget herself as to come dripping from the mill-filth of the Ribble — and so exposed, at that! But as to the act's having any significance, that of course was absurd.

"In her heart, my Jeanett has not apost'ized from her father's faith," Mrs. Richards had informed Heber.

The missionary had merely raised his brows and continued to accept the hospitality of the home and chapel. But when Mrs. Richards discovered her husband's fold also turning their faces West, her anger kindled. The news that Jennetta had been baptized was

now out among her friends. They did not know whether to laugh or to hold their skirts when she passed by.

"She has stepped down," it was said in that high and mighty way which cut her off from all sympathy.

"My dear, she has made a spectacle of herself," said another parishioner to a friend of Miss Richards. "She has indeed, believing the outrageous claims of this unknown foreign sect!"

"'Ow could she do it — make hersel' equal with them that's so low—" was asked by the maids who had curtsied to minister's daughter for the favor of her smile, for the gift of a worn petticoat or a cast-off dress.

Before Mr. Richards forbade him the use of this chapel and the warmth of his home, Heber saw Jennetta's forlorn position. She was now neither of one class nor another. He saw the consternation created in the parish by his sermons, the horror, disdain, and contempt on the part of some, the satisfaction and growing self-respect on the part of others. But he refused to apologize for any confusion he had brought about. Rather, he bluntly informed the minister that he, the Reverend John, was cutting himself off from the blessings he might have enjoyed. That was his, the clergyman's mistake.

Mr. Richards was appalled by the assertion. He told his beloved younger daughter that to continue her alliance with this blasphemous sect would mean her exile from home. And Heber wrote to Willard that she was passionately fond of her parents and her sister, Elizabeth, now sent to Preston, to live with her brother John, lest she, too, come under the hypnotic influence of the Mormon elders. Heber suggested that Jennetta's mettle was being tested, and proving true, it would place her as a leader among women the world over — for this was a movement to reach all kindreds, tongues, and peoples. "If only she withstands the buffetings till you return," Heber wrote to Willard, "you can make her happy. I could give her much good advice if I could only reach her. But she is now cloistered, and I cannot pass the porter at her gate."

Willard tried to imagine Jennetta's joy and her sorrow. He tried to picture her parents and her home in that most beautiful of all northern valleys in England. Starting at Walkerfold, Heber's newly formed district had spread north into Yorkshire; and over Longridge

Fell, southwest of Walkerfold, to Ribchester. East of the village of Walkerfold, and of Chaidgley, its neighbor, Heber and his companions had extended the work across the Hodder and back again to the Ribble Valley. Eleven miles to the southeast of Walkerfold, at Clitheroe, the missionaries had established their most populous branch, nearly thirty souls. And from there the elders had moved still farther into the uplands, until the branches all but encircled Pendle Hill, the bald-browed landmark of northeastern Lancashire.

By the first of the year Heber could write to Willard that his converts now numbered nearly fifteen hundred souls. His work, he said, spanned the whole shire, from the sea to the far slope of Pendle Hill, and to the very source of the Ribble, in Yorkshire.

This astounding progress served only to cast Willard into a state of gloom over his own pace. In Bedford a different story had unfolded. Before the Reverend James Fielding had become incensed at the elders, he had given Willard an introduction to his brother-in-law, the Reverend Timothy Matthews, of Bedford. Commencing work in the Matthews rectory, Willard had hoped to move ahead at his own good pace. And after he and Brother Goodson had preached only twice they heard their first requests for baptism.

Unlike Mr. Fielding, Mr. Matthews was not upset by the candidates. He grandly decided that he himself should do the immersing. He asked the seven independent souls to meet him at the River Ouse.

Willard had arrived at the secluded nook just in time to raise his hands in horror. "You cannot confer upon another what you have not got to confer!" he cried down the bank, knowing that Mr. Matthews had not yet received the gift of the Holy Ghost at the hands of the elders, nor had he been ordained to the priesthood in the Mormon Church.

Willard, being ignored, called loudly, "This is an offense before God!"

The women in the water looked up in such fear that Mr. Matthews coughed slightly and said, "Let us return to our homes. I shall take care of you later."

Secretly, that evening, Mr. Matthews baptized himself.

Hearing of the impertinence, Willard, with John Goodson, confronted the minister in his study. "Of all the heaven-daring, conscience-searing deeds!" Willard exclaimed.

Mr. Matthews went on reading, neither looking up from the page nor deigning to speak.

Piqued, John Goodson offered a flurried explanation of the difference between the Mormon elders and the unbaptized Englishman. And now John broke the most important of all of Joseph Smith's instructions. The Prophet had cautioned the missionaries to say nothing of his vision of the heavenly beings or the mysteries of the Church. In other words, they were to make no reference to the restoration of the priesthood to the earth. Before the English people could advance into deeper thought, they must learn the first three principles of the gospel in their simplest form.

Willard tried to interrupt the story, but Mr. Matthews was eager to hear it. Thus encouraged and egged on, John continued.

Upon returning to his lodgings, Willard felt ill and repentant for his mistake in failing to prevent what had happened. Only after much persuasion did he and Elder Goodson succeed in baptizing their seven original converts. Other friends who had at first been interested were now contemptuous. And feeling discouraged, Elder Goodson left first for London, then for Preston, and later for America.

During the following months, Willard — living without purse or scrip — made few friends in any of his three small branches. He had no one at first to care for his physical needs, for he felt it necessary to continue the explanations that John had begun. Losing over seventy-five pounds in weight, he wrote to Heber, saying that his "bones were covered with leanness and his body with rags."

Heber sent an immediate reply, with Orson Hyde acting as scribe:

"Get you out onto the green, into the market place, on the sward, by the river. It requires no little faith to live in England by preaching the Gospel, and I have learned that our old fashioned Yankee 'Spirit' is the principal ingredient in this precious compound."

Heber pleaded with Willard to stay with the first three principles of the Church, to advance no further at this time.

But simple preaching did not help Willard now. One week he wrote in his journal that he had reason to thank the Lord for a loaf of bread. Another week he gave thanks for a slice of meat. Finally

he got so hungry that he could not help expressing his feelings to his sister Rhoda.

"... Sister," he wrote, "if you want to know what has been my situation for the last ten weeks, imagine yourself five thousand miles from home amongst a people where all the wealth is in the hands of a few ... and you could not pass their outer gate without a porter ...

"Then imagine every garment you have worn threadbare, and after all the mending you can give it you had twenty holes through your overcoat, some of them two or three inches long, and yourself going from house to house and from village to village among a people no better off than yourself; some ... would relieve you, had they the means, but most of them are opposed to you. ... You might ... go on mile after mile ... asking for a bit of bread in the name of the Lord and not get one mouthful, and if, through the goodness of God, you should get a dry crust, instead of being invited into the house, you could have the privilege of going your way and gnawing it like a dog in the street. . ."

But Willard did not let matters rest with this statement. He said he never had been so happy.

And then, just as he was getting his three small branches well established, he received word to return to Preston by March 8th. Why? Willard wondered, contrasting his forty converts with the nearly fifteen hundred members of the Church in Lancashire. Why are Heber and Orson cutting the mission short? As he sat in his lodgings reading Heber's latest letter, Willard asked himself, "What can he mean? What now of his prophecy concerning Miss Richards?"

Making up his mind to return to Preston, Willard decided to hold a joint meeting with all his Saints.

Gathering at the home of Ann Braddock — at whose hearth Willard had by now enjoyed many a friendly "warm" — they came in answer to the call, arriving from the three points of his twenty-mile triangle.

To his amazement the women presented him with a hand-tailored suit of homespun. Mist gathered in his eyes when he attempted to express his appreciation. He tried on the rough-textured jacket, finding it an excellent fit, he said. He laughed about the yards of cloth the sisters might have required had he not lost so much weight.

And little Sister Braddock ventured that he was a handsome figure to fit.

The evening Willard ordained Brother Lavender as a priest, setting him apart to preside over the Bedfordshire Saints. Willard prayed earnestly for the continued faith of the people. With confidence in his first officer's tact and judgment, he bade his group a farewell rich with emotion.

When — after his absence of nearly eight months from the Preston market place — Willard once more stood near the obelisk, waiting for a coach to take him, with his valise, over the hill to Pole Street, he was still asking himself why Heber and Orson were going to America so soon. They had told Willard he might go with them if he liked. But what of Heber's prophecy, Willard wondered, smiling but again tingling as he pondered the question. In what frame of mind will I find Miss Richards? If I should go to America now, he assured himself, I'll not leave until I have seen this lass who lives in the moors.

The gloom of the March day was nothing to him. He pictured Jennetta standing beside the obelisk last August, listening to Heber, feeling dawn within her breast the unmistakable sign that summoned her to follow in his footsteps. When? How shall I meet her, this girl I have seen in vision?

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Late that afternoon, Willard made the fifth missionary to gather in the kitchen of Jane Dawson's house, on Pole Street. Sister Jane, Heber's and Orson's landlady, had been one of the nine baptized in the Ribble last July when Willard had watched the ceremony. She bustled around the kitchen, preparing oatcakes and bovril for supper. Willard longed to take Heber into the front room and put his tingling question about Jennetta Richards, but here was Isaac Russel, just arrived from Cumberland. He, too, had been left alone in his field of labor, his companion having fled to America. In Isaac, however, Willard detected a certain sympathy for the desertion. "I've been here eight months," he was complaining, "and made sixty converts. What's the use?"

"The use?" Willard repeated. "I was left alone to struggle and starve with fewer than that. But the Saints of my small branches have given me a suit of clothes, and the Lord has given them a testimony that a few hard knocks won't crack."

I can't ask Heber anything personal in front of Elder Russell, Willard thought, feeling relieved when Sister Jane invited the brethren to be seated for supper. To be sure, it was now impossible to speak of the lass in the moors; Sister Dawson would be the first to detect the least hint of romance.

That evening Heber demanded privacy for his council meeting. Closing the door to his room — the parlor — he asked Willard to lead in prayer. A few moments later Heber suggested that it would be wisdom for some of the elders to remain in England. And again his intent eyes turned from Willard to Isaac.

Isaac stared back. "I've got a wife in America. I won't leave her alone forever."

Joseph Fielding, expecting to marry an English girl, exclaimed, "But we can't leave all these people here without a shepherd!"

"Exactly," Heber replied. "It looks like out of the seven elders

who came here, two should be willing to remain for a season. Brother Orson and I have got to go home."

"You haven't given us the reason, Heber. What's your haste? What has put you on the run?" Willard asked.

Heber gave Isaac a long look and then apparently decided to speak. He announced that in America the Church had been driven from one extremity to another. The Ohio Saints had removed to northwestern Missouri. Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Brigham Young had been forced to flee from Kirtland in the night. There had been a price on their heads. All were wanted by both the apostates and the law.

In the name of the Kirtland Anti-Banking Safety Society, Brigham had borrowed thousands of dollars, Orson Hyde said, his blunt blue eyes concealing nothing.

"Our business mission!" Willard gasped. "Had I stayed I'd have a price on my head! My name is on those notes." He whistled. "Maybe I *should* go home, Hebe. How strange that I should be here at all."

"I was with you in Kirtland when Brig said he'd release you from the business affairs." There was no uncertainty in Heber's voice when he jogged Willard's memory. "Brigham promised to take over the money matters."

"Yes," Willard nodded, torn between two allegiances, his duty to England, his duty to the Church in America.

As if reading his friend's thoughts, Heber continued. "The Lord wants you to stay in this vineyard, Willard. You've got a great work to perform here. You've been through a hard school, but you'll go through a harder one before you graduate to a higher kingdom."

Willard sat with his boots extended toward the meager fire, grim, yet ready to meet any test. He reminded himself that Heber was a man who could direct, who could speak in tongues, who could see into the future, and who could also give a fellow worker an equation in simple English.

Heber said, "Orson and I are going to Missouri as fast as ships and shanks can take us there. First, the Mormons were forced out of Jackson County, in Missouri, then out of Clay; now we've been given our own tract of land in that state, a county by itself, almost to ourselves."

"Parcelled out of the old settlers' diggings," Orson Hyde inter-

rupted. "We haven't tried to keep the pukes off our land, but they're fighting like hell because we've come, challenging our right to vote."

"They don't want us to plant the land we've turned," said Heber. "They won't let our children go to the schools we've built."

"And when it comes to the vote we're too damn big to suit their guts. I know we've been a bit cantankerous ourselves," Orson admitted. "We can carry any election, and that's why they take to clubs and corn knives to keep us away."

"Joseph's building a new city," said Heber quietly. "He needs money, and I have some to take him."

"He needs all the help anyone can give," Willard agreed with obvious emotion. "But," he said, "I see what you mean about this field. But it's been so well tilled, I wonder if I can keep it cultivated."

Heber had been begging Willard by letter to preach simply, to speak simply, to give the people no higher doctrine than they could digest. He had said over and again to leave the mysteries to the future, when the poor amongst the Saints who had never had a chance to go to school, who had never been taught to analyze any gospel, could rise to the complexities of the restoration in its fullness. "You don't feed a baby strong meat," Heber had written to Bedford. "How can you ask your converts to swallow more than they can handle?"

Willard now looked at Joseph Fielding. "You were born in this country. You understand the people. You've been here eight months and you've got a fine record, but I've had much to learn. It's been hard for me to realize the people don't want to know all the whys and wherefores of God's plan."

"That's just it," Heber agreed. "You must be careful, Willard. People aren't going to chew their cud over the Word as you did in Kirtland. I saw you studying there. But here they take you at your first breath or they don't take you at all. They've clung to me, begging me to lead them into the water so they can be saved. The blessed principles of faith, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost are all we teach. It's all they ask — those we've made to feel equal before the Lord."

Orson Hyde continued the theme. "The hearts here as well as the bellies are empty. People pay a tax on the very smoke that rises from their chimneys to give the minister his dole. He does their thinking. He speaks a language they can't understand."

Joseph Fielding continued: "They sell their cows or their pig to raise the tax. Their garden shrinks. The women go to the factories, trying to make ends meet. They work from six to six. And the children go into the mills almost before they can walk. The poor weans are given only an hour or so for school, when their little bellies are crying for food."

"I know," said Willard. "I've seen poverty in Bedford — women working in shoe factories; I've seen them making lace by a light so dim I wondered how they did not blind themselves. I'll keep my preaching simple, Hebe, and I'll try to reach the people."

"Don't offend them while you're *reaching*," said Heber. "I never saw a crowd so friendly who are so quick to take offense over the wrong word, the wrong look, even. And once you're at outs with any of them, you're out forever, it seems. They can't forget so little a thing as a muddy footstep on a clean floor. Wipe your feet at the door. For God's sake, Willard, don't forget the scraper at the door."

"Willard will have no trouble," Joseph Fielding added. "He can please if he tries."

"Well," said Heber, "you still may have to use the pruning knife. If corruption starts, cut it out, root and branch. You'll have your problems. We've raised the people up, raised them above their own heads."

"Taken them in as equals, and they're not used to it," Joseph Fielding said. "For two thousand years the people of England have looked up to their betters. Suddenly we put out our hands and say Brother so and so, Sister so and so. Their stomachs go in, their shoulders rise, their chins lift. They don't know where to stop. We even ordain some of the brethren to the priesthood, a privilege beyond their richest dreams, sometimes far beyond their comprehension; and then we walk on thin ice."

"But you'll walk," Heber declared. "And you'll be in charge." He spoke directly to Joseph and Willard. "And never let me hear, when you write to me in Missouri, that you've faltered, no matter what the provocation."

Over these distinctly deliberate words, Willard drew his feet away from the blaze, tucking them under his chair as he straightened, disappointed that he had not heard a word about Jenetta Richards. "I think we should pray about all this," he said, his forehead ridged. His thoughts moved away from his lass in the

moors as he dwelt upon the miracle of the gift of clothes in Bedford, and he took hope that he could make friends in Lancashire.

Still, no one mentioned Jennetta. Willard had no chance to ask about her, but now his ears pricked up. Heber said, "You can get acquainted with the branches, Willard, by taking a tour up the Ribble with Brother Fielding." And then the tumult within Willard's breast turned cold. The instructions were against him.

Heber said, "Once you get to Walkerfold, you'll turn away from the Manse. Whatever you do, don't try to visit the Reverend Richards. Starting from his chapel, we organized all the branches in that district. You'll visit every one of them; and you'll hold cottage meetings with the people who live near enough to gather. You'll instruct every group you meet to come down to the Clarks' in Ribchester, for a district conference on March 22nd. Orson and I will meet you and Joseph there, and all the Saints for miles around. You must bring them out, as many as possible, for we've got to drum up the first general conference of the Church in England, to be held on April 8th, in Preston." Heber had spoken slowly.

"But I'm not to stop at the Manse itself?" Willard looked dumfounded. He knew that Heber was at outs with Mr. Richards, but he had hoped to make things right.

"I can't tell you strongly enough that you're not to stop there!" Beyond that remark Heber would not go. He discussed the branches at the foot of Pendle Hill, those in Yorkshire, and those in the valley of the Hodder other than the one at Walkerfold itself. Before he was through, Willard understood perfectly that there might as well be a moat and a stone wall ten feet high between him and the house where the girl he was destined to marry lived.

Orson said, "You'll visit many a home before you get to Walkerfold, Willard, and you'll tell these hard-bitten folk how blessed they are to come together as equals. You'll tell them of the ancient prophecy that mentions the gathering from the whole world, when the tribes of Israel shall once more stand together at the feet of a prophet. And you'll say that such a prophet now lives in America, where many of these people will go, having a chance to gather unto themselves lands, goods and blessings, without number."

Willard nodded, saying he would be thankful to take this tour with Brother Fielding. He felt certain that it would indeed be a fine opening for him. With the mention of Walkerfold, his imagination

had at first leaped hill and dale to take him to the Manse and the tiny white church, to the girl and the girl's father. But now he understood that even though he might touch the church as he went down the track from Thornley to Chaidgley, passing through Walkerfold half way between the two villages, he was not to stretch forth his hand to try.

"I understand." Willard's reply was shaded.

Like Orson, Heber had not glanced at Elder Russell while giving the instructions. He now rose, and putting his hand on Willard's shoulder, said, "Go, and God bless you. Start your tour at Blackburn by way of the Saints' homes along the mooredge. From there walk up through the high moors and back to the Ribble. You've a lot of visiting to do. It should take you at least three days to get to Ribchester."

Willard accepted his lot. He said, "Brother Fielding and I will see that you and Elder Hyde get a rousing good reception at the Clarks', and we'll most certainly advertise the conference for April 8th. What time do we cross the river in the morning, Brother Fielding?"

Heber smiled. "You'll catch the early ferry for Walton-le-Dale."

Willard ducked his head, a sign to Heber, telling him he realized that if he were to meet Jennetta it would be only as and when Providence willed.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Leaving Preston with its pall of smoke behind him, Willard started his long climb up the moors, hoping that he would find something personal for himself in this tour. But in almost every cottage that he and Joseph Fielding visited along the mooredge, old folk, looking after the young while parents worked, seemed always to ask, "N' where is Eylder Kimball?"

"Ee' n' thi' says so! T' America? God bless us, cat's amongst pigeons now! Wha' 'll we do?" To the awed face would go the quick hand.

"Come to conference," was Joseph's stock reply. "Come on April 8th and see Elder Kimball before he leaves for America."

Feeling the frank, curious eyes taking him in, Willard would speak up, praising cats, babies, gardens-on-the-make, anything to let the people know he was offering his friendship and understanding of their problems. Struggling to interpret the warm, blurred speech and tantalizing expressions, he would give his friends many a gay laugh over his Yankee blunders. He was ready with a kindly pat and a look of interest for the children. The children were the beloved of God, he managed somehow to suggest, through them the most distant strangers could meet in the kingdom of the Lord.

On the third day out, leaving the dense smoke of Blackburn, Willard felt such an excitement and exhilaration that he had to tell his silly heart not to make a nuisance of itself. Thoughtful, climbing the moor in silence, he wondered where his meeting with Jennetta would take place. How has she gotten on? he asked himself for the thousandth time. Has she stayed true? If so, has our faith torn her from her parents?

Assuming that she had not abandoned Christ, he sensed the gift she must have placed upon the green step of the Lord's House. He sensed the burning suck that must have drained her heart, and he

longed to tell her he understood her offering — what it had cost, how it had hurt, the courage it had taken to remain true. He wanted to tell her of the satisfaction she would know in seeing her future work cut out through the direction of the Lord. As the dark pall over Blackburn grew more distant, Willard felt grateful to Brother Fielding for allowing him his dream.

A half-day's walk in the salt-fresh, glistening air finally brought the missionaries to the top of a long dip. Once again the valley of the Ribble opened to their view. Bare-branched woodlands edged the river as it wound past the ancient Roman fort at Ribchester, far below.

The afternoon was almost done with. The air cooled as the men dropped down the slope. Breaking through the bracken, Willard disclosed a clump of primrose, kingcup, and wood anemone shining with a pale light. The odor of wild onion rose, and some rotted leaves added their richness of time and season to the smell of the marsh fronds.

Strange contrasts abounded everywhere. To the right, over his shoulder, Willard saw the moors brooding under the curving walls which laced their bare slopes, darker lines than ever in the gathering dusk. Like long altars, they too spoke of time and timelessness. Willard almost felt the brush of wings from the storied witches of Pendle Hill hovering over the reality of flock and fodder, where one man's sheep did not graze another man's pasture.

Finally crossing the river and mounting the rise beyond, the elders passed Ribchester's sign of the White Bull Inn. Above a Doric doorway, stood an ancient stiff-legged wooden symbol of the public house, painted white. Again the moldering past became the present; but Willard refused the impact. He had set his heart on the future, on the immediate future, rising and falling — soft with a girl's deep breath.

The din of voices welcoming him and Joseph Fielding to the Clark home did not diminish with the news of the meeting to be held at their house on March 22nd. "Ee'," Sister Clark's hazel eyes blinked as in a flurry of wind. "Ee'," she said, "'n I'll be takin' stockings off table toneet. N' to cap t' lot, I'll have to do my moppin' out ahead of time!"

"Nothin' t' sort," Brother Fielding calmly interrupted. "Let

childers go right on clogging table legs. Leave stockin's on, and don't mop out before the meeting."

Willard recalled his recent instructions about the scraper. Teasing Sister Clark, growing slightly bolder, Willard suggested, "You *could* think of the apostles and Saints, Sister, rather than the flagstones."

"A mucky beggar, I? Not by a gude tooth! Apostles *and* stones! Freends 'll walk on clean flags in this house."

Oblivious of Joseph's glance, Willard laughed heartily.

The next morning the two men separated, Joseph to continue up the Ribble to the Pendle Hill branches; Willard to cross Longridge Fell and go down into the Hodder Valley, where he would surely see Jennetta at one or another of his cottage meetings!

After a steep, hard pull up the Roman track, he reached the top of the long hill. His lungs swelled and emptied. His temples pounded. To the west, the sea gleamed grey. Northward, biting up through the flow of moor and down, a row of ragged roughtops held the green light cast by Scotland's forested reflection. But the cool glow disappeared. Mist breathed. Summits shrouded, and in a moment the rain pelted the brown, unfurled heather at Willard's feet.

He held his umbrella against the gale and at last crossed a stile on the track to Thornley, near Walkerfold. Soon he was boot-deep in a bed of sodden bracken. Plodding forward, he made his way around a dripping holly hedge and then alongside a field running with mud. Here a plaid of tiny farms, each about the size of a woman's shawl, was crisscrossed with holly and stone, fingers of division.

Now for a space there were no walls. Cultivated fields gave way to a clump of trees surrounding the Hall. The only cottages Willard saw hugged the slope of the fell in lonely looking fashion. Nevertheless, in two of them he expected a warm welcome. The Mercers and Kays were his families; and surely one of the fathers would give him the latest news of Jennetta Richards.

Willard could hardly convince his numb heart that she existed when he heard nothing of her in a meeting in which the two families gathered, nothing concerning either the minister or his daughter. For willful silence the English were without peer! If a

man did not wish to speak, there could be a stone of silence in his kitchen, over which he would not nod.

Willard had told his families about the meeting in Ribchester and the gathering in Preston, saying he was using the word *gathering* with a strangely particular meaning. In this doctrine the Church was restoring an ancient principle in which the children of the Lord, the world over, would come together in a central gathering place. And these little places, such as Preston, would offer the first richness of the gathering in Europe. The Saints, the descendants of the Children of ancient Israel, would represent many fields while they worshiped together.

The meeting in Preston would be something glorious where a plan of action toward which the Saints could build would be presented. They'd mourn their loss if they deprived themselves of the first conference in England, Willard warned. The Mercers and Kays understood him with remarkable ease. He had never dreamed of such a reception. He found only one disappointment. These former Walkerfold parishioners had not given him the satisfaction of a single word about Jennetta.

The next morning he left the Mercers to move north toward Chipping. Stemming the track he felt convinced that for him to ask anyone about her would be his greatest possible mistake. No moorland Saint must be allowed to detect his interest in Jennetta. She had already been discussed, practically "dissected" by all who knew her — both the poor and the gentry — when she first "apostatized" from her father's faith, Joseph Fielding had told Willard just before they parted. And now Willard wondered whether she had a place among the Mormons, for they, like her fellow Congos, had hardly known how to regard her.

He remembered Heber's story of the girls who had curtsied to her, thanking her for the favor of her grace, pleased to serve her mother, pleased with only a smile from Jennetta. The farmers had been happy to supply Minister John's table with produce from their fields and gardens. He had supervised their kingdom, financial, social, economic, collecting their church tithes, dispensing his wisdom and judgment, lording it over the whole countryside.

And now Miss Jennetta and they — the farmers' wives, and the daughters of the Mormon Church, who had once served her — were

equal with her before the Lord. But they could not help holding back when it came to offering their hands in meeting, when it came to saying, "How are you, Sister Jennetta?" For they felt her unintended condescension, her instinctive lift of the head — she was of the gentry, they of the poor.

No, Joseph Fielding had told Willard, the farm maids had shaken their heads, the weavers had stepped back instead of forward with the glad "*Sister Jeanett.*"

After a walk of two or three hours, Willard came within sight of the Mormon home he was planning to visit at Chipping. He asked himself again, Has the Church lost my Jennetta? Has she cooled toward us? Trying to persuade himself to abandon his fears, he mused, Strange that Heber did not know how she stood; but he — Willard then told himself — has not seen her for several months. The last time Hebe toured this district he heard that being refused permission by her father to attend any Mormon meeting, she was biding her time.

The time has come, Willard thought. But Heber had not attempted to discuss her with any of the moorland Saints, Joseph Fieding had said; and so, Willard now told himself, he could do no less than respect this kindly silence. Yet if the gossip would perhaps have killed her — he gave a wry smile — the silence would surely paralyze him.

At Chipping, on the River Loud, whose bright waters fed the Hodder, he could hardly expect to hear anything of Jennetta. Still in the far distance behind him, he located the northeastern descent of Longridge Fell. He knew that beneath the trees down there stood a tiny cube of a church. And beyond the graveyard, through the gate, almost on the slope of the fell itself, stood a two-storied gravelled house — the Manse.

Again Willard held his cottage meeting, bringing together two or three families at Chipping. And again he was left hungry to hear the name of the girl whose claim upon his heart grew stronger the more remote she seemed. I must be a fool, he thought, after going to bed that night. I've come here to drum up the attendance at two meetings: one at Ribchester, on March 22nd, the other — the first gathering of all the Saints in England — on April 8th, in Preston.

Willard had again to explain the meaning behind the first general conference in England. In the doctrine of *gathering*, the

Church was stirring with a fire awakened from the long-sleeping coals of ancient Israel's message to the children of God. Some day the tribes would be brought together. People of all nations would cut a path to the very doorstep of the Zion of today — presently in Far West, Missouri. Multitudes would collect at the feet of God's spokesman across the sea from England.

And who is this spokesman? Willard was wont to ask among the branches he visited. Replying, he would promise, None other than the Prophet Joseph Smith himself.

At Chipping, he urged his friends to meet the two apostles now in England, first at the Clarks' to learn more of this hopeful message; then at Preston.

On the track to Yorkshire the next day, he tried to discipline himself to forget, even while in the neighborhood of the Manse, his own desire. But again he asked himself, Why else am I here if not to fulfill my dream? He assured himself it was truly interwoven with the thread of the doctrine he was preaching.

Still, when he returned from his visits to Langcliffe and Gisburn, in Yorkshire, to cross the moors and come down once more into the Hodder Valley on his way to Walkerfold and Chaidgley, he again resented the silence that had mocked him in these dales. Tramping through the larch and hemlock bordering the river, he once more told himself that he would have to give up the thought of Jennetta if at the Parkers', in Chaidgley, he heard nothing of her. He'd be compelled to take it for granted that she had indeed grown cold to the Church. Certainly thus far it was as if the Richards family did not exist in this valley. Yet it was from that tiny chapel at Walkerfold that all the branches he was visiting in these parts had originated.

The larch quivered in the breeze, coming nearer to speech, Willard felt, than some of the neighbors hereabout. The trees answered him heartbeat to heartbeat, when he refused once more to deny the living presence of his dream.

He hurried on in order to arrive at Chaidgley in time for supper with the Parkers. But when the March sun became for a few moments a glinting warmth, he sank down for a moment's rest, following his impulse to bathe his feet in the smooth water eddying near the bank. Afterwards, his blood still fevered, for he knew he was near the Manse, he took out his pocket handkerchief to wipe

his ankles dry. He lay back on the grass. Suddenly feeling rather cold, he put on his jacket, and started out.

Almost before he knew it, the tiny church rose just ahead of him. And across the garden, facing Longridge Fell, stood the Manse. Now indeed he walked softly, stealing only half a glance at the gravelled walls and the windows behind which his beloved was imprisoned. Nearing the back of the church as he followed the track, he could not resist putting out his hand to convince himself of its reality.

But at the Parkers', Jennetta's nearest Mormon neighbors, Willard again heard nothing of her, and he decided that some evil spirit had really misdirected his governing mood. All last autumn Heber had talked her up, but in Preston he had said little about her. I don't think he knows anything about her, Willard decided, returning on March 21st past the Manse to Thornley. He looked hungrily at the closed oak door with its giant nail-studdings, its huge latch and hinges. I'm just a silly ass, he thought. William and Alice Parker had nothing to say about the girl, who must be almost their age; she might as well not exist. She must have apostatized from our Church! Still, maybe *they* have changed, maybe they're like the others who don't know what to make of her. I'll forget the whole business. From now on, as far as I'm concerned, the matter rests with God!

Willard expected to stay the night at Thornley and in the morning to go down to Ribchester. Tomorrow he would see Heber, but again, as Willard knew, there would be little chance to discuss his personal affairs.

That night at the Mercers', he once more held a cottage meeting. Brother and Sister Mercer regretted that they could not accompany him to Ribchester, but they promised to meet him in Preston. And Willard decided that his visit here had been anything but a loss. He gave his Saints a splendid good night.

Hours later he woke from a dream. His bed stood in a corner of a room only partially partitioned from the other upstairs chamber. Though he could hear the Mercers breathing in the still dark, he continued to see the image of his mother, which had wakened him. Seated in her rocking chair, she was wearing a shawl and hold-

ing some white handkerchiefs, apparently designed for many uses. What their purpose was he could not figure out. He wished painfully to understand their meaning, but still he could not reach her. She looked at him yearningly, sitting quite motionless. Why could he not take her hand? Why? She sat so very still, with all those handkerchiefs spilling over her lap.

Willard's heart traveled to Jennetta despite his resolution to forget her, as she seemingly had forgotten him. With some bitterness he thought, News travels. She couldn't help knowing I've been in the moors. Why has she not defied her father to attend at least one of our cottage meetings? What is she, Congo or Mormon? he demanded, as the image of his mother faded. If only he had felt at liberty to ask Alice or William about Jennetta. They could have answered, Willard told himself, trying to go to sleep.

Early the next morning he woke, glad that there was time for a walk before he started over the fell. The day had dawned in an atmosphere of sun, shadow, and the odor of fresh grass and old wood. The March air was sweet and clean. He strolled down the lane through a field until far on the other side of a hedge he caught sight of a cluster of white blooms. He knelt and slowly inched his hand past the thorns, ignoring scratches and prickles, finally to feel his fingers closing over the smooth stems of the first snowdrops he had discovered in these uplands. He brought the cluster safely through the entanglement of roots and branches. Rising, he looked at the blossoms and his heart expanded; his blood became a stream of pulsating, whispering life — as if he were actually looking upon the luminous-eyed one. He drew the snowdrops across his cheek, smelling their faint perfume. Carefully, he carried them back to the Mercers', where he put them on the wall whatnot to the left of the door.

It was almost time to start for Ribchester. Sister Mercer had shined his boots and brushed his clothes. He regretted that she and her husband had decided not to go with him to meet Elder Kimball today, but again they promised to be at Preston.

Willard was at the door, reaching for his hat and umbrella when he heard a rap — and there she was! Jennetta! Standing in the doorway with Alice and William Parker! Willard's heart pounded until it almost suffocated him.

"Good morning, Eylder Richards." Alice gave him a quick

smile, but it was Jennetta Willard saw — as if he had really beheld her in vision. His knees trembled as the fears of his whole tour dissolved. They had given him the lie! She was lovelier than he had thought, vital, graceful, small, and yet of fair height. He could have spanned her waist with his hands. Her cloak was thrown back. She carried her head high, making more noticeable her dark eyes and serious, pleasant mouth.

William introduced Willard.

Involuntarily he glanced at the flowers on the whatnot — the very color of her cheek. Almost imperceptibly Jennetta's eyes followed his. She smiled faintly. "The first I've seen," she said. For an invisible instant her fingers touched his as he put the cluster in her hand.

William Parker announced: "We've coom to walk wi' thi' over the fell."

"You're just in time!" Willard smiled.

William and Alice went ahead, climbing arm in arm the long, steep rise to the brow. Willard and Jennetta followed, first through the farms and over the stiles, and then into the bracken whose uncurled fronds led to the windswept crest. Here the still unawakened heather continued. Willard gave Jennetta his hand when she crossed a stile. He detained her for a moment. She caught her long skirt, and again her cloak fell loosely over her shoulders, revealing the narrow white collar at her throat. Beneath her prim bonnet, the sprightly breeze scattered a few tendrils of dark hair over her forehead, like a delicate veil. With a provocative smile, Willard said, "I think I never have enjoyed a conversation so much as this. In one sentence you've answered a thousand questions!"

"I've longed to talk to you," she said simply. "Elder Kimball did tell me about you. He said there was a handsome young man gone to Bedford whom I should meet. And one day, when he was still staying with my father, Elder Kimball said he knew I would meet you, for it was so designed by the Lord. And I —" Her glance was straightforward; Willard breathed in her humility. "And I, I, too, have somehow known this day would come. At times I've been impatient, fearful. I've not dared to cross my father; something has told me to keep my peace." Her eyes fell.

Willard wanted nothing so much as to put his arm around her, but he could offer no affront. And so he said, as if to brighten her

mood, "Do you know, I love your father's name? Oh, my dear, I love it." His voice colored. "I like my name, too, and I don't want to change it. Do you want to change yours? Have you the first desire?"

She answered his delightful smile. "No," she said, "I have not. I should not like to change my name at all."

"Oh, Jennetta, I believe you never will." Willard fell naturally into calling her by her Christian name. But just to make amends, he now politely asked her permission.

Again she smiled until his blood coursed high. He felt as if he almost had the right to kiss her at this moment.

At the stile he made room for her to pass in front of him. Her lips parted, revealing narrow white teeth, slightly separated in the center. Bowing her head, she looked as graceful as the swan he had found on the Hodder, and as sure of her power. She walked ahead, easy but erect. She's taller than I thought, Willard surmised, as he caught up with her.

After the meeting at the Clarks' adjourned, Willard managed a moment alone with Jennetta outside the door. He explained that he and Elder Kimball were planning to stay in Ribchester overnight, to start the next morning for a tour of the branches near Pendle Hill. They had just time to make their visit before returning to Preston for the eighth.

Jennetta said that of course she was intending to walk home with Alice and William. She did not think, she said, that her father would make her any trouble. "For you see," she paused, "he knows that I, too, am decided. And being Welsh, he cannot but respect the strain."

"I must meet him," Willard replied. "Do you think he'll receive me if I ask permission to call?"

Jennetta looked aside. "I don't know what he'll say." Nervous, she put her hand against her waist. "You know what happened between him and Elder Kimball?" Her voice was as low as a breath of summer air.

Willard replied equally softly, "I wish there was some other way. I wish I had no need to hurt either you or your father." He took her hand. "Your father and mine," he said, "they're much alike, except in scholarship. We are of a long line of scholars on my

mother's side, and of Puritan freemen on my father's, but he is a Yankee farmer. And still what does it matter where we are all equal before the Lord?"

"What *does* it matter?" she replied. "I'll ask my father to invite you to call."

He took her hand again.

Once more she withdrew it, but he had felt the excitement spring from blood to blood as their flesh touched.

"Perhaps I may learn his answer when I reach the Parkers' on my return from the tour with Elder Kimball. I expect to be in Chaidgley on the twenty-ninth."

"I'll send word through Alice Parker, either way." Jennetta's customarily pale cheeks held two discs of color.

Willard could hardly bear to give her up to her friends. Deliberately, he allowed his eye to follow her as she started up the winding road.

In a haze of doubt and suspense he made his journey with Heber. Even the farewell at Chatburn, where grown men and women clung to Heber's coattail when he walked down the cobbled lane between the white houses, crying, "Oh, how can we see you go?" did not take Willard's mind from his lass.

But the thought gave him small comfort when he continued his visits with Heber. The Mormons in the Pendle Hill branches worshiped Elder Kimball; and Willard realized that it would not be easy to take Heber's place here, any more than it would be in Preston. Willard would have enjoyed being cordial, but the people barely saw him. He was not an apostle. He was not the man who had baptized them, nor the one they had looked upon almost as a god. He was not the man who had comforted their hearts, or who had bestowed upon some of these weavers the wondrous gift of priesthood. There were Saints in these cobbled streets who now called themselves members of the "Order of Aaron"; and it was with "eyes like fountains," Heber said, that he returned their love as they cried, "Oh, how can we let you go?"

Willard well understood how Heber could have robbed the Reverend Richards of his following. In these cries, he heard a full demonstration of his power to persuade a people to the faith. Heber's handclasp was warm, his "Brother" and "Sister" in his greetings

were genuine. He tasted the friendliness of the dales in fullest flower. In Clitheroe, eleven miles this side of Walkerfold on the return journey, Heber took Willard to visit the Longstroth family. These people were leaders in a thriving branch of the Church.

Climbing the hill on whose summit stood a Norman castle, its interior blasted out by Cromwell's men, Willard looked forward to meeting the Longstroths. But going down the slope from the market place toward the Primrose Mills, in the Salford district, he found the path so steep that he had to brake, he told Heber with a laugh.

"Let yourself go; no need to roughlock here," Heber replied. "The sooner we get down to our friends, the better."

Heber described Stephen Longstroth as a cabinetmaker, come down to Clitheroe from Arnecliffe, in northern Yorkshire, on the Halton Gill. "Beautiful country," Heber said, having heard the story from Stephen, "beautiful; over the moor beside old Pen-y-ghent, and into the valley of the Gill. But here there was work for a joiner, what with the mill and the terraces for the hands the owners have been building. And here Stephen and his wife have lost two children. Not the first deaths in the family, either. The work of removal kind of took the first pain away; but the hope in our message has done more than that now to ease their hearts. We've given them comfort they'd never dreamed of. It seems like they can't do enough for us. You see, they've a large house, and it's all their own. Brother Longstroth's on the roll of burgesses because he owns this property."

"Strange, his wife did not go into the water when her husband did," said Willard.

"She wasn't well. We'll baptize her today. I think she'll be ready," Heber said as if this woman, Ann Gill Longstroth, were really one to speak for herself.

But now in Salford the men crossed the bridge over the mill race from the Primrose factory. They turned a corner. The street was lined on one side by a row of back-to-back houses, where four and six families lived in one unit, served at the end of the terrace by a common midden.

Facing the terrace, stood the house that Heber and Willard had been seeking, tall and spare, crowded between the mill stream and the walk. Beyond the whitewashed, rough-stoned house lay a field,

raked for planting; and nearer the door, some rose bushes and other shrubs were just budding.

Heber said, "The factory can imprison the bodies of our Saints, but not their souls, thank God! We have liberated those."

Answering his rap on the door, both Stephen and Ann appeared. Stephen's features were rugged and rather raw. His hair dipped down over an uneven forehead; his nose was large; his cheek bones high; his mouth was well formed and wide. His prominent dark eyes were heavy-lidded. His color was rich, but he was so thin as to seem gaunt.

Sister Longstroth had not gone into the factory as a worker, but she was proud to be a hand weaver. She was a comely woman, smooth featured and reserved. "Eylders," she said with a warm smile, "coom in, coom in, lads, an' mak' thysel'es to hoam."

Stephen, in his shirtsleeves and carpenter's apron, held out his hand. Following Heber, Willard scraped his feet at the door and entered the kitchen, where a great fireplace, recessed by extending arms, cast a glow over the many pictures on the whitewashed walls.

Twelve-year-old Sarah curtsied as the men entered. She took Willard's eye but did not return his glance. Her clogs clattered over the flagstones as she hurried to the scullery and out to the garden.

"Coom back here; coom back, Sally," Ann Gill beckoned from the front door. "Eylders 'll noan hurt thi'."

The mother called up the stairway to the attic, "Alice, coom down. Leave thi' loom 'n coom at once. Eylders is here."

Before Alice made her appearance, high-spirited Sarah returned with Nanny, her demure sister of ten.

Nanny's hair was tied back from her forehead with a pale ribbon, smooth and ladylike. Her deep eyes were frank and curious. As she stood at Willard's knee he was reminded with a sudden rush of affection of his nieces at home, sister Nancy's daughters, in the Berkshires. Here, too, everything was spotlessly clean, and with every sign of industry.

The flashing-eyed Sally was wearing a collar crocheted by herself, and white stockings that she had knitted, Willard suspected. They were as neat as her trim ankle. But her hair! Nothing could conquer the fire of that hair, brilliant and darkly turning with a will of its own, lighted in every curl with a red-dark gleam.

After showing that she could be polite, Sarah kept her distance

while Alice was introduced to Willard. The eldest daughter of the three living children was fourteen years old, she looked like her father. "Aye, 'tis fine to meet thi', Eylder Richards," she said as she put out her hand. And to Heber, she remarked, "'Tis a fine companion, thi' has." She smiled, altogether self-possessed. "By thi' favor, I'll tak' my leave to save Ma preparin' our meat."

Since Heber and Willard had called with the hope of baptizing Ann Gill, they did not mind being left alone with the parents for a moment. As the mother rose, also to help with supper, Heber said, "Don't fuss for us, Sister Longstroth. Tea's not important, and I think you know we have something in mind that is."

"Oh," she cried, noticeably aware of herself, "me, in m' ould-fashioned way, I — ! I — !"

"Mother, Mother," Ste'en said, checking her confusion, "your promise! Your hope! Eylder Kimball is leaving soon for America."

She looked at her husband, shrinking for a moment, and then at the elders. "I have asked the Lord to help me," she said, choking a little before she found her courage. "After supper I wi' dress mysel' reet, an' go to the river with thi', but no' till after dark."

"You've nothing to dread," Heber assured her, "only cause to rejoice. Certainly we'll wait until dark." He told her of Willard's remarkable baptism at Kirtland, and of the miracle of his health since. He described the breaking of the ice over the Chagrin, and the quick plunge into the cold current.

At that moment Willard felt the warmth of this house.

Stephen rose as if Willard deserved homage. Still he dared to put his hand on the missionary's shoulder. "The Lord could see, Brother Willard, that you were wanted in this country, wanted to teach us and promote the spirit of God."

"I feel strangely close to thi'," said Ann Gill, on her way to the scullery. "I've thought I was well eno' off, but I wi' tak' it as a blessing to go with thi' and Eylder Kimball to the river. And we make you welcome, Docthor Richards, at our table."

At the Parkers', on March 29th, Alice gave Willard a message. "Eylder Richards," she said, "Jennetta says you are to take dinner at the Manse at twelve-thirty tomorrow."

Willard's heart beat so fast that it came near to choking him. He looked at Heber, wondering whether he could live until tomorrow,

wondering whether he could live through tomorrow. His eyes told their story.

When he and Heber were about to part on the following day, Heber to return to Preston, Willard to go to the Manse, Heber said, "If you can bring that lass out to conference on the eighth, Willard, you'll never again doubt me as a prophet."

"Heber, Jennetta said she would ask her father to invite me to call, and he has asked me to dine. Is not that a promise kept with interest? I have no one to doubt but myself."

"That you must never do. You are in the hands of the Lord. Go, and God bless you." A clasp of the hand, and Heber was on his way, leaving Willard to his beating heart, to his prayers, his fears, and his confidences while approaching Jennetta's door.

His blood was still racing when he caught sight of the chapel under the trees which had broken into catkin and flower. Nearing the trough where the brook was dammed to supply the water for the church and the house, he heard the voices of children stop suddenly short — the minister's pupils, Willard felt sure. As he followed the brook down from the fell toward the Manse, the boys stared at him. Their thick collops of bread and treacle stopped half way to their mouths. The common cup of drinking water halted midway around the circle. "Good day," said Willard, "good day to you all!"

His cheery greeting went unanswered. A stubborn silence fell over the boys, almost as if they had been prompted. Willard caught his breath; but no one else broke the pause until one lad moved grotesquely out of his shell. "Good day, sir, good day, good day, good day! It is a good day," giggled John o' tail, the last-born son in his father's family. All the children began to laugh at this foreigner, themselves breaking into song, crying:

"John o' tail, John o' tail, John o' tail!" And their voices were the clear voices of the fells, high and keen. Willard felt so strange that he had no answer. He looked at his watch. At precisely 12:25 he passed through the gate to the garden of the Manse.

The brown soil had been spaded and leveled to a uniform neatness, ready for the first blade of life. The currant and gooseberry bushes on each side of the pebbled walk were showing their first leaves. The low-roofed barn attached to the two-storied house gave it an appearance of greater breadth. Though it was comparatively new, being built for the Congregationalists only in the eighteenth

century, the whole place seemed part of the long years of England's history.

Willard could hear the minister's pony munching in the field that sloped away from the back of the house. He saw a Jersey cow, her round eyes well sunk beside the flat bridge of her nose, her horns turned in until they almost met. He could hear some hens clucking, and he imagined a red cat lying in cozy intimacy at the familiar back door. But here in front, all was in perfect order, neat as a drawing, neat as a map, this front garden and pebbled path leading to the studded door.

Willard wondered whether Jennetta or her mother could be watching him from a window. At the doorstep, mopped and swilled until it shone like cream, he paused. Wiping his forehead, he scraped the last fleck of clay from his boots in the arched recess in the pebbled wall.

Sneck! The clicking of the doorlatch startled him. He had not yet knocked, but there stood Jennetta just behind her mother. His lass moved forward into the light, her courageous eyes telling her story. Row after row of lace ruffled the sheer white band she wore over her hair. It was the loveliest daycap he had ever seen. It fell rather far below her ears, accentuating the oval paleness of her face and shadowy dark hair, which was brushed high over her forehead, except for a restrained curl coming slightly forward over each cheek.

"Elder Richards," she said, "you are welcome."

He loved the soft flow of her voice, the bright wingbeat of her eyes! But for him their expression was bound and cradled by all that this countryside represented—its ancient Roman paths, its swift rains and bright sun, and its wild dark skies over velvet ground of heather and fern. He stood ready to face the storm, to supplant the twisting, deep-thrusting roots of her past with the untrod soil of the prairies across the seas. He would have liked to kiss away the troubled play of her lips, but Mrs. Richards indicated that her daughter should now step aside.

The mother herself bobbed a curtsy. Her plump face was balanced by a sharp nose which offset the sunken appearance of her mouth where she had lost her teeth. Her chin was pointed and strong. A Lancashire lass of quality, she had been hurt by the Mormons and it seemed that she wanted Willard to know it at first glance. He discerned her fierce pride. In her snapping eyes he saw

her love for the moors, her belief in the witches of Pendle Hill and the devil upon his horse — t' ould lad himself — she would have said, looking hard at him. In her stern opinion, the devil was a reeky, brassy beggar.

Willard read the evidence of the starched yet possibly kindly nature of this choice woman. He felt that it would take many a visit before he could present his case in this house. He could only remember that except for the Church he would even now starve to death. And what had he to offer Jennetta besides the generosity and good will of the Saints? He asked himself how he could support the exquisite lass he wished to claim, the girl he knew he must claim.

"Coom in, lad," said Mrs. Richards. "There's more light with thi' within than w' thi' in t' 'ole i' t' wall."

Willard moved forward, closing the door as she in her Lancashire fashion was bidding him to do. He smiled and put out his hand. Mrs. Richards touched his fingers but dropped them at once. "Mak' thi'sel' t' hoam now — do, lad. Jeanett . . ." came the slowly rising tone, "why has thi' no' hung Mr. Richards' cloak?" Mother's quick black eyes darted to the rough kersey; she looked at the hook near the front door.

Willard's glance had gone to the back of the room, where a long shelf with some covered bowls linked the back door and the sink under the window. Here there was no wide blackleaded hearth. The table in front of the closed-in cupboards of the stairwell was not set for dinner. The red velvet cushion on the settle in front of the table was smooth and stiffly fluffed. Was there no warmth, no place for a fire except the tiny grate under the sett boiler? The straw over the flags was almost too clean, the grandfather clock in the corner too upright. If there had only been an organ, his heart might have leaped up.

Yet there stood Jennetta in her charming dress and cap. And from the other room, Willard caught the faint but tantalizing odor of the dinner. He heard Mrs. Richards saying, "Go in, lad, go int' parlor. Faither is waithin'."

Willard stepped aside to follow Jennetta into the inner room. A small hallway was suggested by the space between the front window just beyond the door, and the stair case leading up from the parlor, whose open side was protected by a banister. Catching sight of the white linen bordering the parlor beyond the Turkey carpet in

the center of the room, Willard hesitated to put his foot to the sheer cleanliness. The whole house seemed tidier than anything his own mother had ever kept. Dinner seemed hours away; this room, with its great black fireplace, seemed almost cold.

Before his wing chair Mr. Richards stood at attention, a tiny Welshman some seventy-odd years old, with an ear trumpet in one hand. He wore a pair of thick spectacles that dropped down to the end of his nose, and a short-haired brown wig that went supremely well with his ministerial garb. Beside the fireplace, near a polished table, he pressed his feet together, making in their knee pants his short legs appear more bowed and spindled than ever. Keeping his Bible open with two fingers, he said, "You are a guest in this house, Mr. Richards. Kindly be seated."

The minister's accent fell on the second syllable of his words, hard-hitting and well-defined. The trill of the "r" was typical of the Welsh voice. And the strong downward curve of Willard's name was neither muted nor disguised. "You Mormons seek out our most beautiful dales." He pushed his spectacles into place and adjusted his trumpet as he took his own chair.

The moment of agony for both Willard and Jennetta was continued when she left the room. As if he were offering his bits of information as an appetizer which Willard could accept or refuse, just as he pleased, the clergyman said, "We understand you have come to meet my daughter's family. Well, here we are, sir — all who be at home just now. We've a son, Roger, a chemist in Kirkham who owns his own shop, and a second son, John, a solicitor of Preston, with whom our daughter Elizabeth is now spending the winter. He is keeping his eye upon her. You may have heard that he once served the Mormons in a professional capacity free of charge. Something to do by way of getting your elders licensed so that they could preach in that one-time cockpit which they rent. I think your men were challenged by the ministers of the cloth whom they offended, ministers who'd not stoop to use an arena for a pulpit. Perhaps you have heard, Mr. Richards, that Mr. John no longer serves your Church in any capacity."

Willard's breath fell hot. Mr. Richards held his trumpet to his ear. Willard said, "Your daughter shows her high connections on every hand, Mr. Richards. I've not mistaken her position. And I

must say that in all England I've never seen a more beautiful valley than yours."

The minister gazed intently at Willard. Leaning forward, he said, "Sit back and rest yourself after your long walk. I presume you walked."

Despite his prickling over the intonation of the last word, Willard felt his lips curling in response to the sally. Disarmingly, he said, "Yes, I walked, and I enjoyed my tramp. I also rode on foot the other day, when I went down the valley. Your pony was being shod; but as you know sir, my pony would most likely be Shank's mares."

With no response for Willard's smile, the Reverend John fell silent, and Willard stared at the iron breast of the wide black-leaded hearth, shining like the coat of a young bat. Mr. Richards put his head against the back of his chair for a catnap. And from the kitchen came the sound of a wooden spoon in an earthen dish, stirring rapidly. Willard wondered what was in the iron pot, as black as smoke could make it, on the baking shelf of the fireplace. The tight lid kept the secret. The cat on top of the water boiler had nothing to say. Puss herself was ignoring Willard. Her tortoise-like shell coat was as dusty as the lid on which she lay. Her paws, hanging over the edge, almost reached the embers. And Willard had nothing to do but study the red velvet runner on the mantel. Its bobbles blurred the front of the stone facing. On top of the shelf the ornaments were so thick that he could not count them. Candlesticks, vases, cups and saucers on wire easels made for him a non-descript mixture from which he would take Jennetta.

She came in with a lading can, followed by her mother. Puss jumped down, perfectly aware of what was now wanted. Willard laughed at the dusty creature. He rose and asked Jennetta if he could not dip the water. He shoved aside the boiler lid and handed her the full can. As she went to the kitchen he asked Mrs. Richards if he might lift the lid of the iron pot, for he saw in her hand a bowl of dough from which she would mold some little lads.

Mother smiled her thanks; and with Jennetta, who had now returned, standing beside him, he watched each of the flour dumpings go into the rich broth. The meat was cooked so tender that it almost dropped from the bone. When he removed the pot lid,

vegetables, sauce, and seasoning released an odor so delicious that for him the whole room suddenly changed.

Jennetta had barely time to lay the table for the meal, but still she kept her place beside Willard. She had brought in a panful of mushrooms.

When Mrs. Richards had rolled out between her palms the last dumpling and dropped it into the broth, she said, "Noo, lad, wilt shove pot aloang?"

Willard made room for a saucepan. He dipped into this a little water, and Jennetta began to simmer the mushrooms which she would later thicken with a lithing of flour and cream.

"Did you gather them?" Willard asked.

Pleased, she said, "Yes. Down by the Hodder!" Glancing at Willard for approval, she gave him a lovely smile. "I discovered some cress, too. I do pray that you like it."

"I've been longing for some garden sass." He returned her smile. And she went to the dresser, which extended into the room in front of the staircase, to get the linen for the drop-leafed table. The dresser shone with its silver tea sets, trays, pitchers, and a creamer and sugar. From a drawer she took the well-appointed cutlery. And Willard, who wished nothing so much as to help her, stood near the window opposite the large front one, looking off in the direction of Fairsnape Fell. He felt discomfited. He could hardly sit down again in front of the napping minister. He put one hand on the red velvet drapery, beyond which, in the deep stone recess of the casement, hung a pair of looped net curtains, bringing out the white of the linen border surrounding the Turkey carpet.

Puss brushed against the minister's leg. He started at the familiarity, waking with a jerk. His wig toppled, resting on one ear and revealing his bald head with its fringe of thin grey hair. As she smiled, Jennetta turned to the dresser, not wishing to offend her dignified father in this undignified position. Mother, having come in, was also amused. Willard stood behind the old man's chair, sympathizing with his effort to regain his composure.

When the meal was served, he felt Mr. Richards' coldness increase with each precise remark. Dessert was a custard so rich with creamy milk and fresh eggs that it stood in delicate wedges. But Willard found himself unable to praise the concoction.

Finally, when Jennetta began to clear away the dishes, her father

left the room to go to his pupils without one word for Willard. A few moments later, he escaped to the garden. Standing alone beside the currant and gooseberry bushes, he read the inscription set in the wall over the gabled door of the chapel. The date of its endowment was 1792. Willard had heard Mr. Richards say at dinner that he was the second minister installed in the parish. "And," he had coolly remarked, "the Mormon elders, with their false claims designing to rob me of my fold, have pushed themselves in where they do not belong."

He had informed Willard that the worst of all this was that the elders had asked his daughter to step down. The minister's guest had been made to feel that he himself was leading her astray. "But," her father had continued, defending his child, "she has not really left the Communion of Saints, and we should be grateful to have you leave her alone!"

With the date of the inscription before his eyes, Willard realized how very long Mr. Richards had been incumbent. He sensed how grieved the old man felt, but Willard could not change his plan.

Jennetta came up the path with a bucket in her hand. Willard met her and held the gate open to the chapel yard. He took her pail and, having filled it at the trough — dammed where the stream ran down from the fell — set it down on the pebbled walk. Facing her directly, he said with strange evenness, "I'm going in to thank your mother for my visit, Jennetta. Your father has not asked me to come again, but may I hope to see you at Preston on the eighth."

"Yes," she answered in the same low key, but with a decided turn of lip. "You may hope. And I shall do no less. I cannot certainly promise. I can only say that I shall try to win my father's consent to attend the conference." She looked at the gabled door, brown against the light walls of the church, and turned her head aside.

Willard took her hand, drawing her toward him until they again stood face to face, but he dropped her fingers lest there be an unfriendly eye at some window. "I think you will hear me preach," he said. "Is not that necessary to help you decide about our future?"

"No," her eyes shaded to a deeper brown, "it isn't. All the same, I should like to hear you address the meeting."

"I'll look for you, Jennetta. Indeed, I will!"

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The hum in the Cock Pit on Sunday morning was to Willard like the tone of a cymbal struck low, yet boldly, with the throb of destiny in its ring. He stood at the door of the round building just off the Preston market place, formerly a cockpit but now owned by the Temperance Society, and rented by the Mormons. It was called by them the Cock Pit. Tall and slender, he was greeting the people swarming here from the Ribble's dales to the downs of Bedford. In this radiant gathering the earth was in its slow turning searing the fields, purifying men's hearts, announcing another note for the second coming of the Lord.

Humbly, Willard felt both the timorousness and the exhilaration of new responsibility. In keeping with Heber's recommendation, the Church would today be asked to sustain the new officers of the mission. Surely the Saints would vote for Joseph Fielding as president, and for himself as first counselor, with young William Clayton —only twenty-three years old, from Penwortham, just across the Ribble — as second counselor.

Willard expected to bear his testimony, pouring out his heart to the Church, revealing the strength of his belief. Jennetta would see that this corner of England was shaping an end and a beginning. Expecting her to arrive at any moment, Willard searched every group that moved past the bobby stationed at the entrance of the hall. Rotten eggs and garnish greens had been tossed at the missionaries, to the accompaniment of vulgar ridicule. There were plenty of opposers milling around. They might have stopped the meeting, but the law, now that the elders were licensed to preach in England, was on the side of the Mormons.

The hall would hold eight hundred people, and it was rapidly filling. The crowd had moved closer together, and moved again to make room on the benches. Starting at ground level around the arena, some twelve feet across, the circular tiers rose until they

hugged the wall just beneath the windows hung at ceiling level. These cast a pale light over the upper part of the circular room. Suspended from the middle of the hall, a chandelier of gaslights illuminated the lower and center area, where the authorities of the mission expected to sit, occupying a bench formerly used by the judges of the cockfights.

Like Willard, Heber and Joseph Fielding were also greeting their friends from near and far. Willard had been delighted when Brother Lavender arrived from Bedford, true to his calling as president of the branch. With him and his wife came Ann Braddock — little sister Braddock — on an unprecedented journey across the country. Willard's letter had produced rich results. But where was Jennetta?

At this moment Willard heard Stephen Longstroth at the door. He turned and put his hand on Ste'en's shoulder, offering love for love in the penetrating glance exchanged. Ann Gill and fourteen-year-old Alice came in for their own welcome, and in Willard's mere gaze, Sarah and Nanny were offered a recognition that might have turned their heads.

Nanny, her black silk bonnet strangely becoming to a child so young, curtsied. Sarah's dark curls crowded her shoulders beneath the black taffeta ruffle of her bonnet, with its purple ribbon. "Good day to you, sir." She politely offered her hand.

Willard seated the family in a choice place near the arena, in which the choir, with its melodious Lancashire voices, had now assembled. Looking around, he wondered whether he should again go to the door. It was almost time to commence the meeting. Reluctantly he began to doubt that Jennetta would appear. Where was she? He examined his watch, his fingers curling around the heavy silver case. As he dropped it into his pocket his frown gave way to a smile. Seeing the Parkers at the door, he hastened to meet them.

Answering his question concerning Miss Richards, Alice said, "She was to be at our gate t' coom down in the cart, and she sent no word."

"Her father?" Willard asked.

Alice shook her head as if she didn't know.

Willard maintained as unruffled an expression as possible. He looked up the aisle at Heber. Having assured his friend that he was no false prophet, Willard had been as certain of seeing his beloved as

of bearing his testimony. All during the meeting he missed her. The session continued not only through the morning but the afternoon.

At nine o'clock that evening the leaders of the Church — the two apostles, the new presidency, and all the officers of the various branches, some appointed only today — gathered to receive a great deal of necessary instruction. Not until one o'clock, Monday morning, were the brethren finally dismissed. Willard had expressed himself as intending only to magnify his calling. He walked to his lodgings, humbling himself through an ardent but unspoken prayer to meet the responsibilities of his office.

He tried to imagine what Jennetta's absence could have meant between her and her father. Locked doors? No. Mr. Richards would never cage her; yet, Willard did not wish to imagine her face, its laughter and vivaciousness, its smile playing at the corners of her mouth, changed through her father's request, through the lift of his hand. When Willard knelt beside his bed he asked God to spare her the anguish she must be suffering in the position she had chosen. He asked the Lord to make the way clear for them to marry, but still Willard dreaded the privations she would know as his wife. At last, though, he fell asleep with full faith in her ability to abide by the Lord's will.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning, he found her at the Walmsleys', a picture of tears and regret. She put out her hand, saying quickly, "Elder Kimball made no mistake in his choice of officers, Elder Richards." She flushed.

Willard wanted to gather her into his arms, to steady her chin with his hand. He barely glanced at her; Sister Lizzie's parlor was filled with conference visitors. By way of comfort, he said to Jennetta, "Should you like Elder Kimball to give you a blessing before he leaves for Liverpool?"

"Would he have time?" she asked, incredulous. "Could he take time for me?"

"Come with me. We'll go to his lodgings." Willard put her cape over her shoulders as if it were his right to care for her.

A few moments later, in his room at Jane Dawson's, Heber lifted his hands from Jennetta's head. "God bless you, Sister Jeanett. Come to meeting next time Brother Richards preaches in the Cock Pit. Some day you must gather with the Church in Preston, and hear all the brethren speak."

She nodded, her courage molding her white face, composing her features into new seriousness.

At the Walmsley doorstep, Willard said, "We must continue our visit; there's so much you haven't told me, and I have news for you."

"News?" she repeated.

"Yes, from America. When may I see you?" he insisted.

"This evening, perhaps." She flushed, not wishing to seem bold.

"Could we take us a little gait?"

"Yes, we can." Her unwavering decision gave Willard hope.

They went out just as the shadows began to lengthen, walking along the terrace of red-brick houses toward the park. The season was already providing a long twilight, and arm in arm, Jennetta and Willard strolled down to the river. The path over the grassy field cut through some shrubbery. Preparatory to giving Jennetta more somber news, he commenced his story of America by grieving over his own father's attitude. Willard tried to let her know how sad he felt over the bitterness he had caused his parents. He had pleaded with them to be baptized, and he would plead again. He told Jennetta he intended to write to his father soon, for already it was too late for his mother to go with Christ into the water.

Jennetta looked up, wondering what he meant. Willard explained that upon returning to Preston from Walkerfold a week ago, he had received a letter from his sister Rhoda. Bowed by her sorrow over her children who had left home, Ma sent her love to her absent ones. "And do you know, Jennetta," he said, "I saw her in a dream the night before I met you? She was already gone."

Seizing his opportunity, Willard told her the story of how he, Levi, and Hepsy had left home, with Hepsy waiting in York State with an aunt, while he went to Kirtland. Willard described meeting his brother Phineas and his nephews, George and Franklin, upon his return from the East. He told her that the night before he left for England, Phineas and George were baptized in the Chagrin River. And he mentioned the flight of the Church to Missouri. Then at last he again referred to his mother's final words. "She held the glass with her own hand for her last drink of water. As she gave the cup to sister Rhoda, she sent a message especially to me, the *mistaken* one."

His voice trembled; Jennetta gave him her hand. She expressed her sympathy, her eyes moist, but she said they must hurry back to

Sister Lizzie's. The name came with an instinctive little jerk. "I don't know what she'll think, my running about with you, and no one along." Jennetta sounded troubled.

"No one could doubt us!" Willard exclaimed.

"Oh, couldn't they?" she said. "You don't know what this may mean to me, but I had to see you for a moment!"

Before Willard had closed the kitchen door, Sister Lizzie said, "Ee', n' what would t' faither have to say about this, a-walkin' over t' selts alone w' gaintleman after dark? Gaintleman indeed, n' him just voted in counselor to praisident! Counselor — a proper one for that office, I must say!" Her lips pursed over the silky tone. Willard's hands went as cold as though he had run them through the river's reeds.

Nevertheless, the next afternoon he took Jennetta for another stroll. There was no suggestion of evening light, and as they returned and stood at the whitestoned doorstep for an instant, he said he would call on her father on his next tour of the branches. "I must speak to him. I'm of the opinion that he will receive me."

Under her white fichu, Jennetta's heart was pulsing like a bird's throat. "Oh, do come," she said. "Come soon, happen you're at Walkerfold, convenient to you."

Willard told her he would make his visit soon. "But," he said, "Brother Fielding and I are going down to Liverpool in the morning to confer with Brother Kimball and Brother Hyde before they sail. A storm over the Atlantic has held them."

"A storm? I suppose it will be moving in here."

"Yes, but we must go down; we had so little opportunity for our instructions when the crowd was here."

"I'll see you next, then, at Walkerfold?"

"Yes." He touched her hand. She went in alone.

At Liverpool Willard and Joseph Fielding were given little privacy with the apostles. The interview had just begun when a rap at the door of Heber's lodgings was heard. Dark-haired William Clayton stood on the threshold with a crowd of Saints, his youthful lips pressed accusingly together. Why had he not been included in this visit?

His friends also seemed to think they had every right to be here. Having helped to provide the means for the journey, having been

ordained as officers in the Preston and some neighboring branches, they themselves should surely have a last word with the departing elders.

After Brother Clayton stepped in, an officer of the Preston branch entered, Thomas Webster, an oily, ruddy-cheeked, blue-nosed spokesman — dark-bearded and paunchy, a man fully conscious of his rights in his new calling. One of his first questions concerned a matter of authority. His voice raspy, he said, "Elder Kimball, I put it to thi' straight. It's you to settle the question. Whose word comes first in the business of the branch — praisidency o' the mission, or of the branch itself?"

"When a matter of importance is involved, the presidency of the mission has the final say, Brother Webster. Of course!"

Crestfallen over this denial, Brother Webster gurgled, "It's not proper; it's not."

There were other voices, but Willard felt compelled to go to his room to write the letters to his family which Heber had promised to deliver.

He asked Nancy to pray for wisdom. He could advise her on certain things, he said. And he wrote :

"... If you want to be baptized and your husband is not willing, obey him in all things and God will bless you for that . . . ; be humble and He will open a way for your baptism in His own time, and till then the blessings . . . will rest upon you according to your obedience and faithfulness. . . . Be humble. Be humble. . . ."

And then to Rhoda, Willard wrote:

"Sister Rhoda, I mourn for your affliction. But sister much as I . . . love you I cannot flatter you. Remember . . . remember I told you medicine would not cure you. Yea, I told you nothing but baptism could do it. Sister there is trouble for you if you do not obey, for you see it clearly.

"Excuses these last days cannot be admitted . . . Don't wait for anybody or anything, and God will help you. O, I would carry you one half mile to take you into the water if you would but go . . ."

When Willard was ready to write to his father a quietness possessed him. But at last putting his pen to use, he opened his heart more earnestly than ever before. He prayed to be understood. And after mentioning the nature of his work in England, he said:

"Our liberty and lives have been threatened. . . . Of this I have no fear; chains and prisons I expect. Naught but civil law has saved us yet; and when fear of breaking the law shall have done away in the minds of the people . . . the servants will find it necessary to live near the master, and I count not my life dear . . . if I may but fulfill the ministry and magnify the office committed unto me that I may bring souls home to glory. And now my dear father can you not believe me when I tell you what I see and hear? And what I know. The church of Latter day Saints is the church of Christ, and . . . is Christ divided? No surely not! And if he is not divided his church is not. He has but one, and when I cast my eyes across the great waters and see the judgments of God . . . hovering over . . . the United States, I behold the war clouds driven by the four winds just ready to burst on the heads of the guilty inhabitants. When I see sword, famine and death . . . ready to take possession of that once peaceful Republic I view my kindred, near to me as my own life, in their midst and unconcerned . . . had I the voice of the archangel it should be heard across the mighty ocean, warning my dear relatives to repent and be baptized and flee as for their lives to those places of safety, those cities of refuge, which God has pointed out for his children in these last days. And even if they have repented, be baptized . . . and fulfill all Righteousness. My father and my friends this is no fiction.

". . . The judgments of God are upon you, and there is no safety for you but in flight. Cities of safety God has appointed, and he will not be mocked in these last days: and when the saints are gathered they must keep the commandments, or like poor Kirtland, they will experience his indignation for the judgment has commenced at *the house of God*. God will have a righteous people in these last days or he will have none. O, my father what can you lose by being joined to the Church of Christ? What will you not gain? . . . O, my father! My father!! I *pray you in Christ's stead*. I beseech you by *all the mercies of heaven* that you give not sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till you have followed the Lamb of God down into the water; till you have been born of the water; till you have been buried with him in baptism.

"Pardon my plainness; I love you, my father. I desire your soul's salvation in celestial glory. Paper cannot contain, or tongue utter the feelings of my heart for my dear old father. O, that I might be enabled to repay some little of the thousand kindnesses I have received from your hand O, my father become as a little child in your old age and be baptized. Older than yourself have I led into the waters . . . they have gone on their way rejoicing, and so shall you . . . if you will do the same. I again say forgive if I have been too plain. These lines have been prompted by the kindest of feelings, and I trust not wholly destitute of the

spirit of Christ. I designed to write this so plain my father might read it with his own eyes. If I have failed I am sorry. . . .

"Praying that my dear father may be supported in his severe afflictions, and guided into all truth; that he may meet his *last* born and his *first born* and all between in the regions of Celestial glory, there to gaze with rapture on our Heavenly father's countenance,

"I subscribe myself your son, who for the love he bears you, is ready to lay down his life for you.

Your son, ever; Willard."

Willard sat exhausted, his heart liberated from his passion really to wash his garments of the blood of his father. He sat in a kind of bliss, sure that he would reach him this time. When a knock at the door aroused Willard, Joseph Fielding entered the room, mentioning the early journey to Preston in the morning. He also said, "Once there, you know, we're going to face the contempt of some of our members because we were seen with girls."

Willard realized that besides this, he and Joseph must offset the trouble caused by a Reverend Livesey, who had recently returned to Lancashire from America with some bitter stories about the Mormons and their activities. Mr. Livesey was spreading up and down the Ribble the first scurrilous pamphlet published in England against the Church, which he himself had written and printed.

While Willard was getting ready for bed he mentioned to Joseph the points of the story brought from Kirtland by this minister: The account of the Mormon bank failure, the flight of the Prophet to Missouri to escape a threatened murder by his enemies, the flight of Brigham Young and other men who had gone to save their necks from bowie knife or noose.

But Mr. Livesey had not bothered to mention the reason for Joseph's disappearance. Accusing the prophet of cowardice, the English pastor repeated the cries of the Kirtland apostates. He described the fist fight within the temple when, in the struggle between the faithful and the Reformers for the possession of the House of God, the stove chimney had fallen, scattering clouds of soot upon the good and the bad alike.

"Yes," Willard continued thoughtfully, as he pulled off his boot, "he's giving the people a mouthful, that one is!" Willard was dreaming of the work that he and Jennetta had before them in this mission, and also in the Mormon settlements of Missouri.

CHAPTER TWENTY

On June 27th, Jennetta came to Preston, the third day after Willard's thirty-fourth birthday. Ignoring the gossip they might arouse, they went for a little walk along the river. The world was a mass of rhododendron. The rainbow-colored border crowded the white-boled sycamores and the satiny trunks of red beech, massing pink, rose, and white in a low cloud of beauty.

Jennetta put her hand in Willard's as they sauntered along the bank, oblivious of the smoke of the factory chimneys on the hill above. More sadly than romantically, he suggested that in this profusion of growth, he saw the story of their own strength as perfected through the insistent hour. "Our love is that simple, that complex," he mused.

"How can you call it simple in any way?" she asked. "What a trouble you took to get Sister Dawson to lodge me for only two or three days! I can no longer go to any of our friends in the branch, or to my brother John's." She saw the terraced red-brick houses on Pole Street and, breaking the uniformity, the few doors open to the Mormons. None said welcome to her. She continued, "And when I said goodbye to my father to come down here in the cart, he turned away. He asked Ma what she thought of Dame Gracie's bid to sweep the chimney."

Jennetta's step faltered, as if she had turned suddenly ill.

"Oh, my darling," Willard pressed her arm with special tenderness, "we will see many troubles, but can we turn aside? That day with you on the fell, I heard the voice of the Lord in the soft wind ruffling the harshness of the heather. I don't mean that our love is simple except as it has come to us through the vision we saw of each other before I knew your eyes were brown, your hair dark, and your skin clear. But when you put your hand in mine as we crossed the stile, everything in the world met for me on the plane of that vision, all the good paths of my life. Your gesture of trust

welded our hearts together. The chain forged before we were born was linked by your faith in me."

"Willard, are you saying that I have no freedom to make a choice?" Jennetta colored.

"No, no, my dear, not that. You could say no. Should you like to go home, to give up the truth that Heber preached and that you accepted when you stood in the market place, that you received when he laid his hands upon your head at the water's edge? Jennetta, you were the first in all England to be baptized and confirmed into the Church. But you may give it up if you so desire. I'll not take you against your will. Only in love and affection, and trust in our heavenly Father's purpose, can I let you walk with me here by the river."

He led her to a natural bower beneath the beech trees. He glanced toward the opening as if to give her freedom. The shadow that crossed her face, widening her pupils, was visible. He drew a deep breath, as if standing, and knowing it, on the brink of an eternal abyss.

But now the line of eye and mouth lost its question. Her love loosed itself in a clear desire to stay with him for a few moments. He led her to a flat stone, where they sat down; and he put his arm about her shoulder. He drew her close and kissed her with full-hearted warmth, aware of her response, aware of her thrill as it crept through every vein and muscle of her body.

"Oh! Oh," she said, to the first touch of his lips. "Oh!" she repeated, in the passion of love that united with the spiritual impact of her acceptance.

"Simple?" she suggested when breath and thought returned. "Oh, Willard, yes, yes, you are right. I do not wish to see the threats to our love in the gossamer we must weave."

From her dark silk dress, with its dainty white collar, her neck rose clear as a petal of the rhododendron.

Again Willard kissed her. He held her hand as he said, "It hurts me to recall how your father asked me to remain silent in his presence. I called as I told you I would, and I tried to speak to him as one minister asking for the hand of another minister's daughter. He would not listen."

Willard had that day again stood at the window, looking into the distance at the blue shadow of Fairsnape, holding onto the

velvet drapery, wishing that he need not pain the minister so terribly.

“Nor Ma, neither,” said Jennetta. “She was too angry to listen. I cannot forget how you left without your tea, and Ma saying after you had gone, ‘It serves him full. The cheek! He looks high for his queen.’ And then when I come down here, they call me *Miss Queen*.”

“You are Miss Queen, my queen. And somehow we’ll face all the buffetings of everyone who refuses to see the meaning of our love. Hush, little bird, hush.”

No line of Jennetta’s body expressed the independence that was hers by nature. In her fine apparel, she looked small and in need of shelter and protection. Willard gazed at her for only a second but with the intensity of a lifetime’s search into her soul. Slowly, thoughtfully, he put his hand in his pocket, and a moment later slipped onto her finger a plain gold band. “The wedding ring,” he said as her face flooded with color.

“My engagement ring,” she whispered, forging the rich warmth of the gold into the skin, veins, and tissue of her being.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Willard did not expect to scandalize the Church by giving Jennetta a ring. Shocked at the reception of his act, he refused to answer the charges made behind his back until one day in July when Sister Dawson brought them into the open.

Putting his tea of bread and bovril before him, she said with a sideling air, "Ee', n' 'tis no' to 'urt thi' that I break news, but to let thi' know where the mouse gnaws."

Startled, Willard looked up, the white lard on his bread suddenly revolting.

"News?"

"Ee', news. You're no' 'elpin' Church by marrying a duchess!"

"Duchess?" Willard put his pintpot on the table.

"Thi' knows wha' I mean, thi' does."

Willard scowled, seeing the Saints coloring his engagement with the unrest that was tormenting the mill hands. He tried to ignore the broad statement, for he also saw clearly the implication that the Saints did not intend to break the habits of a lifetime to receive Jennetta as their equal. They were not equal to her, and she never would be to them unless, by chance, she matched them in saintliness.

Sister Dawson further wrangled, "We have noan seen her takin' the Lord's Supper in *our* company. No' once has she been to meetin' with Preston branch!"

"She has had no chance!"

"N' why, may I ask? She belongs to them that's tryin' to keep the workin' fooaks in their place, that's preventin' 'em from banding together to fight for their rights. 'Will *she* ever be one of us?' Brother Webster asks."

"Why will she not?" Willard's voice was as dry and thin as his toast.

"Brother Webster only represents 'is class, 'e does." Sister Daw-

son fell into Tom's manner, using his voice to a T. "Praisident Richards promised not to marry anyone in England, 'e did'," Jane quoted. "'N' 'e's betrayin' the Church, takin' time fro' ministry to court a lass of 'er kind. N' where 'll 'e go neext, fro' quality to quality, I ask?' Brother Webster only wanted to know where thi' stand." Sister Jane ogled.

Willard would have interrupted, but she raised her hand. "He said you promised him you'd not marry till you met him on Mt. Zion."

"Sister Dawson, I promised him nothing of the sort." Willard spoke with deliberation. She answered just as smoothly:

"Noo, lad, I was only tellin' thi' wha' Brother Webster said. He only asked, 'N' wha' does praisident mean encouragin' Miss Richards to queen it over her equals? Why is Eylder Richards doin' oud lad's work, 'stead o' Lord's, taking sweet young thing fr' faither? Spinster or noan, she's a sweet priscillee, n' she ought t' stay in 'er own hoam, she should.'"

"Sister Dawson!" As he rose, Willard almost pushed his plate from the table.

"Ec', n' I was only telling thi' wha' Brother Webster said." Sister Dawson tucked up her apron as if she herself would not hint at an off-chance tale.

"But," she said, "we're all askin', we are, n' wot uppance 'll she be afther next? Settin' her cap for praisident! N' then who'll buy her silks and satins? And who will, I might ask thi', Docthor Richards?"

Willard tried to ape his landlady's coolness. "Brother Webster's not here to defend himself." He shook his head. "Nor Sister Jennetta. I should not be heard apart from them. Why do you not bring your charges against me in council? Let's have this out, fair and square."

"I wouldno' dream o' such a thing!"

"If we did, Sister Jennetta would have a chance to speak for herself, to convince you of her love of the gospel."

"I wouldno' think of such a thing as facin' the pooar deear."

"Well, the story grows as it goes," Willard mumbled.

A few evenings later, while preaching in Brother Blackhurst's barn, he made tattling the subject of his sermon. He finished by

likening the Saints' understanding to the blindness of men who knew not Christ because their eyes were holden. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. . . . Before ye seek to declare my word, ye must first seek to *obtain* my word."

"I wish I could take the hand of everyone in this branch who is unhappy over Sister Jennetta and me, and of those in her own district who do not care to see her marry me. We don't wish to offend you," Willard pleaded. "We need your blessing. I offer you mine. Come to me with your problems. Is there anyone here who now wishes to speak?"

Willard waited. After a few moments' silence he looked at Brother Webster and said, "Will you dismiss us with prayer, Brother Tom?"

During the remainder of the summer, matters became no easier. When Willard made his tour of the Walkerfold branches with Joseph Fielding, he passed Jennetta's house without permitting himself to glance her way. "— Because of the opposition of parties," he remarked to Joseph.

Again Willard found comfort in the Longstroth home. He had been delighted to come across Mother and the girls while walking with Brother Fielding down the hill from the Clitheroe market place. It was a Saturday evening in July, and only a few moments before, he had eyed the last chicken on the fowl stall, a fine bargain at sixpence. He had begged his president to buy it. "Let's take it to Mother Longstroth, with a pyramid of butter."

Willard had also set longing eyes on Butter Betsey's counter. She had once given him and Joseph a pint pot of buttermilk when they had stopped to watch the mare circle the butter-tub, keeping the paddles going.

"Why shouldn't we take a present to the Longstroths'? The Church couldn't object if we did just once," Willard pushed.

"Oh, couldn't they? Using the money of one to buy another a gift?" Joseph returned a cool look.

But in the end, Willard had won. And then whom should he find on the hill but Mother and the girls themselves? Ann Gill was wearing a proper garb for a Saturday evening in town. Catching sight of the long Paisley shawl and the good dark dress and bonnet,

Willard chuckled. "Isn't that just like her, now, the right thing for the right time, always?"

Joseph Fielding said, "Now what'll you do with your packages?"

The butter had been wrapped in a cabbage leaf to keep it cool. Willard hugged the leaf and the chicken under his arm. Through the twilight he called, "Mother, Mother Longstroth!" Though her daughters reminded him of his own nieces, he felt like this woman's son.

In response to the happy voice she turned and waited, calling to the lasses just ahead. Willard took her bag as if to carry it. Past the loosened drawstrings he stuffed his prizes, while Ann Gill was crying softly, "Coom back here. Coom back, childer!"

Sally had bolted.

Ann apologized. "When a lass enters the gawks you niver know wh' t'expect neext. Pay 'er no heed, sirs!"

Willard shrugged as if the flight weren't worth mentioning. His smile brightened when he asked, "Has lasses been helpin' you to market?"

"They's been to Brungerly Bridge, a-picnicking wi' Pugmires an' Mosses. I walked out to meet 'em, case Brethren 'd no' 'ave time to fetch 'em hoam in cart."

With conference over in Clitheroe, Willard walked back to Preston. He did not see Jennetta until her birthday, on August 21st, the day she turned twenty-one. She told Willard she was now free to do as she pleased, but that she disliked acting against her father's will.

Willard thanked Sister Dawson for allowing Jennetta a room while on this brief visit. Once more he took his betrothed to the park for a chat. Under the beech, she agreed to return to the city by September 1st, with her trunk.

"But I'll not be able to go home again. My father will close the door against me as well as you." She held back her tears as her chin firmed.

When Willard informed Sister Dawson that Jennetta would be back within the fortnight, Jane declared she would have nothing more to do with the marriage. "I'd as soon harbor a thief as a truant." She looked out of the window in her red brick house in the long terrace, where Willard had just put Jennetta in the cart bound

for Walkerfold. At the end of the row the factory chimneys belched forth their everlasting black smoke.

"But we'll have nearly a month to wait after we sign the registry, declaring our intention," Willard said.

"That's thi' own choice, Eylder Richards, no' mine."

The next day Willard heard Jane Dawson talking to Lizzie Walmsley in the scullery. "What are we going to do w' gentry?" Sister Dawson asked with a sneer.

"Weel," Lizzie whispered theatrically, "since praisident has looked where quality were, and not amongst branch fer 'is bride, let 'im find 'er a hoam. It's aw reight fer 'er, wi' 'er airs n' graces, but she'd noan need t' look t' us fer 'er comfort, forrard beggar as she is!"

Still, upon Jennetta's arrival, Sister Dawson permitted her to store her trunk in Willard's room. He took his bride into the parlor and closed the door, kissing her before they went to the kitchen.

Jennetta's tea did not warm her cold lips. Sister Dawson had already made it clear that Sister Jeanett — she pronounced the name with dark relish — must lodge elsewhere before the wedding day.

"Drink your tea, my dear. Drink it up," Willard advised. "Hasn't your brother Roger, the chemist, invited you to his house for a visit?"

"Yes, he has. Thank goodness, his wife is a lady."

Jane answered the remark with another sneer.

Jennetta walked with Willard to the market place. They entered the handsome building where the mayor's office was located. She wore the proud look with which she had defied Jane Dawson. On September 2nd, at eight o'clock in the morning, the couple stated their desire to marry on September 24th.

With his hand above the open book, Willard held his breath lest someone appear to protest publicly. But no, he assured himself, no one would go that far. Quickly, he wrote his name, but he did so to the memory of women's voices.

Where he would take his wife after the ceremony presented a problem he had not solved. As he rose from the desk he squared his shoulders, watching with pleasure the fine hand of his *queen*.

Near the obelisk a few moments later, he said to her, "Thank God for brother Roger." His voice was almost drowned by the noise

of the wheels as the carts rattled past the tall monument, with its fine ornamental top.

"Yes!" Jennetta lifted her head. "Let's indeed be grateful for brother Roger. I can stay with him as long as I like."

After Willard put her on the coach for Kirkham, a city half way between the Irish Sea and Preston, he started slowly through the market place toward Stonegate. He passed the Parish church and the Cock Pit, and then climbed Sykes hill, finally making his way toward Vauxhall Chapel. Dreading to meet Sister Dawson, he had avoided Pole Street by deciding to call on a former maid who had worked for Sister Jane. Alice Hodgson had fallen ill. The brethren had blessed her for the recovery of her health, but when she did not mend as they had expected, they took her to her mother's basement flat, across from the Reverend Fielding's chapel.

In this cellar home Willard found no comfort. Mrs. Hodgson met him at the door, her face white. "Alice is dead," she said. "At six-thirty this morning, she went."

Turning faint, Willard replied, "Sister Hodgson, when the Lord does not see with us, we have to see with Him. We've got to shape our will to His mind."

"But you blessed Alice to make her well," came the acrid response.

"I hoped she would get well. But I only said when we brought her home that she would not die yet. I hoped that she might live for years, that she might, perhaps, get entirely well. I didn't expect her to go so soon. But we must recognize God's will in earth as in heaven."

Willard's brow knitted. In Sister Hodgson's face, he found no agreement, only an accusing dumbness. And it seemed now as if a chorus of voices began to hiss at him, You blessed Alice Hodgson, you blessed her, you blessed her! Seemingly leading the crowd, stood Tom Webster, his accent sounding above the others.

When Willard last administered to Alice, Brother Tom had said at meeting that the Church had been waiting for a miracle, and now at last it was about to see one. "A sign!" he had exclaimed to the brethren assembled in Brother Blackhurst's barn.

"It's high time," a brother had agreed, "high time, indeed,

that Praisident Richards provided a sign, the same as Eylder Kimball did."

After leaving Sister Hodgson, Willard went directly to his room at Jane Dawson's house. He lay abed without eating. By late afternoon a pain in his stomach became so severe that he longed to send for the elders of the branch to administer to him.

In the evening they arrived, but not to give the blessing he had requested. They sat in the kitchen, chatting with Sister Dawson about her former scullery maid.

White and sick from overhearing them, Willard entered the room.

Brother Webster said, "I'm not surprised you've 'ad to lie abed today, Praisident Richards."

Brother Halsal, his companion, as thin and dried-up as Brother Tom was oily, chimed in, "Indeed, no one could be surprised over that! A serious thing it is to be responsible for a young lady's death."

"Brother Halsal!"

Tom and his friends interrupted Willard, pursuing the matter, questioning him with a shake of the head like monkey flowers in a breeze. They coolly demanded what he had said that the Lord would not heed the blessing, and had punished dear Alice. The charges rose like a fence, leaving Willard on the far side. His features drawn, he remarked, "She simply went at her appointed time."

"Why, then, did you try to keep her? We asked for a sign, and you endeavored to supply it," said Tom.

Willard gasped. There was no reason here. He walked to the parlor, listening to the murmurs. They filled the kitchen as he left the room. From the front window he saw his visitors depart like foxes in the woods.

The next day Willard woke violently ill. Suffering from an acute pain in his chest and abdomen, he wished Jennetta could be with him, if only for a few moments. Tears lay at the back of his eyes. He asked nothing of Sister Dawson. She seemed a stranger to his misery. He was surprised when she shook his pillow and brought him a glass of hot ale. He sipped a little. The next day she gave him some nourishing broth from a sheep's pluck — head, liver, and lights.

Somehow the days passed. He was up again, and greatly comforted when Jennetta returned, and Sister Dawson took her in for three or four days. But on the second evening before his marriage, he was called into council to face President Fielding, President Clayton, and his accusers from the branch.

An interminable session wore on. Willard could not figure by what strange twist of imagination Tom could charge him with the power to kill and not to cure, until the accuser himself cleared up the inconsistency.

In Tom's eyes, Willard was the tool of the devil. "He's workin' for thoud lad. T' very owd lad, in a' he does. I see it in his eeye. And I've sommit to say to Eylder Richards. I've heard about that false prophet he represents — a thief who rode away from the temple in America, in the black of the night, leaving righteous men who'd loaned 'im money holding their sides for payment."

Willard gasped, painfully understanding the mischief accomplished through the Livesey tract. Suddenly he found himself beyond caring about anything that might happen to him if he could only offset the lies being passed from eye to eye in this group. Soon it would be from ear to ear and tongue to tongue among the branches. He wanted nothing so much as to relate the account of Joseph's vision, to let the showdown come between those who could believe and those who could not. Still he kept his peace, and he decided that he would continue to keep it on that ground.

Begging Brother Fielding's permission to speak, he said to Tom, "You've been misinformed as to the reason for the Prophet's flight from Kirtland. But I think that tonight we should stay with the particulars of this meeting. I've made my statement in regard to Alice Hodgson's blessings and her death. You, Brother Tom, understood the situation before; you should understand it now. If there's nothing more on your mind about this case, may I ask that it be dismissed?"

With Tom's permission, Willard was allowed to return to his lodgings and his bride. He wished while walking home that Brother Fielding had spoken in his behalf. Last June Willard and Jennetta had witnessed Joseph Fielding's marriage to Hannah Greenwood. On the day after tomorrow they would witness his own marriage to Jennetta.

Willard knew why the Church had accepted the Fieldings.

Joseph was a Canadian, a Britisher, subject to her Majesty, the Queen. His wife was one of the people. But then, who is his wife in comparison to my Jennetta? Willard thought, asking pardon of the Lord for his pride. Making his way to her, he asked God to bless all men.

In a civil ceremony, at eight-thirty in the morning on September 24th, Willard, a minister, and Jennetta, a minister's daughter, were united in marriage in the registrar's office. Jennetta signed herself spinster, indicating her right to take the step.

Though Joseph Fielding himself saw trouble ahead, he put his name to the certificate, as did his wife, Hannah.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

With the bleakness of the surroundings for their ceremony behind them, Willard and Jennetta spent six days together, near the sea. Returning from their honeymoon, they faced the realities of their existence almost before they had time to unpack their valises. Willard was hailed into the mayor's court, charged with killing Alice Hodgson with a black stick.

Coming at this particular time, the incident proved strangely disquieting to Jennetta. She was impressed by the awesome height with which Willard's humble blessings were regarded. The responsibility of asking God through the power of the priesthood to heal and restore life took courage. The burden assumed by an elder carried unfathomable weight.

When Willard returned from his hearing, she looked at him with her eyes darkly shadowed. "Tell me about the hearing," she said.

He took her hands, and with a smile replied, "It was a boy's gesture — nothing more."

"But what happened?"

"Oh, Brother Webster just got rid of a little spleen over the reception we gave his complaints in meeting the other night."

"But what was said in chambers?"

"Do you think we should stay in here by ourselves?" Jane Dawson had consented at last to lodge Willard and Jennetta. He looked uneasily about her parlor.

But Jennetta could not be satisfied until she had heard the whole story. She urged him to tell her everything, speaking so insistently that he knew she had been brooding on the matter. With a laugh, he tossed the incident off just as it happened. "The magistrate held his head to one side, looked out of the corner of his eye at Brother Webster and asked, 'You say this man' — meaning me," Willard touched his chest, — "'killed Miss Alice Hodgson with a black stick?'"

“‘Yes, your honor, I do say so.’ Jennetta, you should have heard the tone. Brother Webster was a perfect toff!”

“Yes?” Her hands were tense.

“The magistrate said, ‘My good man, can you produce the stick?’

“‘No, your honor, not I,’ Tom replied, his face the color of a blood pudding. ‘That’s not the kind of a stick I mean, sir.’

“‘What kind of stick does the defendant have? Have you seen it?’ The magistrate peered over his glasses.” Willard laughed.

Jennetta was absorbing every word. “Go on,” she insisted.

“‘Well, Brother Webster said, ‘I can’t say that I have, sir.’

“‘The case then is dismissed for lack of evidence,’ the officer replied.

“‘Crackbrain, crackbrain!’ one of the brethren who’d gone up to the chambers shouted. Tom blackbrowed it out of the room, shaking his fist. In the market place a crowd gathered, and he said, ‘Ee’, n’ I’ll show thi’ what a cracker bon bon I am!’ Then he fell right in with those who sided with him. And, Jennetta!” Willard turned suddenly serious, “make no mistake about it, this is not really amusing. There’s nothing funny about it. We’ve lost a man.”

“But they *will* go their way, such people,” Jennetta remarked as if she would expect nothing else. “And we must go ours.”

“The least we can do is to try to save them,” Willard replied, his face set on his mission, as he and his wife went out to join Sister Jane for dinner.

A few days later, Tom Webster nailed some placards to the sycamore trunks in the grove near the river. At the market place he posted near the obelisk an announcement of a lecture in which he would expose the “Mysteries of the Mormon Church,” and in which he would expose the Mormon elders as “liars, humbugs and thieves — robbers of the poor.”

Willard called on him, but was told by Brother Webster that he had just posted a letter to the branch at Bolton. “I’d think myself a poor sort not to do it!” He shut the door in Willard’s face.

And thus Tom had written to his friends, saying he would consider himself vile not to let them know what he had discovered. When a letter that he had written to a friend was returned to the presidency by the faithful members of the Bolton Branch, Willard became alarmed, for Tom had declared that his eyes were fully

opened in regard to the Church, and that the only object of the elders was money, money, money. He wrote:

"... I have proved them to be false men. . . . I consider that . . . we have been laboring under the greatest delusion. . . . If this will not convince you, if you will take the trouble to come over to Preston, I will read the *Doctrine and Covenants* to you. [Your friend] David may read for you some little clause, but do not let that satisfy you except you have the book. . . ."

Tom referred to the *Book of Commandments* under its new name, the *Doctrine and Covenants*. He had signed the letter, "Yours faithfully, Thomas Webster."

When Jennetta heard of the lectures he was giving she wondered why the *Doctrine and Covenants* could not be given to all the people. She had memorized certain passages pertaining to the *mysteries*, and had found them so comforting that it helped her to forget the cold looks at home and the too hot ones in Preston.

When the council of elders met to consider Tom's case, Willard said, "It's a sad thing to see so popular and promising a man change as though the devil had grabbed hold of his shoulders."

"There's nothing to do," replied President Fielding, "but to read the letter that Elder Kimball wrote at Liverpool just before he sailed for America. We must bring it up in the Cock Pit tomorrow."

Six months ago, immediately after the group of Saints had gone down to Liverpool to bid him farewell on his voyage to America, Heber Kimball had sat down with his scribe, Orson Hyde, to compose a letter. Sealing it over a statement that no one besides himself and Brother Orson had seen the contents, he gave it to Joseph Fielding and said that only in case of need was the seal to be broken.

At meeting William Clayton held the message high enough for everyone to observe the undisturbed wax on the envelope. He read the statement that the seal had covered, and, with his naturally ruddy cheeks gaining color, continued in a sure, harsh voice for so young a man:

"Dear Brothers and Sisters in Preston —

"It seemeth good unto us . . . to write you a few words which cause pain to our hearts, and will also pain you when they are fulfilled . . .

Brother Webster will not abide in the Spirit of the Lord, but will reject the truth, and become the enemy of the people of God, and expose the mysteries which have been committed to him, that a righteous judgment may be executed upon him, unless he speedily repent.

"When this sorrowful prediction shall be fulfilled, this letter shall be read to the Church, and it shall prove a solemn warning to all to beware.

"Farewell in the Lord. . . ."

The people had received their sign; they were awestruck by the fact that Elder Kimball had foreseen this situation, but they did not all agree that he had been right in his prediction. Some looked upon it as a case of persecution against their popular leader, who had only been doing his duty as an officer in the Preston Branch.

In the next council meeting, where he was given a chance to acknowledge his terror, Tom remained stubborn; and his defenders asked why he should not have complained over Elder Richards' marriage and the blessings he gave; and also the general manner in which the presidency controlled the funds.

One of the elders, bursting to speak, cried out that like Brother Tom, he was no longer duped by the claims of men who said they'd come from a Prophet who'd spoken with God. Relieved, the spokesman sat down, snapping his fingers in Willard's face.

Coloring when asked by Brother Fielding to answer the statement, Willard said, "But we have never made that claim in public." He explained that the people were not ready to understand such wonders. "And yet to you, and to others ordained to the priesthood, we have communicated some of the great and overpowering experiences of the Church. A pity that you and Brother Tom were not ready for our confidence!

"Brother Fielding," Willard turned, appealing not only to him but to the group, "may I quote a passage from the *Doctrine and Covenants* to show these people what I mean?"

Receiving permission, Willard commenced as if he were reciting pure poetry:

"Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, and rejoice ye inhabitants thereof, for the Lord is God, and beside Him there is no Savior. Great is His wisdom, marvelous are His ways, and the extent of His doings none can find out. His purposes fail not, neither are there any who can stay His hand. From eternity to eternity He is the same, and His years never fail. For thus saith the Lord — I, the Lord, am merciful

and gracious unto those who fear me, and delight to honor those who serve me in righteousness and in truth unto the end. Great shall be their reward and eternal shall be their glory. And to them will I reveal all mysteries, yea, all the hidden mysteries of My kingdom from days of old, and for ages to come . . .”

Still the turmoil continued. Brother Webster, being given his chance to make amends before the council, merely renewed his charges. Losing sight of his logic, he finished with a remark that seemed an intrusion. Willard got the point. Quoting some of his friends, Tom remarked that the presidency did not visit the homes of the poor but were found only with “t’ quality n’ t’ rich.”

His voice humble, Willard asked, “And who in the Church are the rich, Brother Webster?”

One or two of the local officers snickered, not aloud but with a dark phlegm in their contempt, which made itself felt. And because Brother Webster refused to retract, he was later excommunicated. He left behind him a wave of unrest that washed persistently at the feet of the presidency.

Seven other members of the branch were cut off, including Sister Dawson. Later she was reinstated, but Jennetta found it impossible to walk with her to meeting. In November Jennetta again sacrificed the privilege of taking the sacrament with the Church rather than to face one sidelong glance after another in the Cock Pit. “Besides,” she said to Willard, “I cannot walk so far today.”

Willard recalled how gladly she had walked to hear Heber preach at the foot of the obelisk, some fifteen months ago. He knew that she loved the Word and that she’d go gladly with him were it not for the envy of other women which had so plainly turned to bitterness and resentment.

He coaxed her. She said as an excuse that the angelus near the Cock Pit made her ears ring. “It goes on so long I’m left dizzy.”

“I have to hold onto *my* ears,” he replied. “It seems as if those chimes do go on forever, but that does not keep me home. Such a small annoyance! Dearest—” He took her chin, studied her face and found it so filled with love that it hurt him to put himself on the side of her accusers.

She returned his glance with moist eyes, but with a decided air repeated her excuse, “I cannot walk so far today.” And Willard let the matter rest.

In December, finding a home at the Walmsleys', he soon discovered that he and his wife had not bettered their situation. And yet one morning in January, Jennetta found the flickering firelight in Lizzie's kitchen very pleasant. A downpour pattered music against the leaded windows, and she dallied over her thin toast, loving the whistle and splash of the rain. Breakfast was just to her liking, comforting, dainty, neither too much nor too little. She sat at the table in her wrapper, munching and reading her *Book of Mormon*.

Absorbed after Willard left her, Jennetta handed Sister Walmsley her cup to be refilled.

"With pleasure, your grace!" Sister Lizzie returned like the chirp of a magpie. "Nothing could be finer than to wait on a duchess!"

Jennetta looked up. The scissored tone left her no breath to reply.

"God has numbered me amongst the blessed, 'e 'as," said Sister Lizzie sweetly, "giving me the use of m' legs!"

"Thank you for the tea, thank you very much." Jennetta's dark eyes snapped fire, answering flame with flame. At dinner time, she asked Willard to bring her a tray. He did so but left her bedside to kneel at his chair in their room, suggesting that she join him in humbling themselves and imploring the Lord to soften the hearts of their friends, particularly those of Sisters Jane and Lizzie, who had once been so cordial to all the elders.

"Dear Father in heaven," he said, "bless Sister Lizzie Walmsley. Keep her well in spirit and body. And bless my Jennetta. Look down upon all thy children with mercy. In the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son. Amen."

Willard deplored the misunderstanding which, though foolish, was become an issue in the Church. He sensed it everywhere. The elders themselves cast sidelong glances in his direction. And when he took agonizingly ill, and among all the members of the branch no one but James Whitehead would come near him for the laying on of hands, Willard felt a horrifying sense of unease over the disfavor.

Upon Joseph Fielding's return from a tour which Willard had refused to make because of Jennetta's poor health, he told Joseph that he thought the hard feelings existed against all the presidency on account of Tom's apostasy.

The president nodded, his eyes cold. "The rumor's spread, but I've also heard we're bringing these things upon our own heads. Our behavior . . ." he began. He paused and then said, "Perhaps if Sister Jeanett . . ."

Willard reddened with chagrin, and refused to discuss his wife. He settled down in his chair, ready to go over the business of the branches.

When the mail arrived from America, he reread a long letter from Heber. The whale oil lamp in his room at the Walmsleys' lighted a circle on his desk. Jennetta sat in the flickering edge of light, following her needlework as best she could, proud, worshipful, glancing at him now and then with keen interest.

He had been startled to find Heber's instructions to withhold all correspondence to America until a new address could be forwarded. "Letters to Missouri would be lost," Heber warned. The Saints were again on the move, driven from Far West, the city they had built in their "own" county, in Missouri.

Shocked by the story of warfare last October near Far West between the Saints and the mob-militia, which included the Missouri ruffians who had just committed mass murder upon the Mormons at Haun's Mill, some twelve miles below Far West, Willard could hardly believe Heber's statements. Men in his own ranks — the apostles and other leaders — who should have been faithful to Joseph had opposed him. During his civil examination in a Missouri town, they stated that he was guilty of keeping an armed band ready to make war upon the state.

That would be treason. I hope it's not true! Willard rubbed his hand across his eyes, unaware of Jennetta's concerned gaze. "Prisons and chains we expect," he had written to his father, likening the elders of today to the original apostles, "but I count not my life dear . . ." With this decision always in mind, he had never dreamed that two of Joseph's own disciples could be guilty of offering the final word needed to send the Prophet to jail while awaiting court trial.

Treason? They would bear witness against him for defending the Church? Willard asked himself, profoundly shocked over the conduct of Orson Hyde. While the letter rested on the table, Willard saw the Mormons of Far West fighting to defend their homes after

the massacre twelve miles down the river. The hands of the mob must still have been red with Mormon blood when they joined the militia in the new warfare against Joseph's people, this time in his own city, Far West. Why? Because the earlier settlers of the state feared Mormon success.

Joseph rose only in self-defense, Heber wrote. He went to the foundation of the temple and softly beat his drum as a signal for the ranks to fall in. But after his commander, the "beloved apostle," David Patten, was shot from his horse on the hill at sunrise, Joseph recalled his men, and sent his flag to the enemy, as demanded. For fighting at all, he was court-martialed, charged with murder, arson, theft, when only one or two of the mob had fallen. The Lord had commanded the Mormons not to shed blood. Joseph was condemned, but the general who was ordered to shoot him said it would be murder in cold blood, and he refused to kill the Prophet.

Then two of the Twelve went against Joseph. A month-long examination was held. With Mormon prisoner ironed to prisoner, none was allowed to defend himself, neither Joseph nor any other leader of the Church who had been taken as hostage after the truce was requested. At last, when some word had to be obtained in order to keep the men fettered, Orson supported a fellow apostle's testimony, swearing that Joseph was guilty of treason, of harboring an armed band, ready to make war upon the State of Missouri.

Irresistibly Willard's unbelieving eyes moved over the letter. He fumed over Heber's description of how Joseph was then chained to four of his friends and carted cross-country to lie in filth, to rot in Liberty jail, Missouri — awaiting state's trial. This could be forever brewing, Heber had written. For the state had more against themselves than their prisoners, and they'd have to admit it.

As night came down over the sooted chimneys of Preston's factories, Willard looked into the gloom of his bedroom, his face hard, his cleft chin locked by his outthrust lip. He felt Jennetta's desire to cross the small intervening space between them, and put her hand in his. "Blessed," he breathed, his eyes softening. But the eye of spiritual truth again quickened within him. And the magnetic, mystical charge suddenly told him that among the six vacancies left since last spring through death and apostacy in the Quorum of the Twelve, one was to be filled in England, filled by himself.

The voice of the Lord, silent but certain, spoke: Willard, my

beloved servant, elected in the eternal heavens before time began, you, through the laying on of hands, will be ordained to take your place in the apostleship of the seventh dispensation, in this, the fullness of times.

Still unseeing as far as Jennetta was concerned, Willard realized that though most of the many vacancies left would be filled in America, one apostleship would be reserved for a man on foreign soil.

He saw himself being tried and refined for office, refined to that glorification which God demands of His servants. Jennetta still sat within the focus of his eye, but Willard saw her only as the shrouded figure of wifehood, who must take her turn in being scourged because she was his. She, too, had to be burned. The sharp tongues were still busying themselves against her.

Oh God, if only I can make myself a wall of truth, to hold back the buffetings of Satan, who plans to overthrow me so that my election — named in the eternal heavens before time began — can be destroyed.

Moved, Willard once more felt Jennetta's communion. He put out his hand toward her, seeing every trial and sorrow they had shared as the result of Satan's plan to thwart him. He saw, too, those trials which he had faced in Bedford, as part of the devil's plan. Satan had multiplied his efforts to tumble him into hell.

But God being with me, I will not fail, Willard vowed. I'll work to maintain the mission as Heber began it. In a brief picture, as clear as if in blown glass, the whole primitive undertow of Willard's life sharpened. It seemed that the image had been derived from his own personal angel. In this moment Willard became a wayfarer on a special plane. He decided that as long as he walked he would carry the word of God to mankind; he would touch the hearts of men to salvation.

In the tumult caused by his enlightenment, he clenched his hands. He again felt the violent power of the pressures necessary to refine him: the trials planned by Lucifer to reduce him and render him impotent to nourish the vineyard from which the multitude must drink, to render him impotent so that he himself should, dying of thirst, be stopped in his pilgrimage.

Willard swayed forward as he sat. The dimly lighted room was turning cold. He could not yet force himself to go for another

bundle of fuel. He had assured Sister Walmsley that when he required his peat, he would gather it from the bin; she was not to interrupt him. He shivered slightly.

In the pale light, Jennetta drew her shawl around her shoulders, reluctant to speak to her husband. The dress for the child she was expecting dropped to her lap. She picked up the white shift, taking another stitch. She would not ask Willard what he had read to make his cheeks turn so pale and then brighten until they were glowing brighter than the light in which he sat.

Willard could not answer Heber for want of an address in America. He tried to imagine him and Brigham, and thousands of Saints, besides, hiding out in the white bottoms of snowbound Missouri, following the river back to the Mississippi. Willard saw Joseph lying in irons, awaiting a trial that might never come off. Willard numbered the terms of the truce. The Mormon arms had been stacked under the white flag at the foot of the Liberty Pole. And though amnesty had been assured, the guns and swords were immediately confiscated. The word of the people had been banishment or extermination. "Stack your arms, give up your homes, your farms, your stock. Indemnify your victors!"

Willard saw the enemy committing murder, pillaging the Mormons, violating the women, and sending their leaders out in search of another gathering place. Anywhere, so long as it was not in Missouri, Heber said, quoting the terms. But what else could Joseph do but request a truce after David Patten, riding the ridge at sunrise in his white uniform and red sash, had fallen from his horse, a bullet through his heart?

And then in his letter, Heber returned to the day before the battle. At Haun's Mill, on Shoal Creek, twelve miles below Far West, a group of families had settled. Besides the mill there were barns, meadows, and wheat fields. The mob had ridden upon the smith shop, murdering in cold blood seventeen unarmed Saints, among them Willard's nephew, George Richards. Seventeen-year-old George, Phineas' son, was buried with the other victims in the well, their bodies quicklimed by the enemy. Willard's blood ran cold. George! Phinnie's son!

Again Jennetta's sewing dropped to her lap. Still she hesitated to ask her husband what had turned his cheek so pale and then so glowingly bright.

Willard wiped the moisture from his eyes. The glory of our country has fled, he thought, seeing through Heber's description the corn cutters, bowie knives, and rifles used at the massacre. A half-mile up from the mill, brother Levi had taken a farm on Shoal Creek. There Hepsy had died of ague.

To Willard, even the sorrow of her death lessened when he thought of Joseph in that filthy jail, no larger than a woman's kitchen, but without its warmth and nourishment. Hyrum, Joseph's brother, had been freed; and Sidney Rigdon, who had gone into fits while imprisoned. Other friends expected to escape trial. Four were still with Joseph. But he was lying there, knowing not whether he would ever be tried. No date had been set; Joseph could not hope to be acquitted. Heber said that for all the Missourians would care, as long as they had him under lock and key, Joseph could rot.

In comparison to this story, the Webster affair was a bit of floss, even Tom's apostasy. What was one layman's spiritual death in comparison to the apostasy of several apostles? Willard sickened when he read again of Orson Hyde's betrayal.

Willard could not give Jennetta all of the facts. In her condition, she must not hear of Hepsy's death and of George's at the same time. Nor would Willard tell her that the Prophet was being held in irons. That news must come later. "My dear," he said, "the Mormons have been driven from their homes in Missouri. They are exiled and penniless. Brigham Young is leading them east, to some hiding place. I don't know where."

Jennetta got up and stood by his chair, pale and anxious.

"Joseph has been taken prisoner, but the Church will not be scattered. I know that the gathering will hold together. It is God's plan!"

"Are you so sure?" Her words came on a breath.

"I am. And before you and I go to America, you'll meet many of the Twelve in this land. Joseph has prophesied that the apostles will leave for their foreign missions from the foundation of the temple in Far West."

"Yes?" She put her cold cheek against her husband's face.

"That temple will never be built, but the Twelve will return to the heart of the enemy country to leave for England from the chief cornerstone of the foundation." As she straightened to look at him,

Willard said, "When they will arrive, I don't know. But they will come, and you, my dear, will hear news of your husband. I'm as sure of it as that I live." He rose and gathered her into his arms, his lass from the moors. She was so delicate that he wondered how God dared trust her to his gross hands.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

With the knowledge of his future work always before him, Willard bore his trials in patience until at last the bone of contention in the Church seemed so foolish for the amount of damage it was doing that he felt forced to bring it into the open. The matter of his wife's clothing had been discussed behind her back until he could no longer endure it. The subject was so yeasty that it was threatening to destroy the peace of the whole Preston branch, four hundred souls.

He asked Brother Fielding to call a council and upbraid the brothers and sisters who were keeping the pot bubbling. This only increased the animosity. No one confessed to his error, and Brother Halsal roared at Willard. Nor did Joseph Fielding substitute reason for madness in this council.

Hurt, Willard told Jennetta that he would insist upon bringing the affair before the Church. She begged him not to expose her to the people. "The Saints can't help it," she said. "I know their training. And though they don't make me welcome — and they do hurt me — I love the Church. And I love you. I love you so much I don't mind being lonely."

"I mind for you. Besides, it involves everybody."

"No. Let's keep it to ourselves. Things will blow over."

"The feeling has gone far beyond a mess of gossip. It's splitting the branches. And I have to keep them together. I've got to see the matter through."

"The Church? I? You? Which really counts?" Jennetta turned as chalky as the swabbed whitestone. She repeated her question: "The Church, I, you? Which?"

On March 10th she sat in the Cock Pit quiet and withdrawn, her cape arranged to conceal her changing figure. She had presented herself only for the sake of her husband and the friends who had

remained faithful. Seated next to her, beloved Susannah Liptrot, the midwife — with whom Jennetta and Willard had dined last November — occasionally pressed her arm. Sister Lip's husband beat her regularly for belonging to the Church, but she was loyal to her faith, and to Dr. Richards and his loving pigeon.

Susannah worshiped Jennetta, glad to serve her, glad for every beautiful garment her lass possessed. And now in meeting, she reached gently over to press her pet's hand as it rested on the silk dress she was wearing today. Susannah herself had washed and ironed the delicately embroidered collar. As the great hall filled and the murmurs increased, Susannah glanced with concern at the doctor. He was so pale that she whispered to her queen she was glad she had brought the smelling salts along.

The opening ceremonies over, Brother Fielding stated the particular business of the meeting. He then called upon Willard to address the Saints.

Willard rose. With his first word a hubbub stormed from the bench where Sister Walmsley, in her poor clothing, was gesticulating. He saw Sister Jane, not far from Lizzie, shake her fist. He raised his hands, and as he began to preach — another lesson on the simple facts of the Golden Rule — the women quieted down. The whole congregation fell silent. Without raising his voice, Willard spoke with ease. His confidence mounted as the meeting shaped to a peaceable close, but with his first suggestion that all those who harbored any ill feeling whatever against him or his wife should one by one rise and say openly what they had been so long whispering, the confusion of shouting voices and waving fists returned.

"Peace!" Willard cried. "Silence!" Hearing no more shouting from the benches, he said, "My wife has nothing ever purchased by the Church. To gratify your feelings, she has worn the poorest clothes she has. Yet so hard it is to buffet the storm arising from such foolish causes, you say they are too good!"

He paused, a tear in his eye as he looked at his fellow president. Willard remarked in a husky voice, "I have been wounded to hear that even Brother Fielding has said she's wearing clothing she might better have done without. You Sisters see her gloves, her muff, her cloak — and all of you envy them. But I want you to understand that everything she has belonged to Sister Richards before she was married. Now if any of you have aught against me or her, I want

you to come forward and state your grievance. If I have erred, I shall acknowledge my fault."

No one rose; no one spoke. Willard refused to call the matter closed. At the next officers' meeting there were some new excommunications. Finally there were again some reinstatements.

But in April, only a few weeks after the meeting, he removed Jennetta from the Walmsleys' to live at the Liptrots', opposite the Meadows. Despite the physical blows that Sister Lip suffered for her faith, she rejoiced in serving her lodgers. Jennetta found in Susannah the first real friend she had made in Preston. And in Jennetta, Susannah found a mistress whom she could serve as the poor innocent that she was.

In July Jennetta's baby was born, a boy who looked so much like Willard that she blushed when she put her hand over the infant's deep chest, caressed his broad forehead, and said with a half smile, "Would you mind, my dearest one, if we named him for my father as well as your friend?"

"Heber *John*?" A twinkle brightened Willard's eye. Putting his arm over her shoulder, he said, "John is a good name. I'd be glad to name him for your father."

"John! I should like to call him John." Jennetta's pride seemed wistful.

When the child was three weeks old, Willard took her and the baby to visit some friends in Longton, where the tidewater of the estuary washed close to the house. One morning he woke to find the light lying like soft robes over his bed. His glance leveled at the triangle of the dawn on Jennetta's forehead. She lay asleep beside him, their boy on her arm, her lashes a small black halo against her cheek.

The infant raised his hands above his head, gurgling and stretching. Willard slipped into his pants and tiptoed to the other side of the bed. "John," he whispered, "John!" as if the boy could understand his adoration. Every morning since his arrival four days ago, Willard had plunged the child into the sea. Now as soon as he was dressed, he slipped the first finger of each hand into the small hands and slowly pulled the baby up until he hung by his own weight.

"O little man of God!" Willard clasped the warm smelly body to his breast.

Wrapping the infant in a blanket as he lay on a small table, he felt his wife's eyes upon him. He turned and found her awake, with her shoulders lifted, her elbows forming the arms of a cross, her hair falling in two dark braids over the white pillow. A few moments later, when the door was about to close upon her, she called, "Be careful."

On the strand to which Willard had vigorously walked, he held the child's head and ducked his body into the cold water. John gasped and then crowed with pleasure as he lay on the sand while the encroaching wave slapped his arms and chest. Willard strained the salt water through his fingers as if to push back the opalescent substance that was casting its shadow on the boy. He smiled, trying to seine out the myriad bits of life streaming with the shallows toward Heber John. A half hour later Willard put him glowing and contented in the arms of his mother, whom he found still abed.

The holiday was over much too soon for Willard. Since it was his duty to visit the branches near the sea, Jennetta returned to Preston without him.

Upon arriving at Susannah's a few days later, Willard gave in to his wife's desire to accept her mother's invitation to visit the Manse. He could not understand why she wished to go. "People will wonder, Kit. They know your father shut the door in my face."

She stood hungry but unobjecting. He did not break the silence while he recalled the stories he'd heard from Walkerfold. Her mother's friends had said that Jennetta had left the Church for an obscure foreigner whose only claim to distinction was that he represented a fanatical sect of the most outrageous beliefs. Willard reminded her of some of the things that had been said.

She replied, "I want Ma to see my baby. And I want a breath of fresh air; I can't stand it here, the days are so dingy and black with smoke!"

"All right, my darling, you shall go. But you know I can't come to see you. I wouldn't be admitted."

She did not open her mouth.

He waited. She nodded.

Holding nothing against her, Willard kissed her goodbye when he put her in the cart after arranging for the transportation. But as

the weeks passed he could no longer bear his hunger to see her and his son. He asked Joseph Fielding to hire a cart at Chaidgley, in which they could finish their October visits to the branches at the foot of Pendle Hill. Willard begged permission to take Jennetta and John with the presidency.

Joseph Fielding consented, and on the drive he enjoyed her company. The leaves had spun from the alders and the ash. The oaks were bare except for the occasional fall of gold that strewed the patches of sunlight through which the party rode.

Finally Willard left Jennetta at the Manse without offering to escort her in. As he helped her down from the shandry and gave her the child, he asked President Fielding if they might take them on their next month's visits.

Brother Fielding had no desire to refuse. But in November the weather had turned. The wind was angry. And though the brethren again found Jennetta entirely uncomplaining and ready to enter into the spirit of the Saints' homes where the party was entertained, there was a chill in the atmosphere that made traveling with a baby difficult.

Jennetta offered no complaint, making as little fuss as John himself. Willard thought there never was such a child. He considered him far advanced for his age; and quite unabashed, he told Joseph and William Clayton how happy it made him to see Jennetta enter into his zeal to serve and instruct the people.

Brother Fielding suspected that Jennetta was trying to hide something. He feared that she could not really forget her hurt. With the least word of criticism, he suggested to Willard, the rift between her and the Church could open. He thought her easily wounded.

Willard winced. He said he was convinced of Jennetta's reasonable attitude. "See how the families welcome her. It's not the way it was at Preston where people seemed to her too familiar; and where to them she seemed stuck up. Poor lass, here she has stepped down; there she holds her head too high. She can't say anything right. If she doesn't speak, it's because she won't. And if she does, it's wrong. Look at her when she's with us. God's picture of patience!"

"I wonder what another test would show," said Joseph. "You can't keep a high-spirited lass down forever, you know. We'll see what happens at the Longstroths'."

Willard was thankful when Jennetta joined them in the cart, putting a stop to the comments made while she had attended to the baby in one of the homes they had visited.

Willard thought she did indeed prove herself when she laughed and joked with his friends in Clitheroe. They sat around the table that Stephen had "made for their meat." And Sister Longstroth mothered Jennetta, together with her own girls. The missionaries left this house in good spirits despite the weather. The presidency had ordained Stephen a priest and had expressed their confidence in him as a leader.

Finally, on December 7th, Jennetta arrived at Susannah's from Walkerfold. On the seventeenth, Willard discovered three pustules on the baby's arm. And Jennetta, too, was ailing. He kept her upstairs and the boy downstairs, blessing them both for the recovery of their health.

Late on the evening of December 29th, he heard John fretting in the cradle. Willard picked him up and gave him a drink of water. Susannah rose from her bed, came into the parlor, and held the child on her lap while Willard continued his writing. She soothed John, rocking him and singing a lullaby about the wee sparrows on the moor, when all at once, without the slightest warning, he stopped breathing. "Docthor!" she cried.

Shocked at the tone, Willard looked up. Quickly he took the baby. "O God," he breathed, "I cannot have it so!" He prostrated himself, beseeching the Lord to restore John's life. He rose, clutching the child to his breast, trying to revive him. He laid him on the sofa and chafed his wrists. Seeing that all was hopeless, recalling the comfort of the gospel, Willard laid his heart before the Lord.

Upstairs, in the light of the candle he carried, he found Jennetta awake. He said quietly, "John is dead."

"Yes," she returned without a change of expression, "I know. You blessed him as you blessed Alice." Her eyes filled; then she could not cry again, not even at Ellswich, in the churchyard near Kirkham.

Brother Roger and his wife stood beside the open grave with Jennetta, Susannah, Willard, and three Mormon elders. With Sister Liptrot and Jennetta, Willard had brought the coffin from Preston in a whitechapel. The rain had fallen incessantly. Jennetta's mother

had sent word by the elder Willard had dispatched to the Manse with news of John's death, that she would give the child the place she had reserved for her own burial, above two of her sons. But she did not come down to the service for this little Archbishop of the New Jerusalem, as Jennetta's father had called the baby.

When Willard and Jennetta left Ellswich to return to Preston in the two-wheeled cart, it was still raining. Ill, Jennetta leaned against her husband's shoulder. When he took her into a public house for tea, she swallowed nothing; still she could not cry again.

One night in January she woke from a dream, saying urgently to Willard, "I've seen John. He's in a good land, but there was a sea between him and me, and I could not reach him."

"You wanted to go to him, didn't you, Jennetta?" came the slow answer.

In the darkness she found Willard's arm and squeezed it as if to whisper that she wished very much to go.

Willard felt more hurt because, with Jennetta again pregnant, he found it difficult to understand how she could wish to die. "Can't you see," he said, "that those waves were the buffetings of Satan? Don't you know that you have to stay and help fight the storm? I couldn't tell you before, Jennetta, but I must tell you now that there is a great work ahead of me in the Church. I need your help, I need it. I'll give you a blessing."

She shuddered.

"Oh, my dear, if only you can keep your courage until the Twelve arrive!"

It was only a few days after this that the first two apostles among those who had returned to Far West, in order to start their foreign missions from the cornerstone of the unfinished temple, found Willard and Jennetta near the Meadows. Willard had last seen Wilford Woodruff in Kirtland. He had never met John Taylor, who had been ordained last September, while Wilford was set apart on the predicted day in April, at the temple site in Missouri. Had Willard met John before, he would not now know him. His fashionable whiskers had been shaved. A stubbled growth had taken their place. His slight, dapper body was so thin that Willard wondered if he had eaten during the last month. Wilford, too, was cadaverous-

looking, but both he and John bore the dedicated, inextinguishable air of their calling.

Willard saw Jennetta's flash of sympathy when he introduced his brethren. She marveled that they were here. And gladly she went to the kitchen to help Susannah prepare their supper.

With the apostles' first words, Wilford's blue eyes mild but forthright, and John's a deeper shade but now feverish, seemed to gain fire. Their voices filled. The men had news. But this must be preceded by the story of the persecutions at Far West, the account of how Brigham and John had held the Church together in the mighty, God-protected retreat across Missouri, and the recrossing of the Mississippi into Illinois.

At Quincy, on the east bank, the Mormons had found friends. Thirty miles north of this city, they had purchased a large tract of swampy land. In Nauvoo, the new city of the Mormons, where the river half encircled it, almost the whole colony was ill. People were dying from the shakes. Although the Twelve had, according to prophecy, returned to Far West to commence their missions in a body, few of the Quorum would have been able to leave Nauvoo had it not been for Joseph Smith's presence in the stricken settlement, and the blessings he had given them.

"I had gone down almost to the grave," said Wilford, "but the Lord's will was to be done."

"Yes," said John, breaking in.

Wilford continued, "In the very moment when we were at Far West, when I and George A. Smith were being ordained, Joseph, unseen by us, was riding by, escaping from prison."

"By order of the jailer!" John exclaimed. "Joseph and his friends were given horses and told to get out of the state. Missouri couldn't try them; she couldn't hang them. But now that Joseph has fled, the pukes are trying to get him back into their bloody state. They're crying treason, trying to arrest him."

"Thank God, he escaped!" Wilford clasped the arm of the chair. "We met him at Quincy, and then in time—after Joseph had purchased three tracts of land to found a new city, thirty miles north of Quincy—we all began to move our families up the river. The Twelve had to get their wives and children settled in Nauvoo before they could think of leaving for their missions. The day came at last, though, when John and I could start for England."

"I got as far as the Prophet's dooryard," said Wilford. "He found me lying on the ground, shaking with ague. 'Come, man,' he said, 'why are you here? Get up. Start, and you'll be well.'"

For all his emaciation, as he told his story Wilford sounded good. He said it was while crossing America that John had gone down. "I had to leave him with a family of Saints," Wilford continued. "We agreed to meet in New York, but upon my word, Brother Willard, I never expected to see him again in the flesh."

"But we met," John exulted, "and here I am!"

Willard was amazed to see the color flooding John's cheeks. Suddenly, as if through a miracle, he appeared youthful and ready for the work ahead.

And now at last the moment that Willard had been living for in this happy meeting arrived. He had not forgotten the voice he had heard when reading Heber's letter. And when shall I be called to the apostolic order? he had wanted to ask Wilford and John.

As if answering the question, Wilford said, "I have one more message for you, Willard. Brother Joseph received a revelation concerning you."

Softly, Willard gasped. The explanation followed. He told his friends how his own personal angel had buoyed him up during his time of trouble, and how he had lived for this day.

"You are indeed our brother." John shook Willard's hand. "Your ordination will take place when Brigham and Heber arrive."

"Brigham's whole family was sick when I left," Wilford said. "He himself was down, and he had some work to do for Joseph."

"But he'll come!" John clasped his hands together.

"Brigham and Heber," Willard repeated. "And then?" He looked out of the window toward the meadows. In a moment he suggested that his friends set the time for reviewing the work of the mission in some regular session with the other officers.

In the meeting over which Joseph Fielding presided, it was decided that Wilford commence his labors at Stoke on Trent, in the Staffordshire potteries. John was to go with Brother Fielding to Liverpool, there with God's help to found a branch. William Clayton would continue in Manchester, where he had been blessed in establishing a thriving group. And Willard would remain in Preston, receiving the monthly communications from the other mission-

aries. And he himself should visit all the branches along the Ribble, from the sea to the moors around Pendle Hill, and to its source in Yorkshire.

Willard faced his responsibilities with renewed courage. He never forgot that when Brigham and Heber arrived, he would become one of the Twelve.

When Jennetta appeared unable to hold her own while bearing her second child, Willard agreed that her "native air" might do her good. Her mother had been urging her to come to Walkerfold. Concerned, Willard gave his wife permission to ride up the valley with her sister, Elizabeth.

The eagerness in Jennetta's voice gave him a moment of despair. A second look at her, though, and he knew she must go. He graciously remarked to Elizabeth, as he put Jennetta in the cart beside her, that he expected the visit to do her good. March had come again, and the sun should break through the storms.

Elizabeth cut him short with a glance, her aristocratic features sharp and remote. He offered his hand. She barely touched his fingers.

On his next month's tour, Willard called at the Manse. Mentioning the loss of her little Archbishop, Mother appeared glad to receive him. In his own reference to the child, the minister showed Willard how John had touched his heart, paining Jennetta by the reminder. Willard changed the subject. That night, for the first time in this house, he climbed the stairs with her.

They passed the practically unpartitioned opening to her parents' bedroom on the right. Making their way through Elizabeth's chamber on the left, they entered Jennetta's nook. This room faced the front of the house, rising above the roof of the barn attached to the side of the Manse. In the morning as the night sounds subsided and the roosters woke, and the cows began their lowing, Willard brushed Jennetta's hair, loosed and brilliant in the dawn, a fichu of dark beauty.

She twined her arms around his neck; but no matter how he tried, he could exact no promise for her return to Preston. He was again living at Jane Dawson's. She had repented and had been reinstated in the Church. Willard longed to see peace established

between her and his wife. "Oh, Kit!" The brush dropped to the bed, his hands went to her shoulders.

"Willard, we both know I should never go there. Do you realize what Ma's friends said when John died?"

He shook his head and attempted to divert her attention. She persisted. "They told her that I'd got no more than I deserved. What could I expect, they asked, when I wasn't even married in a proper church?"

"Jennetta, what does it matter? Let's forget all that. Brigham Young may arrive any day. He and Brother Kimball will show up together."

"But I will not go back to Sister Dawson's." Jennetta frowned.

"Even if I tell you that you'll not know your husband when you next see him in the Cock Pit, not if you don't first catch sight of him at home, when he's properly dressed?"

"What have you been doing?" She questioned him in wonder.

"You could never guess. The Saints have given me the money for a suit of clothes." He smiled as if he himself could not believe it. "I've ordered broadcloth and satin at Jasper's and Nielson's: waist-coat, shirt, cravat, and a top hat! The branch has presented me with a gold-headed cane. Oh, Jennetta, why can you not go home with me now?"

She shook her head. "You do not sound like my missionary, not like the elder who had to defend his wife for wearing silk."

"But I am going to be ordained an apostle, my small bird. I cannot hope to command the respect of your people if, upon occasion, I don't dress the part. Now will you come back and make friends with the sisters?"

"Sister Lip said I should be very quiet. And you want that, don't you, my dearest?"

"Oh, Nettee, Nettee, yes, I want that. I'll come to you. I'll come when I have seen my cousin; when I have news of his arrival I'll bring you the word."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Willard walked toward Sister Dawson's house, thinking of the general conference to be convened in a few days. He prayed that Heber would not feel too dismayed by the troubles of the mission. With all his heart, Willard hoped that Hebe and Brig would reach Preston in time for the April meetings.

At home, as if he had foreseen the picture, he found his friends stretching their feet toward the fireplace that Heber had left two years ago. The apostles rose. The men hugged each other, with happy exclamations following the kiss that Willard gave each of the arrivals. "You could look much worse," he said.

"How fine *you* look," they said, holding onto the man who had just come down the valley. Again Willard put his arms about the travelers, and once more kissed their cheeks. Then, as the friends sat down before the slow embers of the peat fire, came the stories.

Oddly, just as Willard had prepared to clothe himself properly, he found thrown across his bed his first overcoat, the coat that Ma had made after she had helped Pa deny her son's schooling at Lenox. "What on earth is this?" He touched the plaid wool, drawing back.

"That?" Brigham chuckled. "It kept me from freezing while I was on the Atlantic. Your sister Rhoda lined it with a bed quilt, one that Harriet Decker gave me in Quincy, Illinois."

Willard's forehead wrinkled.

"Yes," Brigham replied. "You see I left Nauvoo as winter was coming on, penniless, without clothes or effects, nothing but the *Book of Mormon* and the Bible in my hand. And believe me, I was sick. I had to ride horseback to the river from the old barracks, where I had settled my family — thirty rods away. When I got to Heber's house, south of the hill below where the temple will stand, I couldn't take another step. Hebe was sick, too. He'd cut away the forest for a yard, and made his house of the logs. And then he was finished."

"We both had the shakes," said Heber. "We could hardly sit up in the wagon that drove us to Quincy, twenty-five miles down the river. Harriet Decker took us in and nursed us up for a few days. Brig was still shivering when we left. She took the quilt from her child's bed."

"And in Richmond cousin Rhoda lined your cast-off coat, Will, with the quilt. The saints sang us away in New York."

"Yes?" said Willard, deeply moved. Official business could await these personal affairs. "Do you remember," he said, "there was only one Mormon in that whole city when you and I visited it together, on our business mission!"

"Elijah Fordham; God bless him! There are a hundred Elijahs now, and they came down to the docks to bid us goodbye. I promised that I'd hail the Lord for them when I arrived in England. I jumped ashore at Liverpool and shouted three times, 'Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah to God and the Son!'"

"I could shout with you," said Willard, loving this kind of talk. "Speaking of clothes, it's odd that you should show up in my old coat just when I've ordered a suit befitting a minister in Great Britain."

"What?" Brigham and Heber said together.

"Yes," Willard nodded, smiling. "The Saints gave me the money. And I've ordered broadcloth and satin. We know that the manner of the cloth doesn't matter. It's all one to God, but to the people of England? No."

Brigham and Heber were interested in Willard's point of view. And he said, "I think you'll not have been here for two years before you own a proper coat. You'll command respect if you appear well dressed. I can promise you that."

The subject was closed. These men had more important things to discuss: the story of the mission during Heber's absence, Willard's honest report of his trials and tribulations, the lack of growth in numbers, the falling away of a few apostates, but on the whole, the faith among the loyal.

Heber said, "You have done well. You've proved yourself worthy of the appointment we bring. At April conference — I give you my word, we've struggled to get here — we'll have seven members of our Quorum present."

"You see," said Brigham, "George A. Smith, Parley P. Pratt,

and his brother Orson crossed with us. That makes seven apostles in England. You'll be the eighth, cousin."

"Yes?" Willard suggested, holding his breath. "I know," he added softly.

"You know?"

"I do. You see Wilford and John told me, and I told them that when I received Heber's letter, I realized that I, too, had been chosen."

The next day, the majority of the Quorum met in Willard's room to ordain him one of their number. That night, April 14, 1840, he wrote in his journal:

"O God, I ask Thee to enable me to execute the duties of this office in righteousness . . . with my Brethren in the Twelve, that we may ever be of one heart and one mind in all things to be formed of Thee in Thy kingdom, in the name of Jesus Christ,

Amen."

After meeting in the Cock Pit the next day—a heartening experience for Heber and the rest of the Twelve—the apostles met in private. They were assigned to their fields of labor: Parley to Manchester, to edit the Mormon publication which the Twelve would found. Willard moved that the paper be named for the dawn of the millennium, the *Millennial Star*.

His suggestion accepted, he felt proud of his place in the Council. He and Brigham were designated with Wilford Woodruff to labor in the potteries, and still farther south, in the Malvern Hills. Orson Pratt was appointed to turn the keys of the kingdom in Scotland. Heber and George A. Smith must make another attempt to organize a branch in London, while John Taylor would proselyte in Manchester.

Willard could not leave for Staffordshire without seeing his wife. He and Heber toured the Lancashire branches. Arriving at Walkerfold, they found Jennetta ill. Mrs. Richards invited Willard in, but closed the door to Heber.

Upstairs, Willard met his wife with concern. At first she refused the thought of a blessing. But finally he prevailed upon her not only to accept the ordinance but to allow Heber to help him give it.

Heber climbed the stairs with palpitating heart, ignoring Mother's chill disapproval. Willard brushed Jennetta's temple with

consecrated oil. He and Heber laid their hands upon her head, Heber praying with certainty. During the ceremony they all heard the minister climbing the stairs. Heber continued while the old gentleman stood just inside the door waiting for the "amen."

Without greeting or apology, he said, "How dare you defy the Lord in this house?" His cheeks quivered. He held his trumpet to his ear, looked at Willard and remarked with contempt, "You abuse our hospitality."

Jennetta would have spoken but her father lifted his hand, saying to Heber, "Some men have short memories. I have not changed my mind about you, sir, since the last time I asked you to leave this place forever."

Heber went outside. Willard remained in his wife's room only long enough to say that he would see her in Manchester, in July, when the Church would meet again for conference.

She clung to him, putting her hands about his arm. He saw her the morning he had brushed her hair and she had nestled against him. Though her father was now in Miss Elizabeth's room, waiting for his son-in-law to pass, Willard said, "The Twelve will gather, too, Jennetta, eight or nine of us, in fulfillment of the plan!"

"I shall be with you," she cried softly. "I'll come to Manchester for the birth of our baby."

"Don't lose courage, my dear. God will uphold you. Draw upon His strength, Jennetta."

In the outer chamber, Willard offered the minister his hand. Mr. Richards stood erect. "Good day, sir," he said.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

From the Malvern Hills, in Herefordshire, Willard returned to Manchester for conference on July 6th. He greeted the members of his Quorum with an ardor that gave him tale for tale among those told when the group met in the office of the *Millennial Star*. Willard trailed no one in the thrill of the reminiscences. Proudly, he reported his baptisms and conversions.

The personal side of the stories had largely been saved until the last but one of the preliminary meetings of the Council. Now feeling himself a teacher and leader in the fullest sense, Willard was ready to describe his walking tours in the Severn Valley. From Ledbury, in the Malvern Hills, he had gone north to Worcestershire, and then nearly one hundred and sixty miles south of Preston to Gloucestershire. In Little Garway he thought he had actually crossed the line into Wales, taking the mission into this country. And so he had — he later discovered — all but a hand's length.

He had been laboring in Burslem, near Stoke on Trent, when the time came to search out his companions in the south — Brigham and Wilford — who had preceded him to the Malvern Hills. "I went to Dymock, in Herefordshire," he told the Council. "Through bob-tailed but clear directions I found the house of a Saint, just down the hill from the market place. There I asked the way to Brother Kington's — one of the Methodists who told Brother Wilford when he first met the United Brethren that they had, without knowing it, been waiting for the Mormons." Willard paused but the brethren did not interrupt him.

He said, "After a long walk into the country, maybe six or seven miles, that took me till long after dark, I saw down the lane the lights of Brother Kington's house — just a flicker. And there I found Wilford and Brigham waiting for me."

"We sat up almost all night," Brigham broke in enthusiastically. "We prayed and discussed the work ahead. We left Brother King-

ton's early the next morning, walking twelve miles to Ledbury."

"From there I was to go in one direction," said Wilford. "Willard was to work his way out in another."

"And I was to look after the business, to obtain money to print the *Book of Mormon*, the *Doctrine and Covenants*, and a hymn book."

Brigham's decisive pride inspired the group, but Wilford now interrupted. "I told Brig that Brother Benbow had plenty of money, but to consider his English feelings."

"It was at Castle Froome, on the Benbow estate, that Wilford cleaned the rushes from the pool and baptized over five hundred souls," said Willard. "He was in the act of preaching in Staffordshire, to the north, when the Lord whispered, 'Do not stay here any longer, Wilford. Go down into the hills. Give out the message there; the people are waiting.'"

"That was last winter," said Wilford. "I heard that voice as clearly as yours comes to me now. I've been back to the people I so suddenly left, keeping in the potteries the appointments I had already made for baptism when I heard the Lord speak. But now, on this mission with Brigham and Willard, before we separated we climbed to the top of Malvern Hill."

"We knelt there, at the foot of the beacon," said Brigham, "to ask God to bless our efforts. Wilford told me that I only needed to explain to Brother Benbow that it was cheaper to print the books in England than in America, and then ship them here, with all the duty."

"We all required the Lord's blessings," said Willard. "We knelt together on the hill, at the foot of the beacon, and then left each other for a season."

"Some of the things that followed were not so rosy as you might think," Wilford chuckled. "But we were blessed, blessed in dodging the candlesticks thrown at our heads, and in organizing the branches into districts and conferences."

"I got two hundred pounds from Brother Benbow," said Brigham with marked satisfaction. "And I went about in London, Liverpool, and here in Manchester, inquiring prices on printing."

"I'll wager you found little to repay your work in London," George A. Smith replied, staring through his spectacles. He had

started spitting blood on the Atlantic. His work on the Thames had not helped his condition.

Brigham had told him to return to Manchester for a rest. He now looked at George with understanding. "You're as right as your mother. I walked to and fro, calling at the houses, exhorting the people to listen to the gospel. 'But we've *got* the gospel,' they'd say, closing their eyes and lifting their voices as though addressing me from Buckingham Palace. But like the ox, they'll go to their judgment not knowing the day of their visitation."

With moisture in their eyes from their laughter, the men answered Brigham's grim nod.

"I had just about that much success in London with the printing," he said, "They'd 've robbed me blind, and I went down to Liverpool, where I signed for the work. But that's the reason we're going right back to Crockford's Hell. London needs us and we need London."

"Who'd think you were looking for bargains?" Heber glanced out the window toward Carpenters' Hall, the finest auditorium in Manchester. Brigham had hired it for the Mormon meetings for a full year.

"We can raise the rent as we go," Brigham said. He had just been made president of the Twelve. His assurance was as smooth as the sun-streaked hair framing his open forehead.

"We've thousands coming in for conference tomorrow," said Wilford. "Success has crowned all of our efforts. See what Willard has done in the south."

Parley Pratt called attention to Willard's letter from Herefordshire: "' . . . With the field so large,'" Parley quoted, "'the reapers could not call from side to side . . . Neither could we often see each other without a telescope.'"

The *Star* office was bright with laughter. Heber suggested that Willard remain as trim in figure as he now was, by returning to this special vineyard.

"The field was large," Willard said, "and scattered; but in one week, with Brother Kington's help I baptized fifty people at Dymock. The same week we confirmed a hundred souls. It seemed as if we could not work fast enough to carry out the wishes of the Saints. Only with the help of the Lord did we manage to satisfy the demands."

"We have your record," said Brigham. "There's none finer. The spirit of the Lord has crowned your days. No one ever did a better work than you, Willard."

"As a disciple and worker in this Quorum, my friend, you've shown your mettle." Heber's voice was firm with conviction.

Brigham put up his hand; he had not finished speaking. He said, "I want a man who can help me get out the books. I want someone who can write a letter, someone who can edit the *Star* during Parley's return to New York, when he goes for his family. And I want a man who can write a proper epistle for the *Star*. It will be published under his name and mine. Who can this be but Willard Richards?" Brigham's jaw again squared to the rule.

The Twelve agreed to his choice, and Brigham remarked that Willard's first duty would be to write to Joseph Smith, begging an answer to the questions already asked. Was the *D and C* to be printed in England exactly as it had appeared in America? Had the time arrived to disclose the revelations of the present dispensation concerning the ancient *mysteries*? Could the people here at last be enlightened about the gold plates presented to Joseph Smith by the Angel Moroni?

"You ask Brother Joseph if the time has come when the Twelve may extend the doctrine beyond the first three principles," said Brigham.

Willard nodded, promising to write the letter as directed. He gave his word that he'd gladly edit the *Star* until Parley returned to England. "And meanwhile I'll start the work on our first epistle, Brig."

Willard looked across the circle at Wilford Woodruff, a man with a poet's heart, and he bowed his head, silently praying to prove worthy of his latest calling.

On his way across the street to his lodgings for dinner, his thoughts turned to Jennetta. He had spent so many hours meeting with the Twelve during the past two days that he had hardly taken time to install her in their new home. He felt grateful to Sister Liptrot for coming down to Manchester. In Preston she had left her husband. In this city she had found a place as a housekeeper for a widower, Brother John Walker. With his numerous children he lived in Salford, the ancient heart of Manchester, and in the very

midst of the factories. Again Jennetta was plagued by the smoke and grime, but Willard was grateful for their comfortable home.

With Sister Lip, Jennetta felt secure for her confinement. She was doing little complaining about the noise and laughter of the Walker children. Rather, she preached little sermons about the Lord giving them a new heart when they became very quiet and good. "God does sometimes give a new heart even to a little child," she said one day with a grave smile.

After dinner today, Willard tucked Jennetta into an easy chair. He reached for his hat, ready to return to the office for the afternoon session, saying rather hastily, "The brethren are counting on seeing you at sacrament meeting tomorrow, my dear — especially Heber. He knows that only once have you tasted the Lord's Supper with His children." Willard winced as he turned to look back at her from the door.

"Neither have I heard you speak as an apostle," she replied. "Don't you know that I shall try to come?" Only the lift of her lip told him that she, the wife of a missionary, sometimes missed her husband's company.

He crossed the room to kiss her again. "I know, I know you are lonely, my dear, and even now I have to go to meeting. But I can leave you sister Rhoda's letter," he said hopefully.

Accepting it, Jennetta remarked, "What does she have to say about me this time?"

Some time ago Willard had asked sister Rhoda to become a member of his family when he returned to America. She and Nancy had now been baptized.

Sister had recalled with pleasure his invitation, and that she hoped she and Jennetta would be sisters, indeed, when they could mingle their joys and sorrows together. She had also written:

"Jennetta's afflictions have been great, but so have her blessings, and I am not a stranger to light afflictions, but I mean to forget them all and go my way rejoicing in the goodness of the heavens, and may my steps be directed by him who doeth all things well. . . . I have been held up for months . . ."

"Don't misunderstand sister," Willard pleaded. "This letter came almost as if I needed humbling, just as I finished baptizing the fifty in Dymock."

"Yes?" Jennetta did not entirely suppress the fingernail of her sarcasm.

"Pa died without going into the water," Willard said, "last March. Rhoda laments that he did not have a proper minister to preach his sermon. And oh, Jennetta, I can imagine what was said by Pa's pastor. He may have denounced him because most of his children have joined the Church. Father lies beside Mother and Susan in the garden, and Nancy's boy." Willard left Jennetta with the letter and her thoughts.

A few days later, assuming that Joseph Smith would give the Twelve leave to print the *Doctrine and Covenants* in full, and allow them to preach the gospel in its magnitude, Willard commenced his work on his epistle. Announcing directly what he wished to say, he began:

"Do you believe in election and reprobation? To prevent the necessity of repeating a thousand times what may be said at once, we purpose to answer this oft-asked question in writing, so that the Saints may learn doctrine, and all who will may understand that such election and reprobation as is taught in the Old and New Testament, and other revelations from God, we fully believe in . . ."

He had thought out his material for days, and his pen rushed on, filling paragraph after paragraph:

" . . . The Lord . . . hath spoken through Isaiah . . . saying, 'Behold my servant whom I uphold — mine elect in whom my soul delighteth,' evidently referring to . . . Christ, the Son of God, chosen, or elected by the Father. . . ."

Strengthening the statement, Willard continued:

"Every High Priest must be ordained . . . and if Christ had not received ordination, He would not have had power to ordain others, as He did when He ordained the Twelve . . . [And from John, Willard quoted the Lord]: 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit . . . for no man taketh his honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron . . .'"

From Matthew, Willard quoted Christ:

"'All power is *given* unto me in heaven and in earth;' which could not have been if He was in eternal possession . . . It was necessary that

Christ should receive the Priesthood to qualify Him to minister before His Father, unto the children of men, so as to redeem and save them. . . . And can it be expected that a man will be called by revelation who does not believe in revelation? Or will any man submit to ordination for the fulfillment of a revelation or call, in which he hath no faith? We think not."

Supporting this statement, Willard cited the story of Jacob and Esau, Jacob being the beloved of God, and the man elected to perform His work, while Esau was hated, and his sacrifice was not accepted. The elect were to inherit the holy mountain, Willard said. And he referred to the promises to Abraham, "... chosen or elected to be the father of this blessed nation.

"... For I know him said the Lord, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord . . . that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him; and this includes the general principle of election, *i.e.* that God chose, elected, or ordained Jesus Christ, His Son, to be . . . judge of the world; and Abraham to be the father of the faithful, on account of His foreknowledge of their obedience to His will and commandments . . .

"Thus it appears that God has chosen or elected certain individuals to certain blessings, or to the performance of certain works . . ."

After days of work, Willard had completed some five thousand words for the epistle. He finally illustrated his theme with the parallel from Malachi, saying:

"'Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated,' . . . And surely," Willard reasoned after emphasizing the centuries that had elapsed between Jacob's and Esau's tents upon this earth and Malachi's prophecies concerning the favored and those who would not be favored because of their disobedience to the sacred law:

"... And surely that was time sufficient to prove their works, and as certain whether they were worthy to be loved or hated.

"And why did He [God] love the one and hate the other? For the same reason that He accepted the offering of Abel and rejected Cain's offering . . ."

Willard finally concluded with a passage concerning the House of Israel:

" . . . There is a remnant . . . whom God will gather from among all people whither they are scattered and . . . then shall they dwell in their land which God gave to His servant Jacob . . . and shall build houses and plant vineyards . . . and when this gathering shall be completed, 'It shall no more be said, The Lord liveth, that brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, but the Lord liveth that brought up the children of Israel from the land of the north, and from all the lands whither he had driven them: and I will bring them again into their land that I gave their fathers.'"

Finally Willard concluded:

"This is the election that we believe in, viz., such as we find in the Prophets and Apostles, and the word of the Lord Himself, and as we have not room to give all the quotations in full, in relation to election in this epistle, we would invite the Saints to examine the Scriptures, in connection with those quoted; and whenever they find election, or any other principle or blessing, given or applied to the house of Israel, let those principles continue with the house of Israel, and not apply that to Esau which belongs to Jacob; or to the churches of modern times which belong to the ancient covenant people . . . we would exhort you to 'work out your own salvation with fear and trembling . . . to make your calling and election sure . . .'"

And so he continued to his last word, spent and glorified:

"'For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Amen."

Having compared the Protestant churches to Esau, Willard sat quiet for a moment, his quill in its cork, his eye enlivened by the vision of the granite crest on the mountain opposite his father's farmhouse. Here he had once sat, seeing himself damned, cast into hell for all eternity, among those not touched by God to regain His presence.

But now that he had completed the epistle, Willard faced a crisis in his adult life. His duties in the kingdom appeared suddenly jeopardized by the family which he held equally sacred to his religious work. His wife and son provided the stepping stone to his heavenly advancement. Yet for these bonds he had not the patience to labor and endure, waiting for all things to develop according to the Master's plan. When Willard's work became so delayed that he could not turn out his second epistle as promised, he began to prickle all over.

His second son had been born on October 11th. Except for the forehead that no one could mistake for his own, Willard saw in this child a strong likeness to his mother: the fine-knit structure of bone and sinew, the dark eyes shining with an especial light, the curve of lip, the line of chin, the shape of Jennetta's hands. He adored the boy. But as he had spent hardly six weeks with his first son, and actually barely knew his appealing ways, so — as an apostle — he had been preoccupied with the mission during the first weeks of this child's life. Nor had Willard watched the second Heber John through the days and evenings, cultivating the pride of fatherhood that he might have known under different circumstances.

Willard was called home from the field because his son and his wife were ill. The apostle had no one to wait upon them. Sister Lip had married Brother Walker, and had little time these days for the Richards family. Midnight of December 9th came and went, with Willard himself acting as maid servant. His second epistle was due on the tenth. Still he found no relief from his two-months-old-son's crying. The author's fingers ached to be at work for the *Star*; his mind was flooded with ideas, but ideas that needed clarifying, doctrinal support, and an intensity of thought. For a whole week, Willard found no opportunity to develop his plan, no chance to pursue the call sounding in his ears. What was he to do? he asked at two o'clock in the morning of December 10th. Pressing his fingers to his forehead, he turned his back for a moment on the little fellow in the cradle, and went to Jennetta, who lay ill upstairs.

His little Jeanett, who represented in her own way all that was highest and finest in her English blood, who asked so little and gave so much, needed him. But he came downstairs, sat down at his desk and felt that he was reaching along two limbs of the same tree, reaching until he was almost torn asunder by the stretch. Snatching paper and pen, he wrote to Brigham:

"No. 29 Regents Road
Near the Infantry Barracks,
Salford, Manchester,
December 10th, 1840
2.15 in the morn.

"Dear Brother Young. Yours from London I have read this day with pleasure, and do assure you I have thought many times since you left; that after all you had done you could not get money enough to go to

London. I would have helped you if I could, God knows; but I am at my wit's end to keep from denying the faith and proving myself an infidel. I continued in Bolton one week after you left, and left 14 officers . . . more than when we went. I returned home and found a messenger had gone after me. Heber John was very sick and Jennetta worn out. With oil and laying on of hands I kept him in lobelia operation mostly for three days and nights, and the mother two emetics. I had little rest till Sunday. I went to Pendlebury; was with my family again till yesterday morning . . . returned at 6 even; found Jennetta very sick; put her to bed where she has been groaning till now and the boy yelling in the cradle, (just now asleep). In this situation I write this line just to apologize for not writing. God knows whether I will ever have the privilege of going into the vineyard or not. He knows I desire it. There I leave it. Of this I am satisfied; I can do nothing with my family in a country where they can have no one to do a chore for them but myself."

From London, where a branch had at last been established, Heber replied for Brigham to Willard's news concerning Jennetta's illness and his delayed second epistle:

". . . This gives us pain, but we pray our Heavenly Father, that He will break off the band of affliction that seems to rest upon you and your dear wife and son."

Likening Willard to the disciples of old, Heber wrote:

"Has he not left all in order to preach this Gospel of the kingdom . . . When he heard it, he left his father's house, and went to the nations of the earth, without purse or scrip . . . he did not stop to confer with flesh and blood. He said, as Jesus did . . . 'Let the dead bury the dead;' therefore, O Lord, may not this suffice. And let peace and health rest upon thy servant and handmaid from this time forth. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen and Amen."

Concerning Jennetta, Heber wrote:

"I have had much sorrow on account of Sister Jeanett, that she cannot get courage and raise up in the name of the Lord, still I have not the first thought that she or the little lad are going to die; not I, in the name of the great God, hang on as long as there is one breath of life in the body. The promises are sure, and God is the same. I say unto you in the name of the Lord: 'Be of good cheer, for the spell will break soon.' The Lord is as willing that you should claim these promises as any other man on earth. All things will go well; it is only a day of trial. I am glad to hear

of the work of the Lord in that region of country. The times seem to be more prosperous here than they have been. There are 19 baptized, and some others stand ready to go forward . . .”

When Jennetta recovered her health, she told Willard that since he was planning to take her to America in the spring, she wished more than anything else on earth to visit the Manse once more. “No,” he said, “for we do not know what dangers we run. Brigham and I will be visiting the branches before we leave, and it is I who must go to your father’s home. Perhaps he is waiting for the Word; I’ll offer it to him once more.”

All through the spring Willard and Brigham were constant companions in winding up the work they had set out to accomplish. Willard was indexing the *Book of Mormon* and working on the *Doctrine and Covenants*. Parley had returned from America and would edit the hymn book. Willard and Brigham were traveling from city to city in the mission area. They had seen the first company of Saints off for the great gathering in Nauvoo. Spending the first night on board with the group, in the steerage, the two apostles comforted and encouraged the people. From the mouth of the Mersey, Willard and Brigham sailed out to sea for twenty miles before returning to port on a tender.

The two cousins saw the second company off. Then in April, 1841, with all their brothers in the Twelve who were in England, except Parley Pratt, they prepared to accompany the third group of British Saints to Nauvoo.

Brother Benbow’s money had helped many of these people to emigrate. Funds had been provided for some of the Saints to take passage in the second cabin instead of the steerage, and Jennetta, with her baby, was among these, for a glorious departure.

True, she stayed on board while Brigham and Willard went ashore with a group of prominent men to attend a party honoring them in a pavilion on the pierhead. A band of Saints had come down to see them off with cheers, songs, blessings, and a thousand admonitions and messages to carry to their friends and relatives already gathered in Nauvoo.

And Jennetta stayed in the stateroom also the night of the great storm in midocean, when the wind howled and the waves lashed,

with the water flooding the deck. Here Willard and Wilford clung to the rigging until they were all but swept from their feet. The sails were closely reefed, but the ship tossed violently in the mounting tempest. They heard cries for help, and the apostles, now gathered together, rushed to the cabin.

Willard, John, and Wilford sprang to the ropes which tied forty tons of luggage in place. They supported the load with all their strength. Then, when the worst of the gale was over, Willard and Wilford once more went to the deck to glory in the elements, happy they were now subdued.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

On the last day of May, Jennetta and Willard stood by the rail of a Hudson River boat, going upstream. Modestly, unobtrusively, she put her hand in his. After the long journey across the Atlantic where her husband had been no more her own than the sea on which they had sailed, this small sidewheeler was heaven. For Jennetta the shrill demands of the carters on the New York dock had simply amplified the cries at the Castle Garden sheds. Neither experience had been forgotten during her first ten days in America.

Again she had felt like a stranger at the door. The New York Mormons who had entertained her while Willard was seeing creditors of the Church had run like butlers trying to put her at ease, but they were preparing to go West, pinching, ignoring hunger, re-using soapsuds, patching, anything to economize for the journey. And she could not talk about going to Nauvoo. She had felt foreign. Only now could she indulge the smile she usually reserved for her child.

Nestled on his father's arm, the boy was passive while Willard watched the wake from the paddle flare toward the shadow of the palisade. Like the distant cry of a fading whistle, Jennetta's question carried its own farewell to England. "Did our country burst upon you with its tongues as yours struck me? Those draymen! The docks!" Her tone reached up for understanding, but Willard continued to watch the foam, and she became insistent. "I deirst say it took a man like you to thump those carters off!"

Willard had indeed taken his folded umbrella to the short-and-thick necked draymen who had fought like bulls to haul the 4,000 pounds of baggage belonging to the Saints. Turning swiftly, he studied Jennetta but denied the response he would have liked to give. He saw too clearly the lines deepening her lip and eye with homesickness.

He felt relieved when she said she was looking forward to seeing

the hills he had tramped as a boy. She was to stay in Richmond while he went to Nauvoo to meet Joseph and to search out a place for her to live. Lost to his ears was the bedlam of the recent docks. His spirit was dyed deep with the farewells of his fellow apostles in New York City. Brigham and the other elders had hurried West, leading the company of English immigrants.

Through their correspondence with Joseph, the Twelve had felt so elated over the newly established freedom of the city that they could hardly wait to find in action the most liberal government ever granted an American town. Practically a city-state, Nauvoo could surely now sustain the kingdom of the Lord on this earth, they had speculated. Organized only last February, it had become the largest city in Illinois. Between eight and ten thousand people had already gathered there.

For their protection and for the growing religious and civic strength of the city, Joseph Smith had devised a set of charters permitting Nauvoo to organize an army, to establish a city council, a municipal court, and its own business enterprises. And also he had included in the charters the founding of a university. "Which," the Twelve had agreed, "to a people like us, bent on finding God through sharpening our minds, is a glorious privilege."

Willard felt proud of the distinguished men among those eight thousand souls in Nauvoo. While in England, the Quorum had been notified of the arrival of a Dr. John C. Bennett, and of his baptism into the Church. A Yankee from the western Berkshires, he had written to Joseph, denouncing the raping and the bloody persecution of the Saints in Missouri. He had expressed his desire to see justice done a people who had been driven from one of the sovereign states because of their religious beliefs. And he had left a medical practice in Ohio to go to Nauvoo.

It was the doctor who had driven down to Springfield in behalf of Joseph's charters. In the Illinois capital he had spoken to friends. And once the documents had been debated last January, they were almost unanimously passed.

Immediately afterwards, the City of Nauvoo was organized — with John Bennett himself as mayor. The fact that he held the rank of quartermaster general in the State Militia did not deter the governor from commissioning him major general in the Nauvoo Legion. Joseph had been empowered with still higher rank, how-

ever, having created the office of lieutenant general and being commissioned by the governor. But Joseph had appointed General Bennett his assistant in the First Presidency of the Church.

Willard's hand, on the far side of Jennetta, slid along the rail. Looking at the green foam, he thought, the First Presidency? Odd that the doctor was born in my own part of the country, just fifteen miles from my father's place. A Stockbridge Yankee, apparently destined to forge ahead in any wilderness!

Jennetta had held her peace. But now through the touch of her finger she insisted that her husband listen. "I can hardly wait to meet your family," she said. "I'm a little frightened, though. I do hope they'll take to me."

"Sisters 'll love you, dearest." He was reminded by Jennetta's voice of the dittoing witch-brew . . . of the flycatcher.

"As you love this river, perhaps?"

"A bit of my heart is buried in this river, Nettee." Looking past her, he continued, "I drove a load of cider, once, to the port nearest our home. I was a boy. My journey failed. And with it a piece of my heart went down this current." He turned now to meet her gaze. "But in that failure I found life," he said slowly, "and it's not the Hudson I'm seeing but that other river in the West."

"Take me out there with you. Take me now, Willard. I can settle in anywhere. Please don't leave me."

"But sisters are expecting you," he said kindly. "And one day Rhoda will be a member of our family."

Jennetta sighed.

"Brother Peirson's house is large enough to give you privacy. His girls will serve you, and they'll make excellent companions. Amelia is a school teacher; she plays the accordion."

Jennetta's face did not change.

Willard said, "I have to find you a house, and I've got to learn about the sickness in Nauvoo." His voice tightened.

She quieted, turning inward, as he saw.

"I'll come for you the minute I can." His pride was waxtight, but he put his hand sadly over hers.

The next day, instead of taking Jennetta to the Peirsons', he led her directly to Phineas' house. But somehow she met this completely Mormon family with a strange heart, looking beyond the lovely

earnest faces half in terror, seeking Willard. She found here a new kind of politeness, an old glow, as of polished wood that nothing must mar. Everybody seemed filled with love, a hidden passionate love and resignation, centered on the goal ahead, focused with desire to see the promised land as a preparation to enter the alabaster gates.

Jennetta found Phineas' son, Joseph, charmingly polite. Maria, a dainty blue-eyed thing, fondled Heber John. Sister Wealthy lifted her hand with the comfortable gesture of an English country lady who could see to anything: garden, dairy, cottage, or even a hall. Yet her blood flowed in Puritan channels, and before Jennetta's heart had really opened to this family, Willard drove her up to the tall darkly-oiled house at the head of the valley.

While he was in England the railroad tracks had been laid through the very dooryard of the Peirson farm, passing down the hollow below the bridge. The hills reminded Jennetta of the moors. But — though it was the first of June — she missed the sea of silver and green on the fell. And here there was no gorse ready to burst into gold.

Again she was met by a bevy of people, brother, sisters, the three nieces, the two boys. They gave her the freedom of the whole house. During the following days, she took Heber to the attic where Rhoda was weaving. She carried him out to the dyeing shed to watch the girls at work, and then to the tool shops and barns. At the brook's narrow gorge, she listened to the silky whine of the sawmill.

As the month passed, her first impression barely changed. The staircases were like ladders, straight and narrow. On July 2nd, the day before Willard was to say goodbye, she caught her breath when, with John on her arm, she descended the steep pitch to the front hall.

Willard held the child while she greeted brother Phineas, sister Wealthy, William and Sarah Richards. William had driven the group up the valley for a farewell dinner. He and Sarah, and their small daughter, occupied the old home on Mill Creek.

Jennetta was glad to find Sarah near her own age, but William was another wrinkled one, like leather dried loose after the tanning, and as bronzed and ruddy. The next moment, Jennetta discovered that her young sister-in-law was as bitter as aloes against the Mormons.

Sarah greeted her like an object of prey. Willard thought of how he had imagined his wife staying in one of his sisters' chambers.

But heaven forbid that she should stop in that home, he now thought. Here, no matter what Jennetta says, Amelia and Eliza are as friendly as doves. Why can't she warm up to them?

She had agreed to their ability, admiring their work as seamstresses and housekeepers. She had praised Amelia's playing, and Jennetta thought Amelia beautiful. "But oh," she had said to Willard in a private conversation, "brother Peirson lifts his neck against the Church. I'm afraid for this family. It's as if he was splitting a golden sweeting in two."

Like your father with his apples, Willard had wanted to say. With some concern he watched Jennetta at this gathering of people of opposite natures. Some of the family absorbed his every word and thought, knowing that he spoke from the Lord. Others washed their hands against him, as Brigham said of men with narrow minds.

Willard knew that the latter in this group felt hurt over the others' acceptance of his message. Brother Peirson winced whenever anyone mentioned Mormonism. Whenever he mentioned the subject, he squared his shoulders as though standing against a wall. He refused to accept the baptisms of his wife and sons, saying to Willard during his only conversation on the subject, "They didn't know what they were doing, any more than your sisters did."

Willard gasped. Nancy believed with all her heart.

Wincing as if he were watching the ceremony, William Peirson had said, "Brother Phineas had no right to dip them. They'd all come back to our Society if we'd let them in," he had concluded with ice on his tongue.

Today, with all the family seated around his table in the sun-flecked room, brother Peirson carved the suckling pig. The apple still crowded its mouth. The potatoes and gravy were on their way around the table. With the knife in his hand, William Peirson remarked, "And so you're leaving us, brother Willard!"

Jennetta's eyes flashed toward the dark brow, wrinkled clear to the thick pewter-grey hair.

Willard's chest lifted as if to support his pride. "Day after tomorrow," he replied.

"And what do you expect to find on the Mississippi?" William laid aside his knife to take from his pocket a copy of the *Times and Seasons*, the bi-weekly Nauvoo newspaper. "I learn strange things here." He tapped the table with the journal. There was no light-

ness in the slap of the meat on the next plate he served. His brow corrugating, he asked, "Is there anything in the Bible, brother Willard, to support a prophet's being a general? I have never read of one. In Jewish history we have kings, generals, *and* prophets."

"In Nauvoo, we have the kingdom of God on earth," Willard remarked. "And I know that I shall find Mr. Smith exercising no power not granted him by the Lord."

"With governors in our own family, do you and I, and these others, need such kingdoms?" Mr. Peirson glanced particularly at sister Wealthy.

William Peirson continued, as hard-hitting as though he were shingling a roof. "With representatives to the General Court of this state in *my* family, I find it strange to be connected with a disciple of a prophet who carries a sword — or with one who's trying to establish an empire! Is that consistent with your belief in free agency?"

Sister Wealthy intervened. "Pray, Mr. Peirson, do not consider me or my connections in your attack upon brother Willard. Mr. Richards —" she gave her husband a look of admiration — "has spent the better part of two years in Connecticut, preaching for our Church."

"Yes," said Phineas, "I'm proud that I could!"

Down went another slice of suckling pig from Mr. Peirson's trembling hand. Jennetta's brow gathered. Willard found himself without heart to reply to the man who claimed that his own wife — sister Nancy — had all but shut the ears of his daughters to his interpretation of Scripture. "They wouldn't believe the truth if they heard it in the warm wind of heaven. They're getting so they won't believe a word their father says about God and the Bible," he had declared.

"Pa," Amelia now asked, "can we not be happy when we're together? Uncle Willard is so reasonable."

Her defense put a coal of warmth in Willard's breast. Catching her eye, he felt pleased that she could be so frank. In her grey challis dress, with its pink flowers bringing out the color of her chestnut hair and creamy skin, she looked every bit as high born as Jennetta. What a shame, he thought, that brother Peirson is so blind as to divide this family! Letting his fork rest, Willard glanced at Nancy, whom he had counselled to obey her husband in all things; but, he

thought, there are certain lines of difference that go beyond obedience.

Sarah, William's wife, looked up. Quoting Amelia, she said, "Happy? Do you think anyone can be happy in a family divided against itself? Your disputes remind me of sister Rhoda and Mrs. Cone. One says Richmond is a sickly place because there are so many unbelievers here. 'And lo,' says the other, 'we are dying off because the Mormons have come!' I don't know but what that one is right."

Willard wished that brother Phinnie and sister Wealthy had room for Jennetta and Heber John. But, as he knew, their home was the one Phineas had built in the beginning, with only a small chamber added now and then to accommodate the growing family. There was room in the old home. But God forbid, he silently declared, that I should leave my wife and child with William and Sarah!

Late that afternoon he and Jennetta went strawberrying. Crossing the brook to the north, wandering away beneath the broad maples and chestnuts, they soon found themselves among the briars and bracken.

Willard gathered a whole handful of ripe fruit. He pushed an enameled drop between his wife's lips and kissed her. Both he and she became stained from the bright juice. He apologized but gave her another berry, and then another, insisting that she eat.

It was almost more than she could do to swallow. Still he emptied his hands. She took hold of them regardless of soil. "Oh," she cried, "oh," giving in to her longing, "I wish you did not have to go without me!"

"But what would I do with you, my dear? I can't ask you to live in the government barracks, where some of the Twelve are putting their wives. I can't take you to a log house to cook, perhaps, on a hot stone."

"I know; I know all that, but there must be some place."

"In time I'll have one of the finest houses in that great city."

"How long will it take?" She brushed a lock of hair from her forehead, ashamed that it had gone astray. "It's these brambles," she said a moment later, as if after all the untidy hair did not matter.

"I don't know. I can't tell you until I see the Prophet."

"But you'll not let him keep you from me — not too long?" Like a stubborn little child, she held onto Willard's hand. Her voice was not so much impetuous now, however, as pleading. She simply sounded appalled at the vagueness of his promises.

His eyes went a deep, clear blue, so penetrating that she curled beneath their fire.

"I shall serve the Prophet exactly as he requires, my dear. He is a man wanted for treason, condemned to be shot, and I am one of the Twelve."

She withdrew her glance. Her mouth twitched.

"Jennetta, you must not try to hinder me."

The seconds passed. She did not speak, and he felt the sweat gather beneath his lower lip. Into her silence he finally said, "I cannot tell you exactly when I'll be back." He turned, looking to the West, scattering a dandelion in seed.

Jennetta watched the moted wheel go down the wind, spreading, flying apart.

He caught her to him, and lifting her chin found the tears that possessed her before the shadows in her eyes pushed them back. Soon he saw only the whiteness of her face framed by her dark hair, and now her almost transparent hand against his fleshy palm.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Just before dawn on August 16th, Willard stood on the bow of the paddle boat going down the Mississippi from northern Illinois, his heart all but drawn from his body in his eagerness to discover for himself more of Nauvoo than he could make out from the water. The flatboat was only a half-hour from landing, and the remarks of the workers behind him, mingling with the sounds of the churning water, accompanied the shoving of boxes and other cargo.

The hands were commenting on the bags of mail to be delivered to Nauvoo, the goods for the stores, the supplies for the buildings. "The city's going up like black magic," a man protested.

Visitors, grouped near their carpetbags, stood curious and gaping. Beside Willard with a look of adoration on their faces, two men of his own faith watched the shoreline. Still he felt that he breathed alone.

Delayed on his way West, he had been drawn ever closer to the Prophet by his visits to various places, familiar and sacred to Joseph. Willard had walked from what was once the Smith farm in Manchester, New York, to a grove of ash, chestnut, and maple. The tall trees, the shadowed light, the ground clear of all but a few trailing vines had held their silence as though it were only yesterday that God had spoken to a ragged-shirted youth. The rays of high and slanted light had bathed his face, trembling with a current of ecstasy. The bower had made real to Willard the communication between the Lord and the boy.

In the long beams beneath the canopy Willard had known his own communion with the Father. He had found there a peace such as he had never before experienced, an all-pervading silence, yet one breathing, pulsing with the essence of God's inestimable restoration of the gospel to this earth after the long period of darkness in which mankind had groped toward salvation.

The eternal sunlight had fingered in, moving from tree to tree,

from shrub to shrub. Willard had tilted his head, watching the light, the shadow of the leaves, the wood oddly peopled with felt presences. And then the motes had seemed to float together, to enlarge their substance. And strangely, the ill-formed demoniac spirits of his childhood emerged from the shadowed too-thick woods on Indian Brook. Willard had thought that he had blotted these monstrous shapes forever from his life. For an instant he hid his face, until in the light of this holy temple he commanded the evil creatures to depart. "Go back, go back forever into the hell from which you came!" he cried, strangely translated to the wooded streams of his childhood.

The monstrous incarnations had glided into the almost impenetrable darkness of the matted growth bordering Indian Brook, covering bank and slope. A long breath had escaped Willard. And through the banks of memory, the stream on which he and Brigham had once played at Grandfather Howe's had become a sound of placid strength.

In the sacred grove, Willard had then addressed the Lord: Even here *I* have found Thee, for here Thou once dwelt visible to flesh, real, shining, with eyes and hands that blessed. And through faith in Thee all the evil in earth and hell can be rebuked.

So he had prayed and believed; so he had banished the spirits that had once stirred him to a fear, almost to a hatred, of life itself, life whose gift he now revered as the greatest school of the everlasting spirit.

His attraction to the Prophet had strengthened as he had continued West, even though on the Hill Cumorah, some three miles north of the wood, he had failed to locate the precise stone — as described by the apostles — where the angel had trusted Joseph with the ancient records. After many trials, measuring with his surveyor's transit exactly according to direction, Willard had given up the search for the place where the chest containing the gold plates were buried.

In Batavia, New York, he had been forced to rest for two weeks; his heart had laid him low. He tarried with a family of Saints. The women of the branch made him a suit of clothes. His host brought him another issue of the *Times and Seasons*. And lying on his couch, he read about the military events which last April 6th accompanied the laying of the chief cornerstone of the temple in Nauvoo.

Willard visualized the city where an army had been ordered to make a blue square around a temple excavation. He had almost heard Joseph as he commanded the troops on the common opposite his house, as they assembled at the foot of the Liberty Pole, the sign from the *Book of Mormon*. Moroni, the great prophet, had once reminded his people of the words of Jacob, who had foreseen a remnant of the "children," preserved and without decay. Moroni had quoted Jacob: "'Even as this remnant of garment of my son's hath been preserved, so shall a remnant of the seed of my son's be preserved by the hand of God . . .'"

Willard, seeing the army in Nauvoo under Joseph, had recalled Moroni's rending his garment and placing ensigns with the word *Liberty* on every tower roundabout. And the apostle had thrilled to the thought of Joseph's commanding the troops at the foot of the Pole on the common. He saw him with upraised sword and black plumes waving on his tricorn, his uniform as elegant as the best the country could devise. Willard saw Joseph's very presence bespeaking the remnant to which Moroni had referred. The Prophet indeed stood as a prince of the kingdom.

At the excavation for the temple, Joseph had exchanged his sword for a trowel. As a prophet of Israel, he had helped to lay the cornerstone, turning for the moment his military command over to his friend and general, John C. Bennett.

Through the slow crossing of Lake Erie and his travels in the wilderness of Illinois, Willard had curbed his impatience to find the Prophet. Now at last, in the first light of day, he gloried in the dark outline of the hill on which the temple would rise. Soon he distinguished the wide street cutting through the flat below. While reading the *Times and Seasons* he had fancied Main Street running north and south from water's edge to water's edge.

After the dark unbroken forests banking the Mississippi, through which he had passed yesterday, this street with its business houses beginning to rise seemed like a miracle of prayer-directed industry. The details of the scattered structures emerged against the dawn — a red ovation to the prairie.

When the shadows gave way to broad sheets of light, Willard detected the first row of stone in the temple, whose reflection was now as yellow as fire. Encircling on three sides the point of land

around which the river swept, the water itself had become a horse-shoe of gold.

Rolling eastward beyond the city, the prairies appeared brush-stroked; clumps of trees provided shelter for bunched cattle. Along the skyline a fleet of clouds formed like air-borne geese, flying north. Willard's right cheek caught the breeze from the south, hot as fire.

After landing, he walked into the face of the wind. In the midst of the houses he found certain pale strands of smoke following the drift. Among the fields and homes, a schoolhouse caught his attention, and once more on this Sabbath morning he gloried in the goodness of God. After more than a three-mile quest, quite beyond the heart of the vineyard, he found Brigham's half-built log house.

The men met outside the cabin under a clump of trees. Brigham expressed his delight because Willard had arrived in time for the morning assembly. "It will be one of the most important in our history," said Brigham. This John Bennett, who has stood on Joseph's right ever since we went away, has moved too close to suit me."

Willard's expression narrowed. The minute he entered Brigham's presence, wherever it might be, he felt the impact of action. "You've been here long enough to size things up," he said as if combing the situation with a rake.

"I have. And being president of the Twelve, I, with Joseph's consent, am asking the Church to sustain our Quorum as head of the business affairs. I'm going to ask the people to give Joseph time to plan, and to give us the right to gather the means to support him. We'll also ask the Church to provide for us and our families."

"But this John Bennett? He sounds capable enough."

"He's the second highest officer in the Legion. He's mayor of the town, and Joseph's confidential adviser."

Willard still probed the situation.

Brigham said, "Joseph loves you, Willard, for the quality of your pen. He's waiting to receive you when we go down at noon after the first meeting of the day. He's sick, and won't be with us in the grove."

"And the news we take him?" Willard spoke with significance.

"Will depend upon our gift of persuasion. Let's go inside. Mary Ann is waiting."

Willard gave his cousin's wife a hug, and the children he had last seen in Kirtland, no longer toddlers. He found the little Frost

girl, growing up now, but thin as a shadow. "Oh, sir," she said, "shall I run and hide? I've never forgotten that bitter medicine you gave me."

Smiling, and with a kind hand, Willard patted her cheek. "But I cured you of the measles, didn't I?"

"Oh, yes, you did; but you know, sir, the Prophet now comes out strong against all medicines, even herbs."

"Does he, though! Well, I can cure you through faith, too," Willard replied confidently.

"Where's your trunk?" Brigham asked, and the children crowded around the stove to help Mother serve the men their breakfast.

"Sidney Rigdon said he'd send it down in a cart," Willard explained.

"Oh, so you saw *him* at the landing?" Brigham remarked with pretended indifference.

Willard had left the formerly powerful man in a bleak stone house with a double portico running along the entire face of the building, one of three dwellings found on the original land-purchase of a place called Commerce. Sidney hated his work at the post office, established on this distant point, the last landing for deep-water steamers from the north. He had met Willard with the complaint on his lips that this was a fine place for him to be ditched.

"Sidney's sick." Brigham tapped his forehead. "He thinks he's no longer needed, and he feels it like a bumblebee's sting. Joseph's taken to William Law, a Canadian, another newcomer. Law's a rich man, and he's been taken into the First Presidency, Willard."

"Has Sidney been ousted?"

"No, but he's not being consulted. When Joseph's father died after the Missouri persecutions, and Hyrum Smith was made patriarch, a vacancy appeared in the presidency. Will Law is rich! His brother Wilson, who came into the Church with him, is a general in the Legion. We have three pairs of brothers, all of them newcomers, and all of them with plenty in their pockets: the Laws, Fosters, and Higbees."

"They are friends of John Bennett?"

"Well, they came in about the same time he did, but they don't cut quite as big a figure, even though Will's in the presidency."

"But Joseph finds them useful?"

"At present, yes. But as the summer moves on I think I see two faces behind that mask Bennett sometimes wears. I'll be glad to see what you think of him, and I want you to watch the Laws and the Higbees, see what they do about the business this morning. You understand that we need money to support Joseph's dreams. Where is it to come from?"

"The tithes and investments," Willard exclaimed.

"We can't draw from the investments till we get them going. But small tithes added to big ones, the contributions from the poor as well as the rich, if we hold onto them!" Brigham looked around. He was not used to talking in front of his family, and he was happy to discover his wife busy with one of the children, as she stood at the stove.

"As I see it," said Willard, "if the rich help to carry the burden of Joseph's projects, they'll share the benefits."

"If they don't," Brigham returned, "devil take them, and all their rival concerns. You don't build temples with the stones falling out, Willard. The Church needs everything a man's got, his time, his wealth, his heart."

"You're right." Willard stopped eating. He put his fork on his plate when Brigham said:

"While the Prophet builds for the spirit, you and I, and the rest of the Twelve, will build the breadboxes and the barns, the mills and the factories, and the big water front hotel he's dreamed up."

"Thank goodness I got here! I'm ready for any job."

Brigham slapped the table. The tinware bounced. Both men rose.

As Willard puffed and panted up the steep hill toward the grove shading the slope below the temple, he said he'd be glad to see his fellow apostles.

"You've only four to meet. Six are on missions — three in the East, three in foreign lands."

"Of course!"

Once within earshot of the gathering multitude, Willard caught the murmur of voices like a wave of glad tidings. And then he saw the crowds standing before the platform for the speakers and the scribes who recorded the words of the brethren. Every syllable was written down these days, Brigham had remarked.

Heber came forward to grasp Willard's hand, and ask about his journey. And here were Wilford and John. Orson Pratt joined the apostles. Willard said, "And we are all who are here?"

Brigham nodded, even as he whispered, "Here comes the mayor, Willard, General Bennett!"

Willard turned and watched the doctor advance. "He looks equal to all his offices," he whispered, noting the confident stride of the rather short and paunchy man. He carried this head high. His narrowly spaced eyes stood prominently open, deep and velvety. His Roman nose made his cheeks appear slender, but his expression slightly rapacious.

When Brigham introduced him, John Bennett's small tight lips relaxed as if to express a keen desire for friendship. "I've been anticipating this pleasure, sir."

Willard withdrew from the close position, involuntarily flexing the fingers John had grasped.

"I understand we neighbored in the Berkshires," said the General. "A pity we didn't know each other."

Willard could still feel the sweaty grasp. Yet, responding to the arresting personality reaching out to him, he said, "I used to lecture in Stockbridge. I understand that's where you lived."

"Oh, so you have heard of me! I see Nauvoo in comparison to that village as a great capital. Did you have any idea of its growth, Dr. Richards?"

"Before I got here, I saw it. I had read about it. And I had thought of Nauvoo as a mighty capital, inviting all kinds of men to its streets and meetings. For all their hundred years' existence, Richmond and Stockbridge boast only a handful of settlers, while here —" Willard waved his hand.

"It's an inspiration, I can tell you, to help govern such an amazing place. Through Brother Joseph, I feel that I know you well, Doctor. He has said a good many things in your favor."

Suddenly Willard turned. "Is Nauvoo so amazing when you consider the gathering of Israel?" He took John Taylor's arm, and the two apostles mounted the platform.

During noon recess, Willard walked jubilantly with the other disciples down the hill toward Joseph's house. The Church had voted to sustain the Twelve as the head of the business affairs, and to

support them and their families with Church funds, poor as most of the people were. Willard could hardly wait to report his own mission to Joseph.

At the intersection of Main and Water Streets, he found two buildings under construction, one of them Joseph's future mansion, the other the water front hotel he had planned.

"Meanwhile, Joseph lives in an old plantation house," said Brigham, "one of three he bought with the original purchase of the tract. A two-story house has been added to the stoop. The small brick building at the back serves for the city council house, until we get a better one," he added briskly.

"And the Legion parades over there, at the foot of the Pole?"

"Yes, when they don't go to the grounds beside the temple."

Willard's heart was thumping when he turned through the gate to Joseph's house. Ordained to the apostolic order on foreign soil, he held a unique position. His cheeks went hot as his blood rose, but his hands were cold when he followed Brigham up the path, past the well, and onto the narrow stoop.

Willard expected to find Joseph upstairs in bed, but the Prophet was lounging in the sitting room. He rose from his couch, put his arm around Willard's shoulder, and with fine warmth, said, "My friend! Dr. Richards! So you've come at last! And how did you get here?"

"I came down the river through Illinois." Willard relaxed in response to this interest. His voice easy, his eyes deep, he said, "I visited many places of interest in York State. I saw the grove where you communed with the Lord. And the sacred hill. And while I was detained at Batavia, I lived through the scenes of your history in this place! I read the story in the Nauvoo papers!"

Willard flushed, suddenly diffident, afraid Joseph would think he was trying to impress him. But Joseph said, "And so you've seen the *Times and Seasons*! You've been close to me in thought and spirit?" Pleased, he turned to a small table, glancing at some copies of the newspaper. Leaving the other apostles unaddressed for a moment longer, he said, "There's no one in this Church I'd rather have go over the scenes of my history than you."

Willard looked surprised. Joseph said, "I liked your letter from England, the one asking about my policy for that country, telling me of conditions there. You seem to understand the state of the people's

hearts, and you know how to tell others what you understand, Willard."

"Brother Joseph!" His long training in self-restraint did not keep Willard from breaking into a smile.

"Yes," said the Prophet, standing at ease, his tall weight supported on one foot, "you do. You inspire me. I've never read anything finer than your first epistle, the one signed by you and Brigham. If that didn't tell the English the kind of election *we* believe in, what could?"

"You liked it?" For an instant Willard made no effort to conceal his pleasure. Breathing fast, he gazed at this man. His great forehead, his thick blond hair, his glowing eyes, and his most-specially individual nose with its strange underbridge, his fluent lips—all renewed in Willard's quickening feelings the beloved power of the features.

Joseph said, "I liked your use of our *Book of Mormon* Scriptures to support the words of the most ancient prophets and apostles. A masterful work, showing that the leaders of this dispensation were also elected to their missions before the beginning of time, as man counts it by his small seasons."

"Tell us," said Brigham, "how are you feeling today?"

"Better than for a week, and yet I cannot forget my sorrow." Joseph explained to Willard, "Yesterday I buried my son, a baby, with nothing to put him away in except a trunk. And last week my brother Don Carlos died. Like you he was gifted with the pen, one of the editors of the paper you found so helpful."

"You must miss him," said Willard, extending his sympathy.

"The *Times and Seasons* is turning to dust under the dry hand of Carlos' partner, Eb Robinson. I want to get the paper ready to publish my history. And I need someone to help me with that, to act as scribe and friend in unraveling the notes and journals."

Willard instantly showed interest.

Joseph said, "We must work out every hour of my life since the founding of the Church. What's been put together has been lost or stolen by men I've trusted. They turn so quickly for such small reasons. Some have cause, but why can't they forgive? Why can't they listen to me? I want a historian as faithful as the prophet of an earlier day, the man who abridged the records."

"Moroni!" Willard whispered.

With glowing eyes, Joseph grasped at this response.

"I'm sorry your brother's mission was cut short," Willard remarked gently.

"I loved him. We'll miss Carlos. I'm going before the Church this afternoon to remind the people of the revelation on baptism for the dead." Hopefully, Joseph glanced from man to man among the six surrounding him. "Find chairs," he said. "Let's take a moment to discuss that point. I must tell the Church we can no longer use the river for that sacred ceremony, the baptism of people standing as proxies for the dead. I want the font in the temple finished this fall. We can roof the baptistry with the floor above, put in some temporary walls, and use the water from the well gushing into the cellar."

"We knew you had that in mind when you laid the foundation around the well," said Brigham.

Joseph nodded, his face alight. "We'll please the Lord, please those, too, we are freeing for their eternal progress through the ceremonies of the priesthood. It's only right the baptisms should be removed from the eyes of the curious."

"We'll turn the people's hearts to their tithes," said Brigham, "bringing into the Church the money, the wood, the labor, and all the materials needed for the building. With you to commune, to pray, to see, and with us to work and drum up the people's spirits, what a tower of strength we can raise!"

"Just let the people know how much we need the money," said Joseph. "Tell them about the work for the dead, how their own fathers, and their fathers' fathers will be released."

John Taylor referred to the vote of the Church to support the Twelve and their families.

Joseph replied, "They are a good crowd, those people. None better on the face of the earth! If we can only stamp out lying, thieving, swearing, and grogging amongst our own, what can we not do in this great land?"

"We've room for farms for the people from England," Heber was saying when Brigham interrupted him.

"We have room for cities, counties, industry, commerce."

During this hour of planning, Willard saw the dream develop. He saw the vision for the growth of the kingdom as Joseph had

seeded it through the plow of the Lord and the gentleness of His blessed rain.

"Yes, yes, we can do all this, and more." Joseph's voice opened, supporting the vision.

Brigham said with a practical slant, "The Twelve meet tomorrow for their first assignments in the business affairs; but we'll report before we act."

The blue light of the Prophet's eyes again stirred Willard. Joseph continued. "Let the workers stay on the temple instead of helping the well-to-do. Some of our friends offer higher pay for lesser projects. But what are taverns and hotels on the heights in comparison to the Seventies' Hall, the Music Hall, the Mansion, and the hotel at the landing—the Nauvoo House? If men have time to build on anything besides the temple, let them turn to these. Bring in the tithes; let the autumn harvest be divided among the poor. Let the tables of the Lord's servants be supplied."

Joseph suddenly said to Willard, "Will you write a notice to this effect for the *Times and Seasons*?"

Returning the intent glance, Willard gave his promise.

Joseph said, "Write to the English, too. Tell them about our plans. We need their tithes, their presence. You can move them, Willard. Bring them to our shores. Will you meet me here tomorrow, to discuss our next epistle?"

Willard queried Brigham with his glance: What about the meeting of the Twelve? What about my business assignment there?

"By all means, meet the president, Willard. See us afterwards."

That night, Willard went to bed at Brigham's house, Mary Ann having consented to lodge him. He undressed to the thought of the business' being partly accomplished through the power of his pen. Falling to sleep, he saw his friends in England joining the Prophet; and he dozed, comfortable in his ability to write an epistle that would indeed add souls to the great gathering foretold by the Lord.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Before daylight two mornings later, Willard, Brigham, and Heber were driving down the Mississippi in Heber's worn buggy. Willard had already learned what it would mean to combine his first assignment for Joseph with his work for the Twelve. Following his interview with the Prophet yesterday afternoon, he heard at Brigham's house that each member of the Quorum must take charge of a settlement.

"You will look after the English," said Brigham.

"I see," Willard chuckled, "if I am to bring them here, I'm to be responsible for their welfare, once they come."

"You'll complete the purchase of the tract twenty miles down the river, part of a school section below Warsaw. That's a nice place — those bluffs — for our friends from the moors."

"Warsaw?" Willard exclaimed, having arrived in Nauvoo just after a political movement against the Mormons had been organized by Tom Sharp, editor of the *Warsaw Signal*. Joseph had already crossed pens with this man.

At first a friend, Sharp had become a disturbingly influential foe. In May, 1840, the paper into which he later bought had called the attention of Hancock County to the injustices suffered by the new settlers on the Mississippi over their losses in Missouri. This paper, the *Western World*, had quoted from a Peoria, Illinois, paper the story of Joseph's second call at the White House:

". . . Mr. Van Buren cut short the interview by saying, 'I can do nothing for you, gentlemen. If I were to, I should go against the whole state of Missouri, and the state would go against me at the next election.' Mr. Smith said that he was thunderstruck at this avowal. He had always believed Mr. Van Buren to be a high minded statesman, and had uniformly supported him as such; but he now saw that he was only a huckstering politician, who would sacrifice any and every thing to pro-

mote his re-election. He left him abruptly, and rejoiced, when without the walls of the palace, that he could once more breathe the air of a freeman . . .”

But later, when Joseph reversed his position and declared that he was for the Democrats, the *World* looked askance as the threat of a Mormon bloc vote. For months the editor followed various statements either currying Mormon favor or questioning her might.

Then in February, 1841, Thomas Sharp bought a partnership in the *World*, eventually changing the name to the *Warsaw Signal*. In his first editorial, he commented favorably on the founding of the Mormon city under the newly acquired charters, and on the organization of the Nauvoo Legion.

In April, at Joseph's invitation, Mr. Sharp visited Nauvoo to witness the laying of the cornerstone for the temple. The editor wrote a description of the throng gathered on the hill that day, “. . . from 7,000 to 8,000 persons.” He offered no criticism of the combined military and religious pageantry. He wrote:

“. . . On the whole the exercises passed off with the utmost order, without accident or the slightest disturbance. Gen. Bennett commanded the Legion, under the direction of the Prophet, and acquitted himself in a truly officer-like manner.”

Sharp paid for this praise. Some rival Whig papers accused him of being overfond of the Mormons. He replied with a denial of the charge, and said that whenever the Mormons as a people stepped beyond the proper sphere of a religious denomination and became a political body, his press would stand to write an opinion against them. He emphasized the statement with the declaration that many men had already begun to fear an unwise use of power at Nauvoo.

Joseph's response sent Sharp's pen into a pot of thick black ink, tintured with a dash of frontier ridicule. Through a “revelation” of his own, he published Joseph's letter:

“Nauvoo, Ill., May 26, 1841

“*Mr. Sharp, Editor of the Warsaw Signal:*

“SIR—You will discontinue my paper—its contents are calculated to pollute me, and to patronize the filthy sheet—that tissue of lies—that sink of iniquity—is disgraceful to any moral man. Yours with utter contempt, JOSEPH SMITH.”

Before he could comply — Sharp wrote in his paper — he would have to be paid for the numbers of the *Western World* already delivered to “his holiness.” “Come, Josey, fork over,” he suggested.

Figuratively, Sharp got his hand slapped by William Smith, Joseph’s brother, editor of the *Wasp*, Nauvoo’s bawdy new paper.

Sharp’s lampoons then turned from ridicule to venom. He deplored Judge Stephen A. Douglas’ appointment of John C. Bennett as master-in-chancery for the State of Illinois — a plum usually reserved for someone in the legal profession, Sharp suggested.

He expanded his attack when he noted the governor’s allowance of state arms to the Mormons. He then rejoiced when John C. Bennett was removed as quartermaster general of the state militia.

A year earlier, the *Western World* had criticized Governor Carlin, of Illinois, for granting the request of the Governor of Missouri for a writ of arrest to extradite Joseph Smith. The *World* had approved when Smith, being taken, was freed through the right of habeas corpus, as exercised by the court of Nauvoo. But now in June, 1841, when Joseph, being taken a second time, was freed by Judge Douglas at Monmouth, Illinois, on the ground of the writ’s being illegal, its having once been returned to the Governor of Illinois, the *Signal* made the judge the butt of an attack.

In July, when Sharp learned that the Mormons had settled three families on the school section at Warren, he prayed to be spared this curse. He called Joseph a “knave, an imposter, a blasphemer; a man whom fortune and impudence alone had elevated from the dregs of the earth.” He asked the people of Hancock County: “. . . Do you wish such a leader? If not keep him out of Warsaw.”

The editor despised having in his own city a group of Mormons organized under the leadership of a stake president. On July 21st, he attacked in print the election of two Mormon candidates as county commissioners. He pleaded with the people to: “. . . keep the precinct free from the vile work of the desperado ‘Joe Smith’ . . . people of Warsaw must not be made slaves of a machine. Knaves preparing to clap the yoke on this part of the county . . .”

He called a political rally at Carthage, the county seat, expressly for the purpose of defeating the Mormons. Here words were accompanied by the flash of bowie knives and the gleam of gun barrels.

Willard had arrived in Nauvoo before the fury had subsided. Now as the daylight increased, he considered some of these

points with his friends. The gravel stirred under the rolling wheels as the buggy climbed the bluff and moved on through the timber. A fox fled; a wolf stood his ground, watching the rig pass, his coat as grey as the river.

Willard said, "And you think I can locate the English on the bluff next to Warsaw?"

Brigham slapped his knee. "Sharp has stubbed his toe against our charters, and he's howling with pain, but he's too little to bite our shins."

"He can still howl too loud for my ears," said Heber, "and I don't think Brother Willard can dent the jackass' rump for corn or crunch."

"He can stop his bray," said Brigham. "Willard knows how to get on with a man. He's been through a hard school: Kirtland, England!"

"I don't think his bray could be stopped if all Nauvoo was to sit on his tongue."

Brigham looked at Willard as if to ask, Where, man, is your imagination? He said, "There's more to this situation than politics, Whig or Democrat. Our economy! We want a deep-water port of our own. When you came to Nauvoo, you had to disembark at the upper landing. Heavy vessels, driving upstream, stop at Warsaw, opposite the mouth of the Des Moines. The rapids stop all further deep-water traffic from that direction. Since we have to ferry from Nauvoo down river, we want our own port."

"Waterways, Nauvoo is all but an island," said Heber.

"We are islanded in other ways, too," Willard replied, "and proud of it. But we've got to watch lest we dent other people's shins."

"The harbor at Warsaw is filling up, anyway," said Brigham. "And the port at Warren is a likely one. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I want it." Willard thrust out his lip. "Besides, I want to do as Joseph asks, bring the English to the kingdom by the thousands."

"Very well," Brigham concluded, "you get Warren going so dang good it can't turn bad!"

Willard laughed.

Brigham said, "We'll rise higher than ever in power and influence."

Heber reined in to make a turn around a huge chestnut tree. He

said with a chuckle, "Warsaw's doomed. This has all been thought out, Willard. Joseph don't want the Saints to get the wrong information about Nauvoo before they even get a squint at her. You've got to get Warren going."

Brigham nudged Willard's elbow. "I think we've put the right man in the right place."

"I'll do my best," Willard agreed. But his misgivings about bringing his British friends to this part of the county repeated themselves when Heber finally drove the buggy down the extreme slant leading from the height on which Warsaw stood, to the strip of sand and clay where the landing was built.

The port did require dredging, but Willard calculated there were men enough in the town above to do it. "I'd like to write Tom Sharp an epistle that would sting his ears and melt his heart," he muttered. "I don't fancy he'll like Joseph any better when we attempt to take the business away from Warsaw."

Brigham gave Willard a warning glance. The intruders were being observed.

Willard saw little while Heber drove back up the incline and along Main Street. But suddenly, to his left, in the doorway of a shop, he discovered a man who was dark-visaged with anger. Willard read the slogan above the lintel: WARSAW SIGNAL. Tom Sharp! he thought as if he knew this person, as if already he had had a long talk with him. As the buggy turned the corner to skirt the bluff, Willard said, "He's heard that we are here." He nodded, seeing Sharp's mouth curl with anger.

A half-hour later Willard was bargaining with the agent over the price of the Mormon purchase on the school section. Ranged in a group beside him, stood the father of three Mormon families already settled at Warren. One of them said, "You know, Dr. Richards, we were promised dead wood at twenty-five cents a cord, down here. Warsaw now claims the trees, and we can't get wood at any price."

"We can't even get flour from the mill," a second man sputtered. "They offer us the sweepings from the floor at a higher price than they sell a decent bag to someone else."

Willard said to the agent, "Is this story true, or isn't it?"

"I'll see that your people get wood and flour." The agent cursed.

"It's none of Warsaw's damn business who buys. Let's go ahead with the sale of the land."

The words were just spoken when Willard heard the turn of wheels on the rough trail across the section. Someone called, "Hello there!"

Turning, Willard faced Tom Sharp.

The editor threw out the anchor iron; he stepped down from his buggy and came forward, looking like an angry bulldog.

Sharp's black-and-grey plaid shirt looked like a bag tucked in his pants. His boots, like those of the Mormons, were ready for rough wear. His hairy arms were bare above the elbow. He stared at Willard. "I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting you."

"How are you, Mr. Sharp?" Brigham replied. "This is Dr. Richards."

"Another doctor?" Tom inquired with rude aplomb. "Where's your soldier's uniform? Your sword? Or can it be that you're out for shooting practice?"

"I've come to complete our purchase of this land," Willard coolly replied.

"You'll make no purchase down here," said Tom.

"Who let you off your leash, Mr. Sharp?" Heber laughed. "I thought I saw you tied to your press a moment ago. You did yourself proud with that last number of the *Signal*. Why don't you stay with it?"

"You are wandering out of bounds, aren't you?" Brigham asked.

"Whose bounds?" Tom snarled. He spat a stream of tobacco juice; his oblique lips widened. Gathering his strength, he said, "We were here before you ever saw this part of the river. We've already organized against you."

"We heard what went on at Carthage," said Brigham, cutting him short.

"Just try defeating us at the polls again! Get off this tract, and stay off."

"You can't interfere with our right to buy a piece of public land," said Willard, suddenly angry. He ignored his desire to placate Sharp. "We're not asking you to give up your town, and you let us as American citizens hold the right to ours. You can't keep us away!" Willard finished with a flourish.

"You can't keep me from trying, me and my friends!"

"What are you so worked up about?" Heber asked with wry mirth. His lips turning in a smile, he said, "You ate with Mr. Smith, last April, at his own table, didn't you?"

"At his invitation, yes. The day of that religious-military fiasco." With new scorn, Sharp said, "Yes, I ate with him up there, but is that any reason I have to sleep with him down here? I'm warning you Mormons; stay away from this part of the river, and from all the old settlements of Hancock. Let your men vote like men, not ants, or you'll end up with no vote at all. My compliments, gentlemen."

With the angry threat still ringing in his ears, Willard watched the departing figure. Before the buggy rolled away, he turned to the Mormon fathers, promising them that he would go ahead with the settlement. Presently Willard concluded his contract with the agent. And now he was measuring the land with his transit and heavy cord.

He had come to survey the section. Before the sun sank behind the trees on the west, bordering the bluff, he had, with the help of his fellow apostles, divided the land into parcels for farms and homes. And he had quieted the Mormon settlers with his promises, even as he had weighed the power of any community's bloc vote.

Finally on his way to Warsaw to become acquainted with the stake president, with whom he expected to tarry while visiting Warren, Willard said to Brigham and Heber, "These rights that the Church has acquired—judicial, civil, military—could bend the backs of the strongest men."

"They'll not bend ours," said Heber. "The Lord will bless this day's work."

"I hope so, Hebe," Willard remarked. "I do hope so."

The buggy chewed at the dirt road on the homeward journey. Willard went to bed at Brigham's at eleven o'clock, dead tired.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

In less than a week from the day that he had promised to prepare his message for the English, Willard took the finished work to the Prophet. Joseph was lying ill on the sofa. "I'm delighted to see you," he said, his glance resting on the manuscript in Willard's hand. "You've finished the epistle?" Joseph asked his wife to bring a chair close to the couch so he could hear the doctor read.

"Thank you, I'll bring my own chair, Sister Emma. I wouldn't think of troubling you. You're very kind." Willard met her grave eyes. Her hair was brushed smoothly back from a center part. Though she was gracious she barely smiled, and as she withdrew, wearing an enigmatical expression, she left Willard with a vague uneasiness and a strong image of Jennetta's eyes, sometimes mysteriously opaque. For a moment, as he began to read, he could not disassociate the memory of his wife's white face from the woman's who had just bowed and left the room. He saw Jennetta as one apart from the English people he was addressing.

From time to time Joseph commented on the long message, criticizing a few passages, approving many. He openly admired the frankness with which the British were told they should help to build up Nauvoo.

"Let the craftsmen come," Willard read, the long sheet steady in his hand. "Bring the joiners, the cabinetmakers, and painters." He described the beauty and prosperity of Nauvoo, and the rich advantages of neighboring locations. Desirable land, he wrote, was to be had such as the English had never dreamed of. He and Joseph had agreed that in the epistle he should ignore the debts of the city, and those still hanging over the Church from the accounts contracted in Willard's and Brigham's names, on their first Eastern mission from Kirtland.

"Of course, with business now so promising, our creditors should feel satisfied over the future," Joseph said during the dis-

cussion of the message. "If the federal government will kick Missouri into line, so that we can get the paltry \$275,000 I've asked, we'll be all right."

"Are you willing to settle for that?" Willard demanded, astonished.

"I am," Joseph replied. "You don't know how hard I've tried to get anything. When I was in Washington last January I didn't even get an interested ear." The story followed. Joseph turned pale when at last he quoted President Van Buren's statement: "'Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you. Go to the courts of Missouri for Justice!'"

And suddenly Willard felt no regret over any dollar he could bring into the Church. He was willing to beg the English to come; he would do anything to help cover the scars in the financial picture. He continued reading his supplication, bidding his friends to settle where they could obtain "an understanding of principle and doctrine not to be learned elsewhere."

"Excellent!" said Joseph. "Go on." And Willard read:

"We are engaged in a great work, and but little can be known of the magnitude thereof, of the revelations of heaven, and the order of the kingdom by the Saints, while they are scattered to the four winds . . . Arise, and tarry not, but come up hither to the places of gathering as speedily as possible, for the time is rapidly approaching when the Saints will have occasion to regret that they have so long neglected to assemble themselves . . . and stand in holy places, awaiting those tremendous events . . . so rapidly approaching the nations of the earth."

"Splendid!" Joseph rose and paced the room with delight while Willard continued. Finally the scribe told the English Saints that the apostles were waiting to assist them in getting located. And Joseph said, "Let the Twelve sign the epistle. You are a blessing to this Church, Brother Willard." His eyes were tender.

"Fold up your work," he said impulsively. "Leave it on my desk for a few moments. I feel prompted to instruct you in a special manner."

He called to Emma, asking for his jacket; and in answer to Willard's inquiring gaze, he said, "Shall we walk?"

Joseph took his disciple's arm as they strolled along the river in the green cast of the evening light. At the corner of Granger and

Water Streets, they stood beside an all but completed two-storied building. Joseph loved to call it the Brick Store.

The joiners and masons had left for the night. The peeping of frogs mingled with the lapping sound of water drifting over the pebbled bank. Presently the sighing of the wind in the elm and willow trees enfolded the two men. Joseph looked at the windows catching the late afternoon light. "This is to be a sacred building because it's far more than a store," he said. "Until the temple is finished the large room on the second floor will be dedicated to the Lord's work. And upstairs—" he now regarded the southeast windows in particular — "I shall have my office."

"Away from the bustle of the city?" Willard suggested.

"Yes. But here also will be the tithing office, in a downstairs room, back of the store itself. Upstairs not only will I have my private office but an inner room, a sanctuary where I can commune with my Father in heaven. I expect to start the translation of the ancient record that you saw in Kirtland, the papyri. No interruptions from deputies or from other little men can molest me there."

Willard thought of Monmouth and Judge Douglas' release of Joseph as a fugitive from justice, on the charge of treason. "You have a beautiful location for your office." He tilted his head, studying the fire of the southeast window in the waning light.

"Downstairs, our cabinets will be of the finest mahogany. We'll have the clearest glass, and a hundred shelves! I'll serve the first customers myself." Joseph laughed like a long-legged boy.

"I choose to be one of them." Willard chuckled.

Joseph mimed, "What would you like, sir, a new lamp or an oil stove to keep out the draughts from down the river? Oh, Willard, won't we be fancy? Handsome? But then, we're not like other river towns, anyway. Our court, our council, our army, our schools!"

"Yes! The whole place is a vision of glory. The store is only in keeping. This city is the center of the kingdom. Something the world has never dreamed of." Willard was intensely moved. "If only the rich will give you their complete support! We are different from those towns down there."

"Willard, you understand the vision! You make me want to give you my heart. In this building I shall have a basement room where a man can live for a few days at a time in hiding, if necessary." Joseph shifted his weight. His hand on his hip in an arrogant

gesture, he turned to the river and said, "I swear by the living God, that I shall never go to Missouri again. In Independence a noose hangs ready for my neck; but no sheriff will ever take me to that state."

Willard's hand went to the prophet's arm. "Why should the innocent *have* to flee?" he asked, his eyes on the western glow.

"It's not a case of guilt, Willard. Would you have fought had you been with me at Crooked River? To defend the cities we had founded, to defend women and children, our Church and kingdom?"

"I would have fought." Willard turned again to the west, where, across the river on the wooded bluff of Iowa, the Mormon homes were faintly visible. Between him and Joseph, and those homes, the rippling current was catching the violet gleam of impending night.

"Let's sit down on this log for a few minutes," Joseph suggested. "I've brought you here for a special reason. Let's sit beside this building while we talk."

He and Willard sauntered over to some driftwood, a log caught in the roots of a willow tree. Joseph's voice was caressing. Again he contemplated the southeast windows of the second story.

Willard's glance once more followed his friend's. Seating himself, Joseph stretched his long legs comfortably forward, resting his back against the willow.

Willard took the other end of the stump, sifting through his fingers some rotted yellow flakes while he waited for Joseph to begin the conversation. "You see," Joseph glanced over his shoulder at the store, "as I said before, in my office, in the innermost sanctuary, I hope to feel close to our Father in heaven. I wanted to be here, where already I have His spirit, to talk to you. The things I'm going to say have come to me through His voice, through the voice of the whirlwind, and the voice of love. He alone knows what else!"

Willard looked at Joseph spellbound. But the Prophet had again turned to the river, swift as the lip of a waterfall, holding in its magnetic clasp the glimmer of the dying day.

Enlarging upon his dreams for Nauvoo, Joseph threw back his head in an amused, belittling laugh over the questions of some of the strangers who visited the city. He described their astonishment at its growth. "But why should they be so surprised? Why should they expect anything else? They ask a thousand questions. I do my

best to answer; but I save some of my answers for my friends, Willard."

Joseph again fell into a reverie.

"You should write your meditations," Willard urged, "so that strangers can read them and learn through the flourish of your pen. So few come, and the whole world should know."

"No, Willard, they should not know what I've got to confide in you tonight. You yourself will have to act in secret until the world can be told. And then —?" Joseph studied Willard's pale countenance. In the dimming light he waited, and Willard sensed again that this was to be no ordinary communication.

Speaking faster now, Joseph said, "I would not be fair if I did not take you into the circle. I must tell you what I've told the others among the Twelve. We are entering an ancient way of life, and you must join us in carrying out the command of God. I have led the way; I'll face the consequences. And so will you, for you, too, have accepted the call to serve, to lead, to exercise your faith beyond the point where most men will go."

Willard's eyes were fixed. From every pore in his body, he was breathing the question, What is this call?

Joseph was waiting. To Willard the pause seemed interminable. He caught the sigh of the wind. It sounded as if it would never cease. "Can you not give me this important message?" he urged.

Almost in the same rhythm, Joseph said, "The Lord told me long ago that the day would come when I, as a son of Abraham, must enter into the order of plural marriage, having my wives sealed to me in a celestial covenant."

"What? What did you say? Aren't you going rather far?" Willard's wrists tightened. He scowled. "You mean it's true, then? John Bennett's story that you're marrying in polygamy? I've heard that he's taking girls in your name! The scandal is all over town. I didn't believe a word of it."

Willard's face became suddenly harsh and deep-lined, visible even in the waning light. His mouth, his every feature showed what he thought of Joseph's command. It was impossible to consider. "You can't mean what you say," he repeated in a grating whisper.

"Dr. Bennett has never been instructed in this principle, Willard. He hasn't the first idea of its true meaning. That's one of the things we have to face." Joseph sounded as if he had explained the situation

before. Softly he continued, stretching forth his hand toward Willard. "Dr. Bennett has never been told of the necessity of the law. He doesn't understand my behavior, and I'm not ready to explain it. But as for the rest of you, once a man's been bidden to accept the principle, he cannot advance in the kingdom of heaven unless he obeys it. And these celestial marriages are utterly different from the vile unions some men are making in my name. That's the tragedy of the law, that upon the strength of a rumor, a man will indulge in all kinds of license. He'll turn sneak-thief, when part of the principle is that the first wife shall put the hand of the wife-to-be into the husband's hand."

Willard sat as if he had not heard. Waiting for his answer, Joseph said, "This commandment is hard on a man, Willard, only if he lets it be. I want you to know that I married Louisa Beaman last April."

"Louisa Beaman? Why, her father ordained me to the priesthood!"

"That's one reason why I could ask her. She's faithful," Joseph said, answering Willard's stunned remark. "I married her last April 5th for this world as well as for eternity. We look upon some of these marriages simply as sealings, bonds uniting certain women to us for the next world. But others — well, they are for this world, too. You'll have to get used to the doctrine."

"Last April?" the disciple repeated. "April 5th? The night before the ceremonies, when the southeast cornerstone of the temple was laid?"

"Could there have been a better time?" Joseph asked intently. "The temple is the place for such marriages, but until it's finished we'll have to use the room dedicated for the purpose." He glanced toward the store.

Willard saw the windows above the river catching the last faint flame of day.

"Do you see why I wanted to come here to talk to you?"

The disciple sat heavily on the log, his eyes fitful, his legs and arms aching.

"I'm sure you know some English girl, or girls, for that matter, Willard, that you believe worthy of the covenant. You see, each of the Twelve will be given permission to take a number of celestial wives. And to us, these women will be like the talents of the Bible.

And I must tell you that *from him who hath not shall be taken that which he hath*. A servant of the Lord who refuses to obey, once he's received the commandment, could even lose the wife that he's got."

"You don't mean to another man?"

"I do. To one more obedient to the law."

"If you tell me that, I'll never accept the principle."

"I don't think it can happen in many cases. We are men of honor."

"Yes," said Willard angrily, "we are indeed."

Joseph replied, "In the sight of God, a spiritual wife is as innocent as a virgin. She is sealed to her husband in the holy Word."

Harshly, Willard whispered, "My wife, Jennetta, is not the woman to be deceived. I could never add to my family without telling her so."

"I wouldn't ask you to. I've instructed the Twelve to tell their wives. The women must give their consent. But you, Willard, you can gain that. You must obey the Lord. I have led the way."

In the near darkness Willard's eyes were on Joseph as if through some heavenly light he would read his innermost soul. "Very well," he gaped, "I'll take another wife if you say it's the Lord's command. But I've got to make this step possible to Jennetta — and that won't be easy." He gulped and put his hand over his chest.

"Why is it so hard for you to follow the ancient patriarchs and your brothers in the Twelve? One by one, your Quorum is receiving the instruction. Each has been asked not to tell another."

Willard shuddered.

Moving closer, Joseph showed a father's concern. "When you've thought the matter over, it won't hurt you so. Without obeying the commandment you cannot rise to your glory." Though gentle, the compelling power of Joseph's presence was undiminished. He was not afraid to wait, to leave undisturbed the moment that would make or shatter his disciple.

Finally, the Prophet said, "Women who have the spirit of God will unite with men who are good, with men who have the power of the priesthood resting upon them. They will bring forth a glorious line."

With this statement from his friend, and with the lifelong inner strength that had served him like a plowshare beginning to reshape

itself, Willard felt stealing into his heart the wisdom demanded. Aware of his moral responsibility in choosing either one of two paths, he saw his capacity to progress within the order of Abraham. Exerting his privilege, he knew that he would go ahead as a son of the Lord.

Joseph repeated his question, "Did you not know some girls in England, worthy of the covenant?"

Willard looked at his friend—the shepherd. The disciple straightened his shoulders, and said softly, deliberately, "Yes, I've met some girls in England, young, teachable. I might be able to win their consent; and that of their parents. I'd want to instruct them first."

"Would you care to tell me the girls' names?" Joseph moved forward and put his hand on Willard's arm.

As if led by the magnetic personality of the man he worshiped, and, too, by the voice of the Lord, Willard replied, "Sarah and Nanny Longstroth, the daughters of Stephen, the cabinetmaker, and his wife, Ann Gill."

"Are they coming to America soon?" Joseph asked, pleased.

"They've mentioned it. I'll write them an encouraging letter, though I think there's no need to direct the Longstroths in anything they choose to do. Not that fine family!"

"Brother Willard, the Lord will bless you for your honesty of heart. It will not hurt to urge them to come soon."

Willard brushed away a tear. "Jennetta is gentle. She's already seen so many troubles that I can't let her suffer more than is necessary."

"But you understand the principle, Willard!" At last Joseph sounded urgent.

"I think I do," Willard replied, his mind on the ceaseless flow of time. He saw his steps leading backward only to loop around to the future.

CHAPTER THIRTY

During the winter and spring of 1841-'42 the friendship between Willard and Joseph deepened through a number of channels. The men became closely associated in the writing of Joseph's history and in the publishing of the *Times and Seasons*. Furthermore, the development of religious and civic events brought them intimately together, as did the hazards accompanying the day-to-day story of Nauvoo, and the bitterness and envy of certain men close enough to see what was going on but not close enough in spirit to serve the Prophet with undivided heart.

In mid-December Joseph and Willard were working on some of Joseph's most prized writing. They set this aside only long enough to see the Prophet moved into his private office in the brick store. Here he assembled his papers. As the newly-appointed recorder for the Church, Willard collected his own files in the first-floor office, or the counting room, directly behind the store itself. He devoted a great deal of time to his own desk, but as if both days and nights were elastic he spent more and more hours helping Joseph.

At times they would interrupt their labors at the long mahogany table in the upstairs office to go out on the river bank and pull stakes. When wrestling Willard proved a strong opponent, but Joseph, being lankier, managed always in the long run to throw him. Together they rode horseback over the prairies. Then again they would work side by side, Joseph dictating, Willard writing, advising, consulting, until he counted it a blessed relief when he was told to close out Warren — a relief for both his sake and that of the Church.

Tom Sharp had won. There would be no Mormon port down there. While visiting the Saints at Warren, Willard had discovered the frightening depths of Sharp's hatred. Men from western Missouri were combining with Warsaw to string an invisible bridge over the Mississippi, with the one idea of capturing Joseph. Willard had almost seen the roots of Warren being one day nourished with Mor-

mon blood. He had hated to give in to Sharp, but he had agreed with the Twelve that it would be nothing less than wisdom.

Following the release from this responsibility, Willard found the work in the offices at the store still more urgent. His friendship advanced far beyond the intuitive state he had sensed, elusive as the shadow of water, when he and Joseph sat on the log beside the river, discussing the order of Abraham. Shortly after that Willard had mailed his epistle to the Saints of England.

On November 21st he had left his office during the late afternoon to go to the temple, where he assisted with the first baptisms performed for the dead in that holy place. The font rested on the backs of twelve hand-carved wooden oxen, signifying the twelve tribes of Israel. It was temporary, as were the walls surrounding it in the ample basement. But the work done that Sunday afternoon was to the few participants of everlasting importance.

One of two apostles selected for the honor, Willard confirmed those baptised as proxies for the dead. And that night in an exalted mood Joseph, who had been present, took up his own pen to write:

“I have been searching all my life to find a man after my own heart whom I could trust with my business in all things, and I have found him. Dr. Willard Richards is the man.”

When as Joseph’s personal secretary and scribe Willard saw this statement, he found further strength to live up to his complex duties. They could well have taken a healthy man off his feet. But when in keeping with the descriptive titles Joseph had given the other apostles, he called Willard the “Keeper of the Rolls,” Willard used the metaphor as a source of added fervor, a fountain from which he could drink during the hours of the night when his candle burned low.

Then he would think of those others. Brigham was the “Lion of the Lord,” Heber, the “Herald of Grace,” and John Taylor, the “Champion of Right.” Elder Wight, just returned to Nauvoo, whom Willard had not formerly met, was the “Wild Ram of the Mountains.” He had fought at Crooked River, Missouri, when David Patten, the “Beloved Apostle,” had fallen. Brother Wight had crossed the winter snows of Missouri, driving his family through the river bottoms at night. He hated the pukes with a bitterness born of

blood and imprisonment. His presence among the apostles goaded Willard to help Joseph ever more constantly.

And while the snows sometimes fell upon Nauvoo, inspired by Joseph's friendship and by his own zeal, Willard went on and on with his duties. By the end of November he had been appointed a member of the city council — and its clerk — although six apostles had already been assigned to this body.

In December he was made recorder for the temple, and had charge of the receipt of all tithes. These with other vital statistics he entered into a record book called the *Book of the Law of the Lord*. Also in this fast growing city, he would soon be recording the transfer of all land deeds and examining all official papers, accounts, and notes for the city and the Church, so closely interwoven were the two organizations. There were many scribes in Joseph's employ, but to simplify the business, all proceedings were transacted in Joseph's name. He was made the sole trustee-in-trust for the Church.

To simplify his own work, Willard entered a notice in the *Times and Seasons*:

"From this time the Recorders' Office will be opened on the Saturday of each week for the reception of the tithings and consecrations of the Brethren, and closed on every other day of the week. This regulation is necessary to give the Trustee and Recorder time to arrange the Book of Mormon, Hymn Book, and Doctrine and Covenants for the press, all of which the brethren are anxious to see in their most perfect form, consequently the Saints should be particular to bring their offerings on the day specified, until further notice, but not relax their exertions to carry on the work.

"The elders will please give the above notice in all public meetings, until the plan is understood.

"Willard Richards,
Recorder of the Temple."

In this careful and precise way, Willard introduced himself to the Church at large. He later wrote to Levi — whom he had received on a mission to England — that he was busy at "one eternal write, from morning till night, and night till morning."

Also in December, Willard and Joseph were preparing the history of the Church, if possible, to commence publication in one of the spring numbers of the Nauvoo paper. Twice Joseph had attempted to have his history recorded and published. In each case

an apostate scribe had refused to surrender a partly prepared manuscript.

As the work now progressed, Joseph appointed Willard manager of the *Times and Seasons*. Not only was the history there to appear in installments, but also another work into which Joseph was pouring his heart, the translation of the papyri he had mentioned to Willard long ago, in Kirtland. The hieroglyphs were a book of Abraham, Joseph said, looking, as he and his scribe stood together in the private office, at the parchments which had so opportunely come into his hands in Kirtland. They had been brought to America with two mummies from an Egyptian tomb.

The ancient bodies had been abandoned when the Church had fled from Ohio, but the papyri had been guarded through all the migrations of the Saints since that time. With Willard's help the work could now be completed by the seer. And it was not without thought that Joseph soon made Willard the general director of Church publications.

In the letter concerning his duties, Willard told Levi that he was the general for the bookbinding department, the stereotype foundry, and the engraving press. Through his new intimacy with Joseph, Willard indeed considered the removal of the Mormon families from Warren an act of Providence. And yet there had been a group of Saints under the direction of Father Morley, who had begged to remain on their farms near Bear Creek.

They promised to leave Tom Sharp alone, as also his close friend, Colonel Levi Williams, of the state militia, their neighbors at Green Plains. The farmers said they would trust the Lord to see that both Sharp and Williams left the Mormons alone.

The petition had been granted, but as the winter deepened, Willard could not forget the presence of Sharp on the wharf at Warsaw last November, when more than a hundred British Saints had disembarked. Willard and John Taylor had gone down to welcome Joseph and Hannah Fielding, and their many friends.

"It's good to see you again, President Fielding, and you, Sister Hannah!" The handclasp had brought to Willard's nostrils the odor of the flowers and rain at Walkerfold, and he had seen the fell that he and Jennetta had crossed, and suddenly a terrible loneliness had overcome him. At heart he had been welcoming his wife to Nauvoo. And then in the same moment, perversely it had almost

seemed, he had thought of the Longstroths, wondering when they would arrive at this port. He glanced over his shoulder at Tom Sharp, who was watching the Mormons with a sinister sneer.

That November day, Willard and John Taylor had ferried down the river on the *Maid of Iowa*, a trim boat, owned and captained by a newcomer from Wales, Dan Jones. A dock had been built to receive her in Nauvoo, at the foot of the proposed hotel, and also within hand's reach of the Mansion, Joseph's house under construction.

As the first boat load of British Saints had filed onto the *Maid*, Willard had cried, "The president will meet you at the landing. Farewell, for now; we'll see you soon!"

This wasn't the only time Willard's heart had ached to have Jennetta with him. The Twelve had taken their wives to dinner at Brigham's to celebrate the completion of his log house. Again on Christmas Eve, Willard's mind had been on Jennetta during a party at Hiram Kimball's, rather than on his companion for the affair, Orson Hyde's wife, Nancy.

That night Willard rejoiced when his host presented him, as he did each of the Twelve, with a piece of land for a house and garden—a quarter of a block. Willard had previously written to Jennetta that he had selected the site for her home, just south and west of the temple, but that the land was not yet officially his.

After the dinner party he had gone to the office to record the transfer, planning to put the deed in her name and to commence building. He had known how difficult it would be to find the labor and money for a personal project. The Church was beset by the shortage of both hands and means for its religious and public undertakings.

Now on January 12th the foundation of Jennetta's house had not even been dug. Willard had written to her that he hoped to complete the place before spring. On this snowy morning he rode past the lot on his way to the brick store, having left his lodgings at Brigham's house in a cold wind. As he dismounted he saw Joseph striding through the field from his home to the office in the store.

"Good morning, Brother Keeper of the Rolls!" Joseph cried. "How are you? Would you like to go down to the printing office before we go upstairs?"

"Splendid," said Willard, falling into step, rejoicing over the new building which faced the river, its long ridge parallel to the stream.

Through the snow he saw the chimneys of the unfinished structure rising at each end straight to the ridge pole. His heart stirred at sight of the handsome offices for the press. He said, "What would the heart of the Church be without its voice? Next to receiving the revelations there's nothing so important as seeing them in print."

"True! The work of the Lord could be lost to future generations were it not captured," Joseph said with an answering smile. "And the record of our meetings, too. I can hardly wait to see the first issue of the *Times and Seasons* appear from this office." He looked at the fine building and continued with a wry laugh, "Brother Robinson didn't relish giving up his press in the old place."

Willard knew that the Church had all but demanded the printing press which Ebenezer Robinson and Don Carlos Smith had brought to Nauvoo. After the Battle of Crooked River they had risked their lives to return to Far West to unearth the press and the type forms they had buried during the battle. If they had been discovered by the enemy, the publishers would have been shot. They took the chance, digging secretly to find the forms. One year after the battle they published their columns in Nauvoo, just as they had dug them up in Missouri.

Willard pitied Brother Robinson, but he agreed with Joseph that if the publisher had allowed the paper to go dry after Don Carlos' death, he had no right to resent the demand of the Church to take it over at a fair price for the same.

"The *Times and Seasons* is the Church organ," said Joseph loftily; "we have to control it."

"Of course," Willard agreed, opening the door to the new building.

His nephew Franklin Richards, Phineas' son, looked up from a cabinet he was planing. He had recently returned from Michigan, where he had been preaching and collecting tithing. He needed money for his forthcoming marriage, and had gone to work as a carpenter, hoping for credit with the Church, if not cash.

"Good Morning, President Smith. And Uncle Willard. How are you today?" Franklin smiled without stopping his work. But his plane halted when Willard asked:

"What do you hear from your father?"

"I've just had a letter," Franklin replied. "He can't come out this spring, though he knows we could use the boys on the temple."

Samuel and Joseph Richards had also been trained to use their hammers and saws, but important as the work seemed to Willard, it was not the lack of the boys' presence that brought his frown.

"That's too bad," he said. "I thought that since I might not get to Richmond this spring, brother could bring my family to Nauvoo with his own. Brother Joseph, I think I should go to Richmond now." Willard looked as if he must fetch his wife without delay.

"But you won't leave us until after the first installments of the history appear?" Joseph clenched his hands at mention of the work on which he and Willard had been so intent. "You know I'm counting on you to oversee the lithographs for the *Book of Abraham*?"

Willard nodded, but appeared disturbed.

Franklin looked up, astonished at the Prophet's slightly pleading tone. Ordinarily, President Smith spoke; people obeyed.

Willard said, "I know." He, too, was looking forward to the release of the translation of the papyri, but he said, "I must go for my wife as soon as possible."

"Don't leave me yet, Willard, not yet," Joseph said. "Besides the writing I have to get some of the debts out of the way. Let's go up the hill." Joseph snapped his fingers. He had often to borrow from Peter to pay Paul, even trifling sums. A brother living near the temple had promised him fifty dollars this morning.

On the way to the man's house, Joseph said, "We could use that quarter of a million I begged President Van Buren to make Missouri pay the Church." Bitterly, he again quoted the man in the White House: "'Go to the courts of Missouri for justice!'"

"Justice from Missouri!" Willard exclaimed, seeing the invisible bridge across the river at Warsaw. He saw also the problem of the payrolls in Nauvoo; and the hunger in the faces of the men who brought to him their records of the hours of work they had spent on the temple. To help raise this building, the women cooked for the hands who came to the city from outside settlements. But what could they cook was the unsolved problem that left nearly everyone hungry. Men and women were cold. Some had nothing but straw mats on which to sleep. Children died for want of better housing.

Still the work on the temple was going forward through tithing

labor, through the exhortations of the president and the Twelve, and through the lifting of eyes to the goal.

Willard witnessed constantly the suffering in the gaunt faces of men who brought not only their work records to him, but money as well if they had any at all. And yet the money that came into the Church was totally insufficient to pay Horace Hotchkiss the thousands owed him for the land purchased as one of the three original tracts upon the river for the settlement of Nauvoo. Mr. Hotchkiss had threatened to sue Joseph for the amount of his note.

Joseph despised the competition in public works that the well-to-do men of the Church had set up. The Fosters, Laws, and Higbees paid higher wages than the trustee. Moreover they paid promptly. And what hurt Joseph hurt Willard.

He did not know the Laws and the Fosters well. But since the subject of the competition had been introduced while Joseph and he were climbing the hill to borrow the fifty dollars, Willard said, "Those brothers seem friendly enough, ready to help with almost anything you ask." He was referring also to the Higbees, sons of Joseph's friend, Judge Elias Higbee. Chauncey was a lawyer; Robert Foster was a doctor. "Of course," Willard said, adding to his statement, "that crowd certainly rolls its own snowballs when it comes to business."

"They do," Joseph scowled.

"Speak of the devil . . ." said Willard, a glint in his eye. "What's Augustine Spencer doing with William and Wilson Law?"

The three men were walking down the hill. Being pushed for money, Joseph had sold the Fosters a piece of land near the temple, and also a site on the river for a steam and flour mill. The financiers were now building a hotel overlooking the city. It hurt Joseph to see them able to carry out privately some of the things he had dreamed up for the Church.

"Augustine's moving in high company," Willard said in an undertone.

Within a week after Willard's arrival in Nauvoo, he had welcomed his old friends, the Spencers, to the fast-growing city. Orson had given up his parish in the Baptist Church to become a Mormon. Slight of form, frail and lame, though he was, he had come West with confident eyes. Like his brothers, he was dark complexioned. But unlike Augustine, Orson's fine intellect fitted him for the most

scholarly work. He was a chancellor of the new university and an alderman in the city council. He taught the young to read and do their sums; he gave the adults an understanding of literature and philosophy.

Daniel was gifted in a business way, and was equally generous to Orson. But Augustine, Willard sometimes thought, had his hand out to take rather than to give to the collector of the tithes. Willard now tried to sum him up anew. Just where did he stand with these brothers?

"Hello," he said to his close-fisted friend, genially covering his feelings. Joseph and President Law began to chat, discussing some of the meetings they were calling for the various quorums. When the tavern near the temple was mentioned, as if comparing the hilltop hotel with the Nauvoo House, Willard said, "You've started a giant breathing."

"I'm foreman of the hands," Augustine bragged, as if already he were a rich man.

"I thought your contract for work was with the temple." Willard gave him the look of the tax collector.

"Only to pay my tithing," Augustine replied. "One day out of ten I give to the Lord. Other times I work for hard money from Brother Law."

"Fleckless with the Lord?" Willard's eyes narrowed. "I thought you'd left that kind of thrift behind."

"I should have done, perhaps, since you seem to have left your conscience in a drawer." Augustine hitched his trousers. "I hear you're beauing Nancy Hyde, Hyde-ing with her, in fact, it's said."

"Augustine!" Willard turned white. "You'll retract that statement or make your charge in council!"

Augustine did not flinch under the fury of Willard's glare.

Willard doubled his fist.

President Law said evenly, "Your work is waiting, Brother Spencer, the section that Dr. Foster laid out. Go ahead as he instructed."

After Willard and Joseph had walked away, Joseph said, "You'd better start lodging with me at once, Willard. These hellish rumors have got to be stopped. Some new ones are being told about me."

"I'm sure there's no more truth in them than in this one, but they hurt!" Willard caught his breath.

"They do hurt! I promised Orson Hyde that if he'd fill his mission to Jerusalem, the Church would look after his wife. That's why I asked you to remove her into Brother Robinson's rooms. After we took the press from him we couldn't let him live above the office. Anyway, I had to find Nancy a home. Brother Orson repented bitterly for testifying against me in Missouri."

"Yes," said Willard, moved. "In England he told me he'd give the rest of his life to retract what he had said against you after Crooked River. To think that he had been one to cause the charge of treason was almost more than he could endure. I wanted to knock Aug down! The coward!"

"You could have done it. I've felt your strength. He's trying to help Brother Robinson get even. But don't forget, Willard, a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"How do you suppose he heard about the Christmas party?"

"I don't know."

"All that evening I was longing for Jennetta."

"I believe that. But listen, Willard, no matter what it costs me, I forgive an enemy. We'll face plenty of gossip once the news of our plural marriages becomes uncontradictable. Some of the girls who've been asked to enter the order have been found unworthy. And if they are the kind who'll not obey the doctrine, they will talk." Joseph was grim.

"But Augustine," said Willard, shaking his head, "was once my friend! I'll tell Brigham that I'm leaving his house tomorrow." Willard remembered nailing down the windows for Nancy after moving her into her rooms, and then going outside to fire his revolver twice.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Willard commenced boarding with Joseph's family on January 13th. The location was excellent for his work. He and Joseph could step quickly back and forth between their home and the brick store, and the new printing establishment. During February and the first few days in March, the writing on the manuscripts was the all-engaging undertaking. Willard repeated regularly his message in the *Times and Seasons*, requesting that the tithes be brought to the counting room at the precise moment designated. He announced that the recorder must be given time to serve as scribe and secretary, and to strive for the perfection desired in the Church works.

Having abstracted from the long history a short sketch of Joseph's life, Willard mailed the manuscript to John Wentworth, editor of the *Chicago Democrat*. In this piece Joseph had included the "Thirteen Articles of Faith," the first declaration of the Church stating in brief the core of the Latter-day Saint gospel.

At noon, on March 1st, his eyes smiling, Joseph beckoned to Willard from the doorway of his office. "Can you come upstairs?"

As the two men made their way through the bales of goods and barreled nuts, crackers, and candies at the back of the store, the hum of the bargaining was lost to Willard. He reveled in the luxurious feeling as his feet sank into the deep-piled texture of a crimson carpet, furnished as a gift of tithing by a faithful brother for stairway, hall, and office.

The newspaper was spread out over the mahogany table. Joseph waved toward it. Willard scanned the double offering, the Wentworth letter and the first installment of the *Book of Abraham*. Through his sharp inspection, he intensified every line of the lithograph reproduced from the papyri.

He and Joseph stood like brothers over the printed version of the work upon which they had toiled. One by one, the "Articles

of Faith," found in the short history, fed Willard's soul. "Are you satisfied?" he suggested with a broad smile.

Again Willard studied the lithograph. He clasped his friend's arm in admiration of his insight into the mysterious paths of the Lord's work. Once more he pondered the meaning of the Egyptian characters.

According to Joseph's explanation of the symbols, Abraham had understood the periods of creation in vast spans of time, with Elohim standing at the head of many gods. In this concept there was no still moment in space where a timeless Being existed above and beyond the peopled spheres. In this translation even the supreme God possessed the attributes of man, made godlike. And even He, together with all the lesser gods, was on the path of eternal progress. And just so, Willard thought, man himself is striving toward an exotic, unlimited perfection and glory of service. He himself is part of the ceaseless movement, leading not to being but to becoming.

"Joseph, what have you done? What have we done?" Even in his pride, Willard sounded truly humble. "What effect will these promptings have upon the earth?" he asked, while still glancing through the printed pages. When he put the paper down, he walked to the mahogany credenza, standing against the inner wall of the room, and poured for himself and Joseph some much-needed refreshment.

"I hope these works set the Church agog for the next issue!" Willard softly exclaimed, seeing the March 15th number, with the first installment of the *long* history of the Church, and also with the second, or concluding part, of the *Book of Abraham*.

"I hope so." Joseph nodded.

Willard picked up the reproduction of the lithograph. "Brother Hedlock did a nice job with this."

"Yes," said Joseph, who had also given a hand with the supervision.

"He needed us both," Willard remarked. "I'll have the proof for the second picture in a few days."

Before Willard brought the copy for Joseph's inspection, he stood on the afternoon of March 9th at the window of the office, waiting for the Prophet to keep an appointment with him and the midwife, Patty Sessions. The pattern from the life of Abraham was to be stitched again in the city of Zion. Willard planned to marry

Joseph to the wife of David Sessions. She was living with her husband, and in love with him, but she had expressed her desire to be sealed to Joseph in a celestial union. On what occasion she had revealed her heart, Willard did not know, nor in answer to what overtures from Joseph. But the set time had come. Her conscience was clear. Her husband was married in polygamy to another woman.

Willard glanced across the river to the wooded bluffs of Iowa, and saw the day moving softly into a subdued sunset. The current of the stream rippled with quicksilver. Willard shook his head, fearful lest some rumor of the polygamous lives of the Church leaders should reach Jennetta. Augustine was writing to his friends in Richmond and West Stockbridge. His tongue was long, but his fingers were longer in putting the morsels he gathered on paper.

As the spring had advanced, John C. Bennett's conduct had become lurid. And now all the girls who did any talking were saying that John's approaches were made in Joseph's name. Joseph's examples were cited, his reasons given, but in such stretched and misshapen form that no apostle could recognize the Prophet's word in this mongering.

And sadly enough, according to her nature — and so according to Joseph's decision — Emma Smith had not yet been instructed concerning the "law."

Listening intently for the Prophet's footstep, Willard suddenly heard someone else on the stairs.

Nonplussed for the moment when the office door opened, he said, "Sister Emma! How are you?" He had no idea what to expect from her first words. Could she have heard of the ceremony he was about to perform? If so, her enigmatic face hid the knowledge. Certainly she had not come to declare her wrath. In her hand she held a copy of the new edition of her compilation of hymns.

"Dr. Richards, I'd like to thank you for your help with this work, but I want to ask you about some of the lines. Are these just as we sent them in?" She opened the small finely printed book at the place marked. She and Willard were looking at it when Joseph came in. He brought with him a copy of the new edition of the *Book of Mormon*, upon which Willard had also worked.

"What would we do without our scribe?" Joseph asked Emma, as, with a smile, each held out the work in question.

"Will you give me time to examine the hymns?" Willard asked

after a word of greeting to Joseph. "How I hope they are as perfect as they should be!"

When he could politely do so, Joseph remarked to his wife, "My dear, we won't be home for supper."

Her deep hazel eyes on Willard, her face white, she said, "Are you keeping him or is he keeping you? You seem so inseparable these days. But then I know, I know what all this work means. And supper doesn't matter anyway; except, well, how can you keep fit if you don't eat?" She went out disappointed and hurt.

"I'll spend the evening with you, Emma," Joseph called. "Perhaps I can read to the boys."

Willard heard no answer. "Have you told her?" he asked, realizing that Joseph would know what he meant.

"Not yet. She refuses to believe any of the charges being whispered against me for adultery. I'm tempted to pronounce a public curse upon John Bennett and Robert Foster for starting the rumors. I'm worried over John's behavior, and I'm proud of Emma because she won't listen. I've not yet received the feeling to tell her, Willard. I can't."

"I wish she could know." Willard's voice was as soft as the fall of snow. "I'd feel better about the sealing we're performing this afternoon."

"It would be better." Joseph nodded. "But when the time comes the Lord will tell me to go to her."

After crossing the street and walking northeast from the store a few steps, Willard and Joseph knocked on the door of Bishop Whitney's house. His devout wife was a dainty woman, in her husband's complete confidence. She invited them in. The bishop was not home. Neither of the women Joseph and Willard had come to meet was present. Sylvia Lyon, Patty's daughter and the wife of Windsor J. Lyon, was already sealed to Joseph. This afternoon she was to put her mother's hand in the Prophet's.

"Take chairs." Elizabeth Ann glanced at the tall rockers near the fireplace. "You won't have long to wait." Her smile was confident.

The Whitney children gathered around the president and his disciple, treating them like old friends. A few moments later their

faces brightened for Sister Sessions. Joseph rose, charming and affable.

"I'm on time?" Patty asked in a voice which a man having once heard could not soon forget. Clear as water over lava, it suggested her strength and feeling for humanity. Patty's large nose, sharp as a sickle, would have dominated her face but for the fact that her eyes were equally strong, and her skin as lovely as white clover. Her lips were deep red. In their expression they could be either compassionate or stern.

Patty had known sorrow. She could be as generous as Joseph or as tight as closely cropped stubble. She, a down east Yankee, had emigrated with her husband and their three children from Maine. Being driven from Missouri they had counted sorely the loss of their good farm. They had waited in the river bottoms, living on parched corn, hoping the Prophet would catch up with them. She worshiped this man who had suffered imprisonment in his effort to establish freedom for his people. And now in Nauvoo, no one was prouder of the Legion, the city council, the court, and the temple, under construction, than this midwife.

In her late forties, she carried herself like a queen. She was wearing a black bombazine dress and a long cloak. "I tried to come at the exact hour," she said, her breast lifting as she stood ready and eager to go about the business in hand.

"Where is *Sylvia*?" Like everyone else, Joseph accented the second syllable of Mrs. Lyon's name. In his reference, he was noticeably tender.

"I missed her the moment I opened the door, but she'll be here any minute, I'm sure," said the mother with well-sustained patience.

Presently Sylvia entered the room, carrying a new baby wrapped in a shawl. She still wore the expression of a young woman who had recently experienced an event of wonder and delight. Joseph had blessed her child.

Elizabeth Ann, who numbered both mother and daughter among her choicest friends, said, "Shall we go into the chamber?"

Behind the closed door of this room, which had been dedicated to serve as a temporary shrine, Willard asked the participants to stand before him. When Sylvia put her mother's hand in Joseph's, Sister Sessions turned suddenly pale, but she stood straight and calm

while Willard performed the ceremony that would unite her to Joseph Smith for eternity in place of her own husband.

The ceremony performed, Willard said, "We all know that we progress in our work upon this earth only as we gain knowledge and experience in the grand design of the Lord. To this end has this spiritual marriage been sealed. And as we have asked our heavenly Father to bless this union, I now repeat my desire that His will may be done in all things."

After enjoying the light refreshments served by Elizabeth Ann, the guests prepared to return to their individual homes. But as Willard and the Prophet were leaving the house, Sister Whitney said, "Brother Joseph, the sisters are looking forward to their organization day, on the seventeenth. We want your blessing."

Joseph smiled his approval. He had at last given permission for some "elect ladies" to organize a benevolent society. Their membership chosen, the women were ready to commence caring for the sick, helping the poor, and offsetting the vile rumors that were scandalizing Nauvoo.

As they walked back to the office, Willard said to Joseph with a certain tender yearning, "Jennetta should be here. She should be a charter member of the woman's society."

Answering Willard's troubled expression, Joseph said, "Now that the first chapters of the history are ready for the press, we can perhaps let you go to Richmond quite soon. I will spare you long enough for that. But you know the Masonic Lodge is being installed next week. Two days later we found this female society. Besides, I want *your* help when I start the dialogue for the endowment ceremonies. I must have peace to receive from the Lord, and I must get some of you endowed so the priesthood can go on in case anything happens to me. Oh, Willard, how can I spare you?"

Willard nodded. He understood.

Joseph said, "You couldn't have forgotten the military maneuvers next May? You're an officer in the Legion. I hold nothing higher than the endowments, but in the life of the army, nothing can surpass that drill and the sham battle!"

"I know, I know, Joseph; still, I must go for Jennetta." For once, Willard's tone was less enthusiastic than Joseph's. The disciple saw the long line of events to keep him in Nauvoo, and he said,

with a kind of melancholy resignation, "Let's start the work on the proof for the first installment of the history this afternoon."

Joseph nodded, but even as he crossed the street toward the store, he again mentioned one of the important events he had scheduled. He said, "I'm glad we're getting the women organized. The society will be good for them and for us."

"Yes," Willard replied, "the Female Relief Society will make history."

Joseph smiled. "You'll see that the women have a minute-book? Indeed, you'll take the minutes until a secretary is named."

"Eliza Snow will be elected, won't she?" Willard asked, tacitly agreeing with Joseph's requests.

"Could any other do as well as my poet?" The Prophet's voice fell tenderly.

"With your Emma as president, wouldn't it be good to tell her, as you've told Eliza, about plurality? And that Eliza will soon be your wife?"

"Yes," Joseph spoke with anguish, "it would be good. But with all the stories John Bennett's advertising about me, should I tell Emma now? Something says wait."

"In the Relief Society you'll have a roll call of loyalty that will offset hundreds of lies."

"Yes, but John Bennett's stringing a noose, Willard. He's tying a slipknot. Whether his neck will go into it, or mine, God knows. But so far, the Lord's on the side of His Prophet. I'm not afraid."

"What do you mean, this noose? What particular situation between you and John C.?"

"Something the sisters have nothing to do with. The military events. Next May's maneuvers. John is an ambitious man."

"I know he's invited some of your enemies, Tom Sharp and Levi Williams." Willard grasped his cane tighter as for a moment he and Joseph stood outside the store. "What's he trying to do? Make the state militia jealous? Show the officers what we can do that they can't? Who's that striking against, you or them?"

"John's putting on all right," Joseph agreed, "sending out those fancy invitations for a *Parade Militaire! Repast Militaire*, he calls the banquet. Asked people in January for the events to be held in May! Well, anyway, the feast is to be at my house!" Joseph said with a

sudden change of posture, showing himself torn between his own love of display and John's too-high hand.

"Steve Douglas is coming. At least I've heard he is. You're going to have one friend from the outside," said Willard, remembering that Judge Douglas had kept Joseph out of Missouri last June, nine months ago, by pronouncing void the writ of arrest launched by the enemy state.

"Curiosity should bring him, if nothing else," said Joseph with a smile.

Almost too frankly, Willard remarked. "I understand his party resents your statement, your declaration before the Church, that you intend to vote for the friends of your people."

"You know that I'm now an embarrassment to the Democrats?" Joseph's lips drew a zigzag of humor. "Politics! The army! My everlasting enemies!"

Willard nodded. "I've heard; I've read the papers." His voice had fallen, for he had dreamed of Joseph's leaping from plank to plank over an imaginary roiled stream. He had seen John C. stirring the water. Still Willard had seen the Prophet piloting a hundred barks with the rudder of but a single boat, controlling handsomely all the lines of action opposing him.

Willard had seen Joseph holding a steady hand over the affairs at home: the installation of the Nauvoo Lodge of York Masons, when several distinguished members from other cities would be present; the April conference of the Church; and then the parade of the Legion. As Willard looked at his friend, he wished that John C. were not an assistant in the First Presidency. Somehow the stream of events seemed suddenly to be extra deep and muddled. Willard loathed John for telling certain girls that he was approaching them in Joseph's name. He said, "Let's go upstairs."

But even as he followed Joseph into the office and closed the door, Willard asked, "You haven't invited the general to join the Masonic Lodge?"

"I've heard nothing from his former Master in Ohio to discredit him. I've got to keep his personal behavior as secret as I can. I want to win him back to righteousness. I don't believe he's as false as your Quorum makes him out. He's weak; he's mistaken; he talks too much. But I've forgiven many a man for that, Willard. And if John can repent, I can forgive. But you can see why I don't want

Emma to hear about plurality just now. Not with his maligning. The Lord hasn't told me to write the revelation. He hasn't told me to speak to her. I wish I could tell Emma about Eliza. I love her. Oh, Willard!"

Standing at the mahogany table, Willard felt his heart thumping, even though excitement was his dish from day to day. Setting aside these imponderable principles for a moment, he said, "The proof's here!" He had caught sight of the *Times and Seasons*, the March 15th number, carrying the first installment of the prized work, the complete history of the Church.

If mistakes in judgment had been made, Joseph nevertheless wanted the whole story told. There was truth enough in his work, he had said, to make the whole world glad.

As he picked up the galley proof, Willard was proud that he had helped to inscribe the history exactly as Joseph had wished to have it told. As he read a few lines his eyes deepened. His voice deeply resonant, he said, "I wonder wherever we found the peace and quiet to accomplish this!"

Joseph's hand was as steady as the table while he held the sheet. "Excitement is the bread of my life," he said. His eyes still on the written page, he musingly voiced his thoughts. "Oliver Cowdery started to help me with this work, and then ran off with the manuscript. A pity so fine a fellow took the wrong turn! He had no hatred in him. It was the ill will and haste of those who set themselves above him that did it. They drove him from the Church, Willard. He asked to wait for his trial only until I arrived in Missouri from Ohio, but the stake president wouldn't wait. He dealt harshly; and at the point of clubs and guns Oliver was ousted from the settlement he had founded. My heart bleeds on his account. I pity the foolish men who drove him away."

"Pity for fools? The horsethieves at Ramus give color to every charge against us for horse thieving up and down the river! How many such thieves do we have? Not more than two or three, at most. But they cause the whole Church to suffer."

"The worst of it is," said Joseph, "the guilty are not always the ignorant. But then I pity them the more. My friend Will Phelps apostatized. He had been helping me with the history after Oliver left. Like Orson, Will testified against me in Missouri for treason. And then he, too, repented. Look at him, Willard, gifted, loyal, true.

You'll see, Oliver will one day come back. And I want to keep John Bennett if I can."

Beyond speech, Willard fixed the Prophet with his glance. His Prophet, the chosen of God! Through the tales John Bennett was spreading, he was nothing less than a devil. Yet Joseph would redeem him.

Answering his friend's gaze, Joseph said, "I have thanked God many times, Willard, for bringing you to me." And now with a fraternal look, Joseph held out the proof. "You'll go over this?"

"Yes, I'll take the copy to the printing office in the morning. If anything needs your attention, I'll be back."

On March 15th, while riding his horse, Charley, to Burton's Grove for the installation of the Masonic Lodge, Willard looked out from beneath his broad-brimmed military hat, with its soft plume, seeing little else than the day's issue of the *Times and Seasons*. The first part of the history was in the hands of the people, the message of the restored gospel, just as the events had happened in Joseph's life. Tomorrow the paper would be on its way to England. Willard also saw the story being read in every part of the United States and Canada.

And though at Burton's Grove he discovered the sentries stationed in the high places and in the low, in the vales and on the mountain, guarding the Masonic rites from interruption, his eye was fixed on two brothers at work in their father's field, Cain and Abel, harvesting their figs and wheat, tending their goats. Willard saw the rejected sacrifice. And he saw Abel's fruits accepted by the Lord. Willard heard this youth being told to put down his hoe and give himself over to the toil of the spirit.

There had been times when Willard was working on the manuscripts in which he had longed to go to Jennetta's lot on the hill. The house had been started. He wanted to plow and plant. But now for the moment he became aware of his surroundings. He gloried in the March sunshine despite the threat of storm in the swift clouds. The river had opened, beckoning him to start his journey to Richmond. But now he suddenly thought, The desk is my world. Only as I serve the Lord can I serve His children. I ask for nothing else.

Except to go for Jennetta, his desire insisted. And, paradoxically,

Willard thought, If only Joseph could spare me for a little while, I could fetch her.

That evening he went to the assembly room to meet with the newly organized lodge, wishing to talk only about the publications. To him the ceremonies seemed superfluous, even when Joseph awarded himself the highest degree in Masonry.

The next day when Joseph advanced several of his friends to some very high stations, making Willard a knight commander, Willard said, "It's lucky our friends who installed us have left Nauvoo."

"You don't think we'd be declared clandestine?" Joseph scoffed.

"I don't know," Willard replied, serious. "Those men have worked for years to attain the thirty-second degree."

"But we are going to build the finest Masonic hall in the West. We'll have these friends to our dedication. We'll feast them."

Willard simply shook his head.

The next day Willard went again to the assembly room. This time he handed Emma Smith the record book that he had had bound for the Relief Society.

She read in her friend's hand:

"A book of Records containing the proceedings of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo."

She found a note inserted on this page:

"O, Lord! help our widows and fatherless children. So mote it be. Amen. With the sword, and the word of truth, defend thou them. So mote it be. Amen."

"You are always thoughtful, Dr. Richards!" Emma gave him her steadfast gaze, her eyes deep with mystery. To Willard she seemed always reserved, always wondering. And again her glance reminded him of Jennetta. Boarding with Sister Emma was like boarding with a poignant memory of his own beloved wife.

These days, Jennetta's letters were offish. Willard could see her in the small upstairs bedroom in his father's house. Why, he did not know, but she had gone to live with William and Sarah. Filling her mind with God knows what against the Church, Willard had sadly thought when he received the news.

Before he and Joseph left this meeting, Willard wrote the opening minutes, recording Joseph's blessing upon the Relief Society. He presented his own draught for fifty dollars for the women to commence their benevolent work. When he and Joseph crossed the hall and opened the door to the private office, Willard repeated his desire. He said, "Jennetta should have been here. She belongs among those special women, she certainly does. Her education fits her for the work."

"Willard, I asked you to stay until the first installments appeared. We've others to come. What could you have done, traveling in winter?"

"I could have gone by coach. I could have brought her here when the waterways opened."

Joseph turned the key to his office, assuring privacy for himself and his clerk for a few moments. "Will you stay," he asked, "until the military maneuvers are over? Will you do that for me?"

"Joseph, have you ever asked anything of me that I've not done my best to carry out? If my ability were greater, I'd do better, but I'll not demean the talent the Lord has given me." Willard sat down at the table, straightening the foolscap. He picked up his quill.

Before the general conference convened in April, the accusations that passed between John C. Bennett and Joseph multiplied into a lurid series of charges and countercharges. At heart Joseph still felt charitable toward John C., but he felt that he had to defend his honor against the tales now being told outside Nauvoo. The flames of this fire were spreading.

One evening in the office, knowing the speed of fire, and on edge about the stories, Willard asked, "Do you think you should go before the Church?" He had decided that through Augustine's letters the distance from Nauvoo to Richmond had shortened to the measured leap of almost any flame. Moreover, the minutes of the conference were published in the Church papers, and Willard asked Joseph if he had to deny the charges openly. He said, "The Church is not in a position to understand the difference between John C.'s actions and yours. And those of some of the Twelve," he added. "If you deny the rumors, you'll have to declare the revelation. You'll have to tell the whole story."

Joseph slapped the table. "I cannot do that, but I will no longer

be accused of adultery without making my defense. The whole Church will look down upon me if I don't. I must stand before my people."

"I know. I know you can convince them of your innocence, Brother Joseph." Willard humbled himself.

"Then," said Joseph, "let the Twelve leave this matter to me!" He gave Willard a look of love.

Publicly, Joseph pronounced a curse upon all adulterers, fornicators, and offenders who sinned in his name. Standing on the platform before a silent multitude, he declared himself innocent of any and all guilt in this direction. Most of the Church believed. A few did not. Yet, later, as a result of his sermon on the much-discussed subject, almost the whole Church, it seemed, began to wonder why General Bennett was allowed to keep his office as mayor of Nauvoo, and why the Prophet sustained him as his assistant to the presidency.

In a meeting of the Twelve with Joseph, in Brigham's front room, the Quorum wondered whether the general should be allowed to complete the plans for the military maneuvers for May 7th. A year ago there had been but six companies in the Nauvoo Legion; today there were twenty-six.

Joseph looked at Willard as if he needed him, as if he were suffering from some deep and terrible hunger that few men could understand. John Bennett had now asked him to lead without his bodyguard the first cohort in the sham battle on the afternoon of the maneuvers.

In answer to the look, Willard suggested that the Twelve invite Colonel Albert Rockwood to countermand the order of events.

Joseph glanced around the beloved circle as if to say, If I could have a recess for just one moment from the long hunt for my life, I could pray at ease with you, and in peace.

Always, Willard felt, there was a sense of immediacy, or urgency, to get on with the affairs dealing with the Lord's business. The Legion, it seemed, was becoming more an arm for John Bennett's might than for the protection of the Children of Israel against the enemies of the surrounding plain. "Your body guard will be vigilant," he said.

Sensing the suggestion of danger, Joseph told the Twelve that before the battle took place, he would endow in the name of the

Lord a few of his friends with the keys of the kingdom. If anything did happen to cut short his life, he once more suggested, there must be some who could go on with the work. It must never cease. "The Restoration will continue as God has given it to me, his prophet," said Joseph.

The discussion of the vision of glory — of these especial ceremonies — lasted late into the night.

On May 3rd, Willard was one of seven men to meet in the assembly room to be endowed. He had worked with Joseph on the ritual, writing the lines as the Prophet dictated. This morning, after the opening prayer, the washings and anointings commenced.

Hyrum Smith, Heber, Brigham, Willard remained near to each other during the ministrations that followed, as if all were united in blood brotherhood as well as in fraternal love. There were three other men present, but these four made a close unit until, all at once, Willard felt as if he stood alone before his God.

Through these blessings, he could be assured not only of his own salvation but also of that of his family. His own children could be sealed to him, and others not born to him could be adopted into his ever increasing celestial group. His wives — for he must take others if once he could fetch Jennetta to Nauvoo — would belong to him forever, provided they and he were faithful to the covenants leading to eternal progression.

Through these rites, the words of Malachi were again to become effective. The hearts of the fathers were to turn to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers. Dressed in his white robes, Willard felt that he could live up to his instructions as long as he lived, wearing as a sign the temple garments presented to him that morning. And his desire to go for Jennetta quickened within him, even now in this holy room.

Four days later, arrayed in his chaplain's blue uniform, with his broad hat shading his eyes, Willard watched the troops form at the foot of the Liberty Pole. The shaft rose from the middle of the parade ground across from Joseph's house. A breeze kept the banner of the United States unfurled. Below the Stars and Stripes flew the flag of the Legion. The clear air reflected the glint of the

river. Alive with its spring current, the stream rose high on the broad bank below the still unfinished hotel.

The gala mood of the city was supported by the women in the parade. They emerged from the Mansion arrayed in blue velvet riding habits, with matching hats. The plumes on their bonnets soon set up a rhythm as gay as the cockade on Joseph's tricorne. Ready to fall into line himself, Willard rejoiced over the position Joseph expected to take. He had refused the major general's invitation to lead his cohort in the sham battle. And then he had refused the request that followed—to ride at the rear of the cavalry without his guard, immediately ahead of the infantry.

Now from the platform erected on the parade ground, Joseph raised his sword. His command to fall in rang over the field.

The well-drilled troops obeyed with precision. The twenty-six companies saluted the lieutenant general.

Joseph extended his arm, his gold epaulettes agleam as he pointed his sword. The braid on his sleeves shone, while the black plumes of his cockade waved. His buff trousers were trim above his shining boots.

The bugles sounded. The roll of drums throbbed over the parade ground. The banners waved, and Joseph mounted Joe Duncan, the black stallion he had named for a gubernatorial candidate who had vowed Mormon extinction.

Up Main Street to Mulholland, backed by his staff, Joseph led the long column, thence to the grounds below the temple. Albert Rockwood commanded the life guards. Joseph relied upon the captain. Moreover he had prayed that no "stray" bullet would be fired by the infantry.

From his own position with the second cohort, Willard could see the elect ladies following the lifeguards. And again he wished Jennetta, with her youth and beauty, were riding amongst these special women.

The drummers rolled out another march. Back of the musicians rode Major General John C. Bennett and his staff, while the infantry and artillery closed the ranks. Willard wanted to shout, Hallelujah to God and His Prophet. But now, on the sidelines, he saw Colonel Levi Williams of the state militia, flanked by Tom Sharp and some Warsaw Independents, mounted on well-groomed animals.

Not far from Mr. Sharp and Colonel Williams, equally well-

mounted, Frank Worrell of the Carthage Greys, and Robert Smith, their captain, were companions among the thousands of visitors. From the far southeast corner of the county, the Augusta Dragoons had arrived on horseback and in wagons. They had formed under a row of elm trees, while at their side ranged the McDonough County boys. Colonel Swazey, of the government troops, had crossed to Nauvoo from the Iowa bank.

But now Willard discovered some friends from the local scene, Uncle and Aunt Haven, just arrived in Nauvoo, and living on the hill near the Rockwoods, east of the temple. Suddenly Willard recognized some wives of Joseph and the apostles. The chaplain smiled. The women were lost in the crowd as far as any such identity as that was concerned.

On and on he rode, through the waving cheering sidelines, sitting erect, reveling in the glory of the Legion. Much to his satisfaction, he caught sight of Judge Douglas with some attorneys from the circuit court, on the parade ground on Temple Hill. The judge had dismissed the court at Carthage, giving himself and the lawyers an unexpected vacation. They *should* share the vision of our great destiny, Willard thought.

At the banquet, Joseph seated the judge on his right. The long table was spread in the garden of the "Plantation House." Within speaking distance of himself, Joseph had included Tom Sharp and Levi Williams. He had seated as many visiting officers at the head table as possible. John C. Bennett was presiding at the foot, aggressive and handsome despite his mere five-foot, nine-inch stature. His blue coat was as resplendent as Joseph's, with its gold braid; his stock as immaculate.

Under the jovial expressions of the guests only the undercurrent of affairs ran swift and deep. Willard gloried in Joseph's jokes in answer to the skylarking of Douglas and his companions. But suddenly Willard suspected the judge of calculating the Mormon power at the polls as well as on the parade ground. He wondered how the arrow of friendship really pointed today. Was Joseph still an embarrassment to the Democrats? Or was the judge in need of Nauvoo's support. Was the Whig hatred as bitter as ever? With Douglas here, would Tom Sharp see what it might mean to be friends with the Mormons?

Black Bess set a plate before Willard, hot and savory. Jane James, Joseph's other colored maidservant, followed Bess around the table. The Relief Society sisters helped to serve the stuffed wild turkeys. Seeing one of the women with her hair dressed high, wearing a feather in it, Willard forgot his watchfulness, recalling above the full round laughter of the table — the cup had been passed — the unexpected appearance of Port Rockwell at a party for the Twelve and their wives, last January.

Joseph's wiry young bodyguard, whose aim was as sure as the talons of an eagle, had brought a message. But Port had stopped short and let out a laugh that shook the room. "Where am I," he had demanded, "in a flower garden or a chicken coop? I don't consider it right for the ladies to waste feed by wearing wheat heads in their hair!"

"Where *is* Port?" Willard asked Brigham an hour later. Both men, standing together in uniform, were one in spirit.

"I don't know," Brigham replied, concerned. "He should have been here for the sham battle. I hear he's to be made one of Rockwood's lifeguards."

"Oh no, not Port," said Willard, laughing. "He's too wild for that discipline!"

The battle was not done with on the seventh of May. On the seventeenth, John Bennett resigned as mayor of Nauvoo. Joseph was elected by the city council to take John's place. During the meeting Joseph declared that John would have to answer on the day of judgment for the requests he had made of him for the military ceremonies. As clerk, Willard recorded the statement. And the days that now followed at breakneck pace changed the satisfied well-groomed look of the paunchy Bennett to a ravaged, furtive expression of frustration over the satisfaction denied him in his empire-building plans among the Mormons.

In a joint meeting of apostles, city council, and municipal court, the general's course of conduct was reviewed. A hundred and one new affidavits either for or against the assistant to the president were signed. Some of the highest officers of the Church pledged their honor for General Bennett's loyalty to Nauvoo's best interests. Others bore oath against his faithlessness. A statement from the master of his former Masonic Lodge in Ohio was read, and the news that he

had been disfellowshipped for leaving in that state a wife and several children.

The Twelve looked at each other as if they were simply seeing the wildcat in the door they had always expected. John had posed as a bachelor. His face was now as red as blood. Given a chance to speak, he threatened to go straight to Springfield to publish a series of papers describing the truth of affairs in "Joe Smith's seraglio on the river."

"Will you include the truth of your own life?" Joseph asked, his face suddenly white.

"How can I give that any space when there's so much to tell about you; and *you* and *you*?" he cried, pointing to Willard and Brigham. "It's you who've turned Joseph against me, making him believe your lies! It was when you and the rest of the Twelve took the power from Joe's hands that things began to go wrong between him and me!"

Willard's stomach turned over when, with a peculiar sneer, John said he was planning to start his lectures on his *Exposé*—his own revelations in Nauvoo—in western Massachusetts. He announced that he knew he could have the series published in a Springfield paper, the *Sangamo Journal*.

Willard's hands began to burn. What will this man's diseased spleen do to my wife? What corn will he furnish for Sarah's and William's popper? Willard's mind went to the visit that Amelia Peirson and sister Rhoda had paid the old home especially to invite Jennetta and Heber John to go back with them, to Nancy's. Jennetta had "declined the invitation."

Willard could see love's counterpart, a vomit of black hate, springing from her heart. He wanted to go to his room at Joseph's and begin to pack his valise. He saw again the letter in which sisters had told him that his brother William was "sacrificing his real feelings toward the Church in order to satisfy the whims and caprices of his companion." Willard knew this was not true. I'll write to Jennetta today and tell her to wait for me at Phinnie's. I'll tell her that sister Wealthy is soon coming to Nauvoo, and she can make her own plans to travel.

Swift as the dark river all but encircling the city, in thought Willard lived for a moment his private life. Forgetting the meeting, he said to himself, Surely Joseph will now agree that I must go to

Richmond at once. But Willard returned to his surroundings when Joseph at last concurred with the decision of the assembly that John Bennett must be excommunicated.

Joseph later decided that Willard must indeed leave immediately for Richmond. Then in the midst of the excitement over Bennett's flight with his articles, lectures, and books, the disciples found the Church facing troubles even more disquieting than the flames stirred up by the *Judas* in the First Presidency. On May 14th, news reached Nauvoo that early in the month an assault had been made upon the life of ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, of Missouri. And the ex-governor said that the would-be assassin, kneeling outside the window and firing into his room, wounding him severely, had acted at Joseph's command.

Though still alive, Mr. Boggs was in poor condition. He had sworn that Joseph Smith, "that vile demagogue," was an accessory before the fact, with Porter Rockwell as the actual criminal, the man who held the gun.

Within the next few days another messenger brought Joseph word of the Missouri governor's demand upon the governor of Illinois for his, Smith's, extradition. And in the small red-brick building back of Joseph's house, the Twelve asked each other, "Will Governor Carlin grant the request?"

Behind the darkened windows, Willard said to Joseph, "All Missouri should know that you wouldn't order Port to kill Lilburn Boggs. That would be a fatal mistake."

"Turn up the oil heater, will you, Willard? I'm cold," Joseph answered.

"Come," said Brigham, "don't worry. Anyone should know that had Port shot, Boggs would be as dead as a cadaver. I saw Port go to work on the jackrabbits in Missouri!"

John Taylor nodded, his young eyes afire. "Yes. But do you remember, Brigham, that Joseph predicted Boggs' death through violence? The *Times and Seasons* carried the prophecy."

The apostles looked at each other. John Taylor was now editing the paper. In a frenzy, Joseph admitted the statement; but then, gathering his strength, he said, "The prediction itself should prove how false the charge is! No man in his right mind would thus betray himself!"

Willard said, "Joseph, no more reasonable man than you ever drew breath."

The days passed in a tight sheath of excitement. The Twelve attempted to continue their business, but Willard found little peace for the written word.

Joseph tried to ignore the rumor of the requested extradition. But he confided to Willard that to go to Missouri would be to go to the noose they had pictured.

In the circle of the Twelve, with Joseph in attendance, Willard asked, "What part can John Bennett have played in this demand for extradition? He couldn't have been so foul as to *suggest* the attempted murder?"

"No," Joseph surmised, "not that. The shooting occurred before the maneuvers took place, before we excommunicated John. But since then, he's probably helped Boggs make the charge. We all know that John's been going back and forth across the river from Warsaw."

"But I don't think the Lord wants you to go to Missouri, Joseph," said Brigham dryly. "Let's get on with our other business. What about the measure for filing the bankruptcy plea?"

"I'll go to Carthage for Joseph," said Willard. "It's not safe for him to ride over there now."

Joseph agreed that Willard should carry the application. As trustee for the Church, Joseph expected to file a petition under his own name. He had decided that the federal law recently passed on this point was as good for the Mormons as for anyone else. The course might quiet his creditors, Horace Hotchkiss especially. It might partially offset the injustice suffered in Missouri, the loss of a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property. And the Twelve had agreed that through the trustee's taking advantage of the law, Willard and Brigham should also, perhaps, be freed from the debts they had contracted on their journey from Kirtland to the East. This shadow still followed them.

Of course Willard could not go to Richmond until the affair was launched, nor until the Boggs charge against Joseph was quieted. As he sat in meeting he saw Jennetta waiting for him while time passed. What will she think when Bennett's story reaches her, and the rumor

that Joseph has been accused of murder? The thought made Willard prickle.

His questions were partially answered when in June Joseph received a letter from Jennetta. Both men then knew that Willard's immediate departure was imperative.

On the twenty-third of the month, Joseph dictated a reply which Willard was to carry in person to his wife:

"Sister Jennetta Richards," the Prophet began. "—Agreeable to your request . . . I now embrace a moment to address a few words to you, thinking . . . it may be a consolation to you . . . to know that you are remembered by me . . .

"My heart's desire and prayer to God is . . . for all the Saints, and in an especial and particular manner for those whom He hath chosen and anointed to bear the heaviest burdens in the heat of the day, among which number is your husband received—a man in whom I have the most implicit confidence and trust. You say I have got him; so I have, in the which I rejoice, for he has done me a great good, and taken a great burden off my shoulders since his arrival in Nauvoo. Never did I have a greater intimacy with any man than with him. . . . We are about to send him in a few days after his dear family . . . and may God speed his journey, and return him quickly to our society; and I want you, beloved sister, to be a general in this matter, in helping him along. . . . He will be able to teach you many things which you never have heard; you may have implicit confidence in the same.

"Although I never saw you, I shall be exceedingly glad to see you face to face, and be able to administer in the name of the Lord, some of the words of life to your consolation, and I hope that you may be kept steadfast in the faith, even unto the end.

". . . I . . . subscribe myself, in haste, your most obedient brother in the fullness of the Gospel,

Joseph Smith.

"P.S. . . . I shall be very anxious for his return; he is a great prop to me in my labors.

J.S."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The next day Willard turned thirty-eight years old. Joseph gave him a special blessing for his health and for the success of his journey. Still the disciple could not leave for another ten days. His letter to Jennetta was an insufficient passport for his work in the East. Besides planning to bring her to Nauvoo, he had business to accomplish for the Church in the eastern branches. And he had also especially to see the creditors in New York City.

As a result of Joseph's announcement that all those to whom he owed money would have to fare alike when he took advantage of the new law, Horace Hotchkiss had replied in a huff, from Connecticut, that the bonds for the land tract at Nauvoo would not serve as title to the property purchased. Real estate, he pointed out, was exempt from the bankruptcy act.

Besides having this delicate matter to iron out in New York, Willard was to try to offset the wave of mistrust sweeping the country as the aftermath of Dr. Bennett's campaign. The good things previously published in various cities about the Mormons were now being questioned. Through John's earlier correspondence with some friends in New York City, Joseph had won much favorable attention in the *New York Herald*. James Arlington Bennett, a wealthy journalist of Long Island, watching from a distance the experiment on the Mississippi, had praised it at length in this paper. And in a prayer meeting the Twelve asked the Lord to help Willard reach New York before John C. arrived. Though they had won Arlington Bennett's friendship through John, the Church expected to retain the journalist's good will through a true picture of affairs in Nauvoo.

In this race Willard possessed one advantage. In John C.'s first article in his *Exposé*—now published in the *Sangamo Journal* at Springfield—the author had declared that he never had been interested in the Mormon religion, thus revealing himself to the country

he hoped to interest — the whole United States — at heart a hypocrite, a liar, and a hog for power.

Though John should beat the race to New York, through Arlington Bennett, Willard would attempt to restrain the *Herald* from publishing the lurid account of the “seraglio” on the Mississippi.

In Nauvoo, while preparing to leave, Willard heard the rumor that John C. had tarried in Springfield and Warsaw to organize the enemies of the Church in both Missouri and Illinois. The story had shown its teeth when on May 26th, Joseph was again arrested. But the Missouri and Illinois agents were maddened by the Nauvoo court’s use of its right of habeas corpus for the prisoner.

Joseph was free when Willard left for New York, but he started East with none of the joy with which he had once anticipated his journey. Snug in his pocket, over a too-heavy heart, he carried in addition to his letter to Jennetta from Joseph, one to the land creditor, and another to the influential journalist who lived on Long Island. Enroute to Massachusetts, Willard wrote to his wife, instructing her to meet him at brother Phinnie’s home.

Through the winter she had been lonelier than he could dream. Last February, just as she received the good news about the lot for her home in Nauvoo, an accident had taken place on the railroad in Richmond. In the deep snow the cars had run off the track. The engine was “dashed to pieces.” Two men were killed, one of whom “breathed his last,” Rhoda had written to Willard, in the Peirson home.

She said that she and Nancy had “suppered thirty-eight besides their own family, with short notice.” She added that the same number took breakfast, and yet they were all through a little after daylight. “Sister Nancy,” she remarked, “was Captain, and I was Lieutenant.”

Where was Jennetta, Willard had wondered, picturing the grey atmosphere of the Peirson home, although he had not seen the notation in sister’s journal:

“... Another week has taken its flight, never to return. It is sorrow, toil and pain. Who on earth could desire to live them over again?”

A month later, apparently still an alien in the Peirson home, Jennetta had removed to William Richards' house, the old place on Dublin Road and Mill Creek. She had spent the winter pleading with her parents not to forget her.

"... I have worn out the patience of the postmaster here with inquiries so often ... but I do not intend ceasing until I receive [a letter] from you."

Dreading the possible prejudice of her parents, she begged them to believe in her husband's people:

"... I must say they are one of the best of families ... kind and affectionate to the extreme. Brother and Sister Peirson does not spare anything to get their children learning. The two Eldest Girls are beautiful writers they devote part of their time to learning History Geography and all kinds of learning they make all their own clothes carpets flannel lining for woollen dresses are making me one and John some frocks..."

Jennetta went on at great length, pleading with her parents to write often. She tried to reach them through her chatter about Heber, saying that he was at that moment showing the family how Grandpa smoked his pipe. And when in late October she finally heard from home, she hastened to describe the "choice of land" that Willard had made for her house. She had had to tell her father and mother that he had not yet received the deed, nor could he begin the construction, but he had selected the site where she was to live — on the hill near the temple, where the air was cool and healthy.

Still Jennetta had been forced to resort to one of Willard's own kind of whimsies when it came to answering certain specific questions. If she could not judiciously tell the truth, she would do the next best, offer a bit of dissembling:

"I can only answer for myself I intend to eat when I am hungry drink when I am thirsty and sleep on a good feather bed when I am sleepy (for Mother left us an excellent one)."

Taking advantage of her father's suggestion to send through Susannah Liptrot Walker anything possible that she desired, Jennetta asked for seeds from his garden, for stones from his fruit trees, especially plums; and for some clothing and curtain materials for the deep windows that she would have in her new house. Exactly as Willard had given them to her, she reproduced the plans, including the outside buildings and premises.

And then having heard that Susannah expected to come in the spring, Jennetta once more begged her parents to join the company of Saints. She coaxed them to search out the truth of the gospel in America. "The Lord willing," she said, she, Heber John, and sister Rhoda would be leaving with Willard for Nauvoo at that very time.

Even in midwinter, sister Rhoda had been busy packing the chest that she expected to take. Toward spring she had ridden down to her brother William's to fit the garments she was making for Jennetta and the boy. When on July 16th Willard at last arrived in Richmond, he crossed the fields straight to Phineas' house. Aunt Leadbetter's place was at hand. To the north rose the Peirson home, and to the south William Richards' farm. But as Willard cut over the narrow trail, he thought, If I don't find Jennetta at Phinnie's my heart will really stop! He clutched his satchel, having left his trunk at the depot.

During the past two afternoons, brother's family had discreetly taken themselves off, leaving Jennetta and Heber John the house when the train was expected. And today when Jennetta heard the shrill whistle she stood through an eternity in the middle of the kitchen floor; then she walked to the door. She counted the minutes. Suddenly she said, "Mr. Richards! Willard, my beloved!" Though Heber John was clinging to her skirt, she threw her arms about her husband.

"Jennetta! Son!" Willard took his boy into his arms. He looked again into the beloved face of his wife. Her tone, her voice, the look in her eyes were the same, and yet different. But once more Jennetta melted into his arms, yielding herself body and spirit to this first embrace.

She ran her fingers through her doctor-husband's hair, noting how it had greyed during the past year. Making no attempt to stop her tears, she tried to smooth out the deep vertical line she found in his forehead, and to kiss away the harried look on his face.

Heber, approaching his second birthday, pushed back from the father he could not remember. He had been less than a year old when Willard last saw him. He whimpered. And it took some extra tenderness from him who loved children to win more than a passing glance from his own little fellow.

Willard did not begin the conversation by asking Jennetta why she had stayed since last March with the sister and brother who were so embittered against the truth. But when at last he did put the question — it had to come — the moisture that had gathered in Jennetta's eyes as a result of her love and happiness, dried. Willard could not face the glitter that suddenly possessed them. Their dark brightness taunted him with his part in this separation. As he sat with her on a cushioned sofa, he said, "Nettie — !"

The panic in his voice startled her. "If you think sister Sarah's more opposed to the Church than brother Peirson," she exclaimed with dull bitterness, "you should hear him and sister Nancy carry on. Their cold remarks chill the whole house. Silences fall between them. But sometimes brother and sister keep at it all evening. You'd think the subject was forgotten, when out of the silence would come another remark, a sharp question, an answer that never satisfied." Jennetta's lips had gone as white as the snow bush in bloom at the door.

"Could you take no comfort with sister's girls? I find Amelia a very lovable person."

"Oh yes. The girls are charming in their delaine dresses, so neat for meeting, so clean in their calicoes while at work helping sister with the meals."

"Jennetta, don't. You must be mistaken!"

"I mean what I say. You should have seen the family when the accident on the railroad occurred. At two o'clock in the morning the noise exploded through the house. I put on a wrapper and rushed downstairs; I wasn't needed. Between sisters and me there is still Walkerfold, and Richmond, too."

"I can't believe God has made His kingdom only to divide families."

"We couldn't walk in step at all."

"You could! You could have been a corporal if not the general in that house. But you're to be my little general, Nettie — and don't you ever forget it. If you don't care for my family, there's work ahead in marching with many others."

"Oh, Willard, don't suggest that I don't love your family. You cannot doubt my love; but how could I stay with them on and on and on? They were so superior in their goodness, and so condescending toward my weakness! I couldn't bear to hear my loneliness belittled, my illnesses put down as nothings, as if I were a foe. I didn't

wish to be idle. I would have liked to relieve sister Nancy. Sometimes she is so pale that I fear she cannot be well. She broods because her husband dislikes the papers from Nauvoo. And your letters — she hides those. I think he'd burn them if it were not his custom to hold himself in. The fire comes out through his eyes. And then he closes them just as he shut his lips. I found sister Sarah a good companion when we didn't talk about the Church. What could I do when the word from you was always the same — 'Not yet, not yet'?"

"Is that why you wrote to the Prophet?" Willard took her chin between his thumb and finger. He looked long into her face, as if he would read the truth if it killed him.

The tears began to run down her cheeks; and so her coldness was gone. Willard felt gratified. His heart melted when she answered his question about Joseph's letter in a voice as small as a dried clover leaf, "Was I too forward? I didn't mean to be." She choked back the sob that tightened her breast.

"If you could know the Prophet, you'd never doubt his love, Jennetta. I wouldn't believe that a man of his forgiveness existed if I hadn't seen the evidence day after day in Nauvoo, if I hadn't read his letters to those who were once his enemies. Many of his former friends have asked to be reinstated in the Church, begging his charity. And never once has he withheld it. Joseph makes his mistakes. Is it given to man to escape weakness altogether? I do not think so. But his follies are so far outweighed by his majesty that only the pettiest people can hold anything against him."

"Why did he not answer my letter?"

"I have brought the answer with me."

Eagerly, she put out her hand. "May I have it?"

"I had planned to save it. I think you're not quite ready to receive it, heated as you are, and having so lately come from a household of thorns and bitterness."

"I want to see what Mr. Smith has to say. If I was rude, too bold, in writing to him, let *me* learn his forgiveness."

"Jennetta, I'd rather you'd wait!" Willard's voice was low. He hushed Heber John as he held him near his side on the sofa. And as if his father's will had become his own, the child sat still, offering no interruption to this conversation, so plainly serious.

"Why should I wait?" Jennetta asked, as if she were examining a mousetrap.

Has she already heard the rumors from Augustine or John C.? Willard wondered. Dreadful as the consequences might prove, he asked outright, "Has anything disturbed you about Nauvoo? Rumors? Evil stories?"

"Terrible talk goes on in uncle's store. It seems to me it always has. I believe it must have been going on ever since the Mormons came to Richmond. I can't listen. I have nowhere in this world to go except with you. And I will not believe that you ever made love to another woman."

"Jennetta, whatever you've heard about that, it's not true!" The color left Willard's face. "Before Almighty God, I swear I have been virtuous. I'm as clean as when I came to you, but I have a startling lesson from Joseph to teach you, and you must prepare yourself to receive it."

Leaning forward, her eyes fixed, her face whiter than the snow-bush, she said, "Tell me. What is it?"

"Another part of the restored gospel, not yet told to the world but shreds of which the world has grasped, tearing it to bits, distorting the truth into a thousand lies."

"Tell me, for pity's sake, my husband, tell me!" Jennetta's hands worked, they moved from her lap to her breast.

Before beginning his instruction, Willard still held himself taut.

She looked wifelike, as if she would make easier whatever news he had brought. But suddenly she changed, saying as quietly as the distant hum of bees. "Do not be afraid, my dear. *Is* adultery common in Nauvoo?"

Am I too late? Willard thought. But his mind moved fast. He said without showing how she had startled him, "From the bottom of my heart, I tell you that Nauvoo is the cleanest, happiest city in this world. We have our troubles; we have our vices there, as elsewhere. Wickedness will be practiced, but there is less of it in that city than in any place of like size in the whole world." The words gushed forth. Without pausing, he went on, "The leaders of the Church have been given a command to restore an ancient plan. Joseph received the revelation long ago. He's now practicing the way of Abraham. He's taken many wives—all within the marriage covenant of the Church."

Jennetta's shoulders curled and twisted. She turned her head from side to side, squeezing back the tears, but they would fall. She

drew in her breath, stifling her moans. "No, no!" she cried softly, her voice tense. "I won't believe it. I can't. Tell me the truth, have you taken others?"

"Not yet! Not yet!" Willard was suddenly as decisive as clean thunder. "That I would not do. Nor will I take them until you are there to give them to me. When you learn to believe, your faith in the law will increase. It can't be any harder for you to understand than it was for me!"

She did not answer, and now again he changed. "I had to listen, and I'll have to obey. I want your help. I need it more than I've ever needed anything in my life. You'll give it to me, Jennetta, you must. You must say yes when I ask your consent."

"I never will. I never will. You taught me free agency before you taught me this, and I'll not give up my promise of eternal life because of it."

"No, no, my darling. No." Willard soothed and quieted her. He did not chide her for standing in the way of her calling. He said nothing about the stumbling block she was placing in his path. He rubbed her hands, soothed her fingers and caressed her wrists. And finally he gave her Joseph's letter.

She barely glanced at it.

Climbing down from Willard's side, Heber John went to his mother and put his head in her lap.

Hardly aware of him, Willard said to Jennetta, his voice like sweet rain, "You'll wish to believe when you know the eternal glory that will be yours if you choose to accept the covenant."

"Oh dear, oh dear . . ." she sobbed, pushing away from him, letting the letter fall unnoticed.

"When you can pray about this, little general, you'll be comforted." Again he took her hand. He made no mention of the fact that the Longstroths had landed in America. After leaving England in February, they had reached New Orleans in April, and were now tarrying at St. Louis — less than two hundred miles down the river from Nauvoo. All this time they had been that near him.

He merely looked around the beloved old room. "When will brother and sister be home? I'm hungry to see them, and those fine boys."

"How can any of us hunger for each other?" Jennetta asked in a shuddering whisper.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Willard was lying ill and in severe pain at Wilford Woodruff's house in Nauvoo when on November 1st Joseph found him. He opened his eyes as the Prophet came in and laid his cool hands on his head.

"Why are you here?" Joseph asked. "Where is your wife? How is she?"

From beneath pain-heavy eyes Willard whispered, "Aren't you endangering your life in coming here?" This was his third day in the city, and he had heard of Joseph's second arrest on the Boggs charge, and of the second claim by the Nauvoo court for the right of habeas corpus. But once more, though the warrant had been returned to the governor of Illinois for the governor of Missouri, the sheriffs had been sent out to take Joseph to Springfield. And Joseph had again been forced into hiding until in August he had felt compelled to go before the people to scotch the rumor that he had fled either to Washington or Europe. He wanted them to know he would not abandon them, and that only as they prized his life did he prize it.

With the torture from his heart-spell so twisting, with his breath so short that he could hardly speak, Willard turned from Joseph's question to put one of his own concerning the danger of this appearance. Presently he would describe his journey to New York and Massachusetts, but now he looked at his friend, reviewing mentally for an instant the triumphs and miseries of his long absence.

After remaining together in Richmond for a week, and after spending more than two months in New York City, Willard and Jennetta had been nearly a month on the way to Nauvoo. In Richmond, besides preaching when all the Saints had gathered in sister Nancy's south room, he had attempted to soothe away the difficulties among those in the family who had abused each other over the

Church. In this he had not succeeded. Brother William Peirson still asked his careful, sour questions, at whose controlled bitterness William and Sarah Richards drew satisfied faces.

To all outward appearances during the two-months' stay in New York City, Willard and Jennetta had been perfectly united, but in their secret moments together she had shown herself hardbound against the Prophet's message. She would not deign to use the word plural marriage. Sister Rhoda had kept Heber John in Richmond from July 22nd until nearly October 1st, freeing Jennetta to go about with her husband. While visiting the branches in New York, and the Church in all directions from there, he had taken her with him whenever possible. He wanted her to see him at work, to hear his message of salvation. He wanted to show her off, and he had invited her to go with him to Arlington Bennett's mansion on Long Island.

While he had frolicked with his friend in the sea, she had visited with Mr. Bennett's lady. And they had all had tea together. Jennetta's perfect manner — the very lift of her hand, the composure of her remarks — had made of her a Mormon queen. But in the intimate moments between husband and wife, her confusion over the prospect of polygamy had hung like a dividing curtain.

In Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, Willard had visited the homes of the Saints. Some had entertained his party overnight. Exhorting the Church to gather in Nauvoo, he had received the promises of the people to go West. He had taken up their tithes, and in some cases the titles to their lands. A few of the faithful had proved themselves willing to help liquidate the debt to Mr. Hotchkiss, admirably exchanging their cultivated, fertile farms for unknown parcels of land on the prairie. A good-sized group of Easterners had started for Nauvoo before Willard himself could leave New York.

At close range in the homes of the Saints, Jennetta again witnessed the sacrifices of the women to get started on the journey culminating at Joseph's feet. In all these associations she kept the secret of polygamy, but her coldness on the way west had marred Willard's first real opportunity to become acquainted with his son. The party of Saints he had brought was not large. In his family there were only sister Rhoda, Heber John, and Jennetta's cousin from England. They had come down to New York to meet him for the

journey. Sister had walked in a dream. The child had been delighted with the various methods of traveling. They had come by boat, coach, and train, over the mountains and up and down the river.

How Heber John had laughed to see the cow jump overboard, into the Ohio, and to watch its struggles as it was hauled back! How amazed he had been when the drawbridge opened! "It's broke," he cried, alarmed; and then relieved, "it's come together again!"

Still Jennetta had remained distant. In moments that should have been rich and kindly she had seemed as disheartened as when the boat was stuck for half a day on a sandbar. And despite their son's wide-eyed pleasure during the long trip, Willard had been aware always of his failure to win his wife over to the message.

He dreaded discussing all this with Joseph. Instead of answering the questions asked as he lay abed in Wilford's house, he said with an effort toward optimism, "I have a letter from Arlington Bennett that will do your heart good." Trying to regain his breath, he asked, "You got my message, saying that the *Herald* won't publish John C.?"

"Yes. Did you say they promised to take his articles and then withdrew?"

Willard nodded with distaste. "But a Boston firm's going to run them as a book."

"You didn't fail. Don't worry," said Joseph. "That wretched imposter will kill himself off. And yet we shouldn't underestimate his power to hurt us. He's as dangerous as poisoned meat. But I won't hide my head like a dog in a kennel. I've got to breathe the sweet air of the prairies. And still, never again as long as I live, can I draw another free breath in my own city."

The sensitive mouth curled. Willard's question about the danger to the Prophet's life had been answered. "Joseph, be careful!" he cried.

"My boys have sharp eyes, those guards. I don't know when Albert Rockwood sleeps. I'll not go from this earth till my work is done." Joseph's lips firmed. "Give me your story, Willard. How is your wife? Where is she? Why did Sister Woodruff rather than Jennetta send for me?"

"Jennetta's at Uncle Haven's. We went up there after landing,

two days ago. Aunt welcomed my party. Said we could stay until my house is ready."

"I suppose you know that the workmen are almost out?"

"Yes. Once settled in, we need bear few discomforts. Jennetta seems happy. You know uncle's up there, near the Rockwoods and Spencers, east of the temple. Aunt fills Heber's ears with stories of the old place on Indian Brook. And he says, 'Pa, where is that place?'"

"Willard, let's have no more of this hedging. Jennetta has refused?"

Willard nodded.

Joseph said, "She'll not obey counsel?"

"She did not receive the message, Joseph. She's brooding, but she didn't send me down here. Brigham advised me to stay away from the one corner in Nauvoo where the sheriffs from Missouri have not yet searched for you. He said that where I was you could well be, as our enemies know."

"And then you had your heart attack? Well, I've come to give you a blessing. First I want to thank you for what you've done. I've welcomed the Saints you sent ahead. I've told them if they'll put up with my weaknesses, I'll put up with theirs. They've agreed to take the lands we've allotted. And now," Joseph's voice took on new timbre, "I want to tell you that your wife will welcome your friends from England, those in St. Louis. In time she'll see."

"Joseph, she won't do it." With falling spirit, Willard confirmed what he believed to be the truth. "She'll never see it. She's put her head beneath the iron plate of her will. It's already wrecked much of our progress. And yet—oh, if you could only know her. *I* am honored." Willard's voice broke in a sob.

Joseph's eyes filled with the power of the blessing he was about to commence.

Willard answered with a brief nod, and the Prophet put his electrifying hands on the dry forehead. "You'll rise today and walk tomorrow," he promised with magnificent certainty. "You'll live to develop your election, to magnify your calling, and I bless you for this purpose."

Finally resuming his chair, Joseph took his friend's hand. "I've a prediction to make, Willard. Within the month the river will

freeze over, after which it will be closed until the ice breaks up next spring."

Joseph's meaning was unmistakable. The thought that he must go to the Longstroths ran through Willard like a fresh wind. "Joseph!"

Raising the long fingers of his left hand, Joseph said, "You'll have no trouble finding your friends. They're near the other Saints, just back from the river."

"I can't go down now! I've got to get Jennetta moved into her house!"

"Would you let a thing like that keep you from the Lord's work? How many times has it been said that a man should listen to his wife only so long as she obeys counsel?"

"Joseph!" Willard looked like a struck dog.

"You *can't* wish to spend another winter with your covenant unfulfilled? Willard, you don't want that?"

"No." Willard grasped his throat, and then his chest.

Jennetta walked through sleet and mud with Heber John and sister Rhoda when they moved into the house that she had described to her parents with such joy. It was November 11th, and as the day wore on the snow became more driving. Susannah had not left England last spring, as planned, and Jennetta must live with her windows uncurtained, her chairs uncushioned. She would hardly have any need for the silk for her cloak.

Albert Rockwood and Jesse Haven had put some furniture in the house — enough. Downstairs they had lighted fires on every hearth. There was one in each room: the office or parlor east of the hall, the kitchen west of it, and her bedroom south of that. They had carried out her husband's instructions to the bringing in of the last lump of coal.

Willard had told Jennetta where he was going — and why. And on this wind-driven day she entered her house with pale cheeks. She missed no furniture she did not have; but the blessing of her husband's presence — yes.

"A strange meeting of the crossroads," she had said when he left to board the *Maid of Iowa* for the first stage of his journey. "Only a few days ago we passed St. Louis together, you and I. Clitheroe, Walkerfold and the Hodder — the Ribble, the Mississippi! Is it

always rivers that bring strange hearts, strange places together?"

"Jennetta!"

"I deirst say our heavenly Father has the answer. He must make women as you say — to be the vine at the wayside to bear His fruit. But I don't know why it should be this way. Goodbye — !"

The flesh on Willard's hand was contracted with cold when he knocked at the Longstroth door. The river had breathed an icy mist; the wind had taken it up. But he did not have long to wait on the step of the narrow, red-brick house near the water front.

Suddenly his chill was gone. "Docthor Richards! Ste'en, coom see if thi' can believe thi' eyes. Tell me, it's docthor, it's docthor."

"Coom in, lad, coom i'! Wipe thi' feet o' the rug!"

Willard threw his arms around Stephen Longstroth. Tears filled his eyes as in his joy he clasped Ann Gill's warm hand, appreciating the fact that her fingers were reddened from loving toil.

She caught up her apron and smoothed her cap. "Lad, wi' thi' sit doon, n' gi' us news?"

The girls crowded around. Nanny looked composed, but Sarah was a trifle shy. Still, her dark brown eyes danced with curious depths. Alice held small Willie's hand as he clung to his mother. George stood at her knee. The group made a half-circle around the fire to exchange the news. The minutes flew by. Presently, however, tea was served, and Willard took his place for meat at the table Ste'en had made in this city. He brought in good wages for his cabinet work, a dollar and a quarter a day in this country. As soon as he could pay his debt on the money borrowed from the Emigration Fund for the passage, he could come to Nauvoo.

Finishing his pleasant meal, Willard said, "I hope you'll not be afraid to risk your chances for making a living with us. We need hands for the temple and the hotel. Brother Joseph is waiting to meet you — an honor you can't afford to ignore!"

Ann Gill looked at Sarah and said above Willie's broken silence, "Get wee lad into bed. Nanny, go aloang noo, t' same shop. Allie, thi' could wash up from the meat. Let us gi' docthor chance t' hear 'issel' speak!"

Willard's eyes followed the girls into the chamber, and somehow Ann Gill, sensing that he had not come so far for nothing, answered

his glance with a look of curiosity. "It's been a long time since we've had a private chat with thi'."

"It seems years, so much happens in a single day in Nauvoo."

"What news dost bring, lad?" Ste'en gave him a kindly glance.

"That no grass grows under anybody's feet up there, not if a man's got the spirit of the Lord. We're in the midst of a great work," Willard continued when Stephen did not interrupt. "Joseph's plans seem greater than the time allotted for them to bear fruit. We're always feeling the push to move on, to get ahead. I couldn't even go to Richmond for my wife until this past summer."

"I deirst say," said Stephen, "thi' was needed where so much was going on."

"We reached Nauvoo — Sister Richards and I — about a week ago. Brother Joseph then prophesied to me that the river would be frozen over within the month. His words were not without their own particular meaning."

Stephen and Ann were listening intently, patiently. The doctor was not slow in reaching a point in his ordinary manner, their swift glance at each other seemed to say.

"Allie," said Ann Gill, "leave dishes, take th'sel' off!"

As the chamber door closed, Willard's words picked up. "There's so much to tell you just of the past year — the glory of the priesthood as obtained through the sacred endowments."

Willard explained the patriarchal order in which a man's children rise up in the resurrection, sealed to him for the eternal ages. He spoke in simple language. Still he heard exclamations of wonder. He saw Ann Gill awed by the understanding of the Prophet.

Stephen nodded, speaking from time to time to confirm his belief in the message given to that great man by the Lord.

Willard touched on the principle of baptism for the dead, remarking on the glorious union of families in another life. His voice rang true when he developed his real message, the sealing of man and woman for eternity through the celestial marriage covenant. He described Nauvoo as a threshing floor where the wheat could come up free from the chaff and waste of all that could not stand the scourging. He described the meeting held in the baptistry of the temple last November 21st, and the meaning of the work done in the half-finished basement.

"Dost say so, lad? What is' thi' want of *us*? In the good

Father's name, coom to thi' point!" Stephen's countenance was open to the glories unfolded, but what was the conclusion for him and his wife?

Willard read the question in the gaunt, black-eyed face, with its fuzz of dark wool running from temple to chin, and with its lock of thin, silky black hair dividing the middle of the good high forehead. But the apostle put off his friends with a description of the city on the bend, the temple on the hill, and the hotel on the water front, and the Prophet's mansion. He then went on to describe the printing establishment and his own good house of red brick. Some of the buildings up there, he said, were finished; others were not.

A flush crept into Stephen's cheeks.

The color found its counterpart in Ann Gill's olive complexion. "What is thi' getting at, Eylder Richards? Why are th' keeping th' tale?"

Willard raised his hand to hold her off. "You never saw such a city! Only through the blessings of the Lord, could it have been built. And yet I have one of the most sacred spots of all to tell you about, a two-storied structure we call the brick store. And it is a store. The Church sells thousands of dollars worth of merchandise every month. Last January Brother Joseph himself waited on the first customers. But now when he's in that building he spends his time upstairs."

Ann nodded. Stephen said quietly, "Go on, lad; wilt continue? We're waithin' for wha' thi' 'as coom to say."

"I've an office of my own downstairs — the counting room — where I collect the tithes. I'm the recorder for the Church. William Clayton is my assistant. But it's not about him I've come to talk."

"Wil' thi' ge' on w' it?" said Stephen. "Is it the Lord's business or th' own?"

Willard said with well-held deliberation, "On the second floor of that building there's an assembly room, dedicated for use as a temporary temple. There some of us received our endowments last May. And across from this room — in the innermost sanctuary — Brother Joseph receives his revelations. He has lately been contemplating one he had some years ago but is only now passing on to the members of the Twelve."

Willard's tone had become glory-fraught. Suddenly his old sense of timing for the exact second to call out his hearers' highest

response instinctively prompted him to speak more rapidly. His words, his eyes, his voice gained. Holding his friends breathless with the flow of emotion, he poured out his story, explaining the principle of plural marriage step by step. He described Joseph's patience with him during the long delay that he had demanded before entering the covenant after he had learned of it.

Giving Ann Gill and Stephen no chance to crack the spell into which he had cast them, Willard said, "You see, I told Joseph that I would not enter the bond without the consent of my wife. And I want you to know that I could not tell her until I returned to Richmond, to fetch her to Nauvoo. She knows that I am in St. Louis, and why I have come."

For a moment the small room held the ominous silence that fills the earth after the first shuddering sound of an earthquake. "Brother Joseph has waited for me," Willard at last filled in, "because I've been waiting for you to come from England, and because I've also been waiting to bring Jennetta to Nauvoo, where she could see how the other apostles and their wives are making out. This doesn't have to be an unnatural bond. We can live in love. I wanted Jennetta to make it possible by giving her consent."

"You wanted Mistress to make it possible?" Ann Gill's voice held the shocking slant of a tilting lamp, of a flame almost doused by the wind. But the table stood small and round at her elbow. The yellow tongue there was steady, even as she said, "I would no' care to hear what your lass has had to say about my daughters."

Willard sighed and pressed his lips together.

"It can't be easy for her to understand," said Ann. "She'll ne'er tak' 'em in. Father Abraham'll be a long way from his fulfillment in her glory."

"She will accept them," Willard replied, "as your lasses will accept me." Suddenly he gave his figure with its unwholesome bulk a sad glance. He had greyed. His little Nanny was fourteen years old; Sarah was sixteen. But he had proposed marriage for both of them.

Ann Gill observed his glance. Her voice rhythmic, issuing from the deep well that made her proud as well as sorrowful over this trial by faith, she said, "Coom, lad, under all circumstances thou art an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ! Do no' belittle thyself."

"It takes time t' understand teachin' the like o' this!" said

Stephen. "You mus' know I feel as though I'd been invested, like I'd been made a knight, but I canno' accept wha' I canno' understand."

"Faither!" Ann Gill's confused cry sounded like the brush of wings against the window in storm. "Faither!"

"Ee', Mother? Wha' shall we say?"

Ann Gill shook her head. "Lasses th'sel' wi' have so'thing to say about all this."

"Lasses'll do as we say."

"Sarah has her heart set on someone else! My poor Sally. To wed in secrecy, t' live unknown as a queen, is to be no queen at all."

"In the sight of the Lord there'll be no secrecy," Willard broke in. "Some day there'll be none in the eyes of the world. Let's recall the story of the *talents*. 'From him who hath not,' saith the Lord, 'shall be taken that which he hath.' A man could lose the wife who's been given to him. I must obey. I'll cherish each of the girls I asked for as though she were my only wife. A father's heart grows as his children come; so it must be with a husband's."

"Nanny is no more than a child," said Ann Gill in pain.

"If you'll give her to me, I'll wait for her as long as you say. I'll not take her until you give me leave. But let me marry her now."

"Not in St. Louis?" Ann cried, shocked.

"No, no, dear Mother, in the room that Brother Joseph has dedicated to the service of the Lord. Father, will you bring the girls to Nauvoo?" Willard turned to Stephen.

"Mother, call them in." With apostolic homage, Ste'en replied, "We'll see wha' lasses has to say."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

On January 18, 1843, the snow was falling over Nauvoo, a starry curtain swirling, singing, whistling around the guests trooping into Joseph's log house for a victory party. At ten in the morning more than fifty people had begun to gather for noonday dinner. Willard and Sarah Longstroth stood on the stoop of the log house.

Having walked down the hill from Jennetta's home their separate ways, they had met at Joseph's gate as if by accident. "Come, Sally!" Willard's voice glistened. He gave his new wife's cape a sturdy little shake. And she, tossing her green delaine skirts and swishing the bright stars from her bonnet, gave him a frightened smile.

They had somewhat rehearsed their manners before leaving Jennetta's house, where she, seeing them off, had been ready to faint. She had hardly celebrated the lighting of a candle with her husband since her arrival in Nauvoo. She had put Sarah's and Nanny's hands in Willard's hand, but Jennetta had refused to accompany him to this dinner. Even the fact that a song Willard had helped to write in Joseph's honor was going to be introduced had not taken the edge from her reply. She would not go with him though the whole Church was crying glory and hallelujah for the Prophet's victory over the Boggs party in Springfield last week.

Since Willard's return from St. Louis on November 21st, he had gone to the state capital twice — once with Hyrum Smith, once with Joseph. Hyrum and Willard had hoped to clear Joseph on the bankruptcy plea and also to free him from the Boggs murder charge.

But the new governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford, had advised the messengers that Joseph should appear before him in person, submit himself to arrest and face his trial before the district court. Risking the chance of being deported across the river, Joseph, with his military aides and some close friends, had gone down to Spring-

field. They had left Nauvoo on December 26th, the day that Emma gave birth to a child and lost it.

Willard had felt unhappy about leaving Jennetta. She was newly pregnant; but of course he must go. And during the trial he heard the attorney for the defense declare that ex-Governor Carlin — who had before going out of office signed a warrant for Joseph's extradition — would not surrender his dog on such a complaint as the one sworn by Lilburn W. Boggs against Joseph Smith.

"Why subject Mr. Smith to murder?" Judge Pope had asked. "Would you let Missouri try a man whose death they have sought for years? There's no mistaking their reason for wanting him. But I should like to inform the prosecuting attorney that Missouri cannot legally try a man for any crime committed in Illinois."

Willard had kept his eye on the judge. At the close of the trial, after ruling the affidavit defective, Judge Pope again said that Missouri had no right to pursue Joseph Smith, even were he guilty as charged. "And against this, reason itself rules!"

Willard had wanted to jump up from his chair and shout.

Joseph's celebrations had begun before he left the city. He gave a fine dinner for those who had helped him. Both he and Willard had dined with judges and attorneys, and Joseph with the new governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford. Had not Joseph and the Mormons helped to place him in his chair?

Then during the laughter, the singing, and the plodding through the biting snow on the long journey home from the capital, Willard and Wilson Law had commenced a ditty celebrating Joseph's long-sought freedom from the pukes.

The next day, riding gaily along the snow-drifted trail, the two rhymsters had delighted Joseph with added verses.

"I swear, I'll have them sung at a dinner in Nauvoo." The Prophet had leaned toward the verse-makers from his saddle. "I know," he said, "next week, Emma and I will be celebrating our wedding anniversary. What a day to try this out!" His laughter had burst across the white fields. "I hope Jennetta will honor us," he said to Willard.

But during the week in Nauvoo between the return from Springfield and the dinner party, Joseph met Willard and Sarah and Nanny Longstroth, with the parents of the girls, in the assembly room. Here Joseph performed the marriage ceremonies, uniting for time and eternity Willard and these two daughters. They appeared humble, modest, and magnificent in their obedience.

Willard had found Stephen waiting for him. But before the anniversary party came off, the Longstroth family returned to St. Louis, all except Sarah. Willard took her to Jennetta's house. Then as if there were always many cups from which each of the leaders in Nauvoo must at the same time drink, Joseph's own peace of mind was disturbed.

Almost to the hour when the Mormons had left Springfield, John C. Bennett had driven into the capital. On January 10th he had written from there to Sidney Rigdon and Orson Pratt in Nauvoo. But he had fooled himself in thinking Orson his friend. Orson had taken the letter to Joseph, with its dark news of some new warrants signed in Missouri against him on the old charge. Even so, Joseph had gone right on with his plans for the big dinner.

Willard's fervor for the party had cooled slightly when he took Sarah up the hill to Jennetta's house after the marriage, and she had looked at him as if to ask, What is my house for, this? At the first dinner together, both Jennetta and Sally, without glancing directly into the face of the other, seemed to be trying to read her sister-wife's mind. Later, in a moment of singular privacy with Willard, Jennetta informed him that she would not lift her skirt to cross the street to go with him to the dinner.

When the hour arrived for Willard and Sarah to leave she, who was newly pregnant, watched the young bride put on her bonnet, refusing to praise the gleaming curls and pretty figure. Jennetta swayed as she stood at the window, white as the snow flying over the city.

"Oh, dear Sister Jeannett," Sarah said, helplessly accepting her cape from her husband.

Sister Rhoda hushed Sally, remarking that sister Jennettee would take to her bed once brother and she were off. "And she'll ask the Lord to open her heart."

Rhoda's superiority had further sickened Jennetta.

Now on the stoop of Joseph's house, Sarah looked at her hus-

band with a frightened smile. From the way she again settled her bonnet on her head, Willard knew that she was wondering where she could find the courage to enter this house as Miss Longstroth and yet feel the equal of Joseph's own wife, Emma. "In my shoes," she had said during a rehearsal in an upstairs chamber at Jennetta's house, the room Willard called his own, "how can I be anyone's equal?"

"Hush, Sally." Willard had put his hand over her mouth as they stood together near the bed. "At my side, you'll be the equal of anyone there."

Freeing herself, Sally had returned, "But as Miss Longstroth, will I be at your side whilst at the grand dinner?"

"My little Sally, you'll have to be known that way until we can tell the world that you are Mrs. Richards."

"Oh, sir."

"No sirs, now! No more of that, if you please. The Twelve will know. And their wives. All but Sister Emma. Don't cast a long glance at me in her presence, *Miss L.*" Willard's bright bantering had dismayed Sarah. He had said with a sudden change to self-confidence, "You mustn't give yourself a minute's worry. The dinner begins at noon; we'll be there almost all day, but I can take care of everything."

And now on the stoop he gave her a reassuring smile. The door opened, and within the room he saw some of the guests moving about. Two bright lamps showed the gleam of linen and cutlery set for the first group of diners. There would be several settings today, at least four, including the one for the servants and family. Honoring the victory, Joseph and Emma themselves had planned to serve their guests. They would dine last. Willard could also wait, but at this moment he saw the pages printed with the numerous stanzas of his song being passed out.

He saw the ladies who had somehow managed fashion's cut with their velvet, ribbon, and bunches of wheat in their hair. Today, however, there was no Port Rockwell to laugh at them — Port had not heard of the victory in Springfield; he was hiding from Missouri somewhere in the East.

Suddenly Willard felt Sarah's hand on his arm. She had not met Emma Smith, and here was Joseph, too. Emma was still pale

from the birth of her child. During her pregnancy she had been so ill with a fever that it seemed she had lived to bear the child only through the extreme kindness of the Lord. She came to Willard with her hand extended. "Where's Sister Richards?" she asked genially. "We expected her. Is she well?"

"I'm sorry to say that she's not well today, Sister Emma. And I've brought in her place a young friend from Clitheroe, Miss Sarah Longstroth. Sarah, this is the Prophet's lady, Sister Emma Smith!"

To Willard, Sarah's smile acknowledging the introduction was rare, a girl's smile, a smile of the high moors and the legends of old Pendle Hill. By way of explanation, he said to Emma, "Her parents gave me a home in England. They brought me out of some bad sick spells, I can tell you. And now Jennetta, who neighbored with the Longstroths, is giving Sarah a home."

"Good morning, Sister Sarah, we are glad to see you," said Joseph with a laugh that was too jolly, too good-natured.

The color flooded Sally's cheeks.

Up came John Taylor in his dove-grey broadcloth coat with its waistline nipped in to a hand's span. His fashionable chin whiskers shook with mirth when he said to Willard, "What's this, you and General Law turned song masters? By the way, Sister Sarah, I'd like to present my wife, Leonora."

Sally trembled at meeting the aristocratic young woman, a lady's maid to the Queen, in England. Brother Taylor had met the charming Leonora in Canada, Willard had told Sally.

He now came to her rescue by remarking to John, "I don't know how much poetry there is in our song, but Wilson and I ordered bigger hats when we got through composing it. Heavens, it was cold on that prairie. We slept on a bearskin on a schoolhouse floor. It was snowing like medicine poured from the sky. No one would take us in. We found our own shelter, and he and I, lying close together, started to make up the words.

"The next morning when we rode on, we wrote another line or two, and then some more. You should have been there to help us out, John!"

"I was there," Orson Hyde cried with glee. He was just home from the Holy Land. He had fetched Nancy to the party. She was wearing her blue velvet gown and a gorgeous shawl from Jerusalem.

Sally's rich young voice blended with the singing of the crowd,

as under Will Clayton's direction the people made a close circle. Down came the accents while the stanzas went on and on:

"All hail to our Chief; who has come back with honor —
With glory's bright halo encircling around;
From the highest tribunal in this great republic,
Where falsehood and slander caused him to be bound:
And his vile persecutors in their base designing,
His life to destroy and to tarnish his fame:
Have failed; like the ancients in trials refining,
He's gained to himself a more excellent name.

The baseness of Reynolds, of Boggs, and of Carlin
Were shown forth as clear as the sun at noon day,
By th' Fed'ral Attorney, in plea the most sterling
The Progress of error he set forth most clearly,
From bloody Missouri to this, our own land;
And with just indignation, exclaimed most sincerely
That Carlin, his dog, would have screen'd that demand.

Then hail! to the Chief, who has come home in glory,

...

With ten thousand voices our accents renew,
For the spirit of Freedom is still in our nation,
And has giv'n our lov'd Gen'ral, safe back to Nauvoo."

As the chorus thundered on, Willard's color rose. He tried to forget John Bennett's letter. But with the last verse, he prayed that Joseph would not again have to go into hiding. And Willard also prayed that John C.'s vile ambition to get even for the hurts that he had brought upon himself through his thwarted ambition would play itself out.

For a moment the fighting lines written by Joseph's former friend—the mayor and general—flashed before Willard's eyes. Addressing Sidney Rigdon and Orson Pratt, John C. had invited them to meet him in Independence, Missouri, the home of ex-Governor Boggs:

". . . I leave for Missouri tonight to meet the Messenger charged with the arrest of Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith . . . and others, for murder, burglary, treason, &c., &c., . . ."

Willard could not smile this off, for John C. had said:

“New proceedings have been gotten up on the *old* charges, and no habeas corpus can then save them. We shall try Smith on the Boggs case, when we get him into Missouri. . . . Although Smith thinks he is now safe, the enemy is near . . . he is a *murderer*, and must suffer the penalty of the law. . . .”

As the victory song ended, the group of men who had been with Joseph started laughing about the pukes who had raged over the turn of justice in Springfield in the Mormons’ favor. But Willard could now see the crowd from the other side of the river spitting at Hyrum Smith. They had shaken their fists at Joseph.

On the other hand, the attorneys and sheriffs from Missouri, Willard remembered, had faced the Prophet with cold composed eyes. For a moment, Willard wondered how much damage John Bennett could do to Joseph in his new interview with ex-Governor Boggs, and in his alliance with Tom Sharp.

This afternoon, when the anniversary party was finally over, Willard invited Joseph and Emma to call on Jennetta some time very soon. “If only you can take time to arrange the visit,” he said.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

A few days later the air over Nauvoo was strikingly still. The lot on the corner of White and Durphey Streets showed every print of quail on the white crust of snow. Jennetta had tossed a few crumbs to the love birds from her kitchen door, but they had also hovered beneath the front windows, scurrying in brief dark lines, leaving angular patterns in threes.

She had been standing behind the uncurtained glass, listening to the metallic ring of hammers and the sharp squeal of stone in the process of being cut. The work on the temple would go forward with unfaltering beat as long as the tithes held out. From the Wisconsin pineries timber had come down the river in large shiploads. Looking after this task was one man's mission. Thousands upon thousands of feet were being received and cut at the sawmill owned by the Law brothers.

Willard had just looked up from his desk in the corner of the kitchen to remark to Jennetta how good it was to hear those sounds. He put down his pen for a moment. He had been working on the *Book of the Law of the Lord*. The Church was still tormented by lack of money, even though some of the debts had now been cancelled out; the Legion might be forced to print its own scrip to pay its men. The enemies could press against the city from down the river — and still that building would go forward.

Jennetta turned to her husband. "Yes," she said, "that is a good sound." But as she looked again at the delicate tracery of the quail prints she was startled to see a handsome carriage stop at the hitching post. "Willard!" Her tone demanded attention.

He looked up, wondering what she had to say.

"Could this be President Smith and his lady?" Jennetta had ceased to be a shadow.

"The president?" Willard rose and crossed the room.

"It's three o'clock and broad daylight! And he goes about? I

thought he was in hiding." Jennetta looked up at her tall husband as if she doubted her vision.

"I think he's braved a great deal in coming here," said Willard. "He's been asking to meet you, though."

Jennetta gasped with delight. She said, "I must put on my other cap." The swish of skirts took her into the bedroom beyond the kitchen.

By the time sister Rhoda had met the friends at the hall door and invited them into the parlor, which looked to the east, Jennetta came in. And as Rhoda replenished the fire in the grate, Willard introduced his wife.

The Prophet's lady was gracious but as pale as the snow at the door. With his doctor's eye, Willard noted how poorly she looked after the big party. "Take this chair, Sister Emma. Be comfortable. We're delighted to see you."

"I'm delighted to meet your wife," Emma put out her hand. "You know, Sister Richards, we had the doctor with us last winter."

Jennetta's answering smile was a strange blend of spirit and sadness.

"We missed you at our anniversary dinner," said Joseph. "I do hope you're feeling better."

She did not reply except to acknowledge his remark with a nod. Joseph said nothing more about the jubilee until sister Rhoda asked him about Willard's song. And then Joseph became his own jolly self.

And presently, as if to encourage Jennetta, he told her that he expected to lead a great caravan of missionaries to the far countries of the world. "Why," he said, "we'll charter ships. We'll hire men to run them. And we'll bring kings and generals to Nauvoo! The set time has come for the posting of the Lord's work from brother to brother in all the kingdoms of the world. Crowned heads will learn from us, and we from them."

Sister Rhoda had excused herself to serve the tea. She came in during the conversation. She stopped stock still. Was this a god speaking?

Being served, Jennetta put her teaspoon on her saucer. She looked at Joseph, wanting to believe him. But with lowered chin and arched brows she questioned this statement.

"Yes," he repeated, "we ourselves may go to England soon."

“England? Walkerfold?”

Joseph nodded. Willard brightened. His wife’s voice had fallen as softly as the whistle of the partridge on the moors. He loved nothing better than to see her happy. He had taken Sarah out of her way, but even this step — though she could not endure having Sally as part of her household — had hurt Jennetta.

Forcing Sidney Rigdon from the stone house at the upper landing until he could get for him as post master of Nauvoo an official dismissal from Washington, Joseph had temporarily put Willard in Sidney’s place. And he had thus made it possible for Willard to give Sarah a home. The disciple was dividing what little personal time he had. In his desk at Jennetta’s house he kept some of his journals; but north of Nauvoo, in the bleak house with its double portico running across the entire face, he kept his little Sally.

In the course of his conversation with Jennetta, Joseph acknowledged her fine letter asking for her husband, but he made no particular reference to the message. Nor did he attempt to elucidate plurality. Emma was still in the dark about this. Besides, as Willard sensed, the Prophet was discovering a spot of marble in Jennetta.

After a moment’s consideration of Joseph’s proposal about his foreign mission, she openly expressed her doubt that his great caravan could start around the world.

“You don’t know what this Church can do. And if I go, my clerk will certainly go along.” Joseph gave Jennetta a charming smile. “If he is there, so will be his lady.”

“And I could see my parents, my father and mother?” she asked with little breaks, the tears starting.

Joseph nodded. Jennetta said on a quick breath, “I dearest say my father would receive you kindly, Mr. Smith. May I write him that we’ll come?”

When Joseph nodded, Willard could see Jennetta with her pen in hand. He recalled some of the lines she had sent her parents, coaxing them to visit her:

“. . . May I hope to see you soon? Cannot some of you come to see me? Do come and search for yourselves. *Do write oftener I entreat of you, if you love me as I love you I am sure you would.* Mother when will you come? Father, when will you write again? Will you bring [your letters] with you? I wish you would.”

"I wish the mission could start soon," Willard said with meaning. "My wife should go and return before too long."

Joseph looked interested; but to be sure, no one could mention a pregnancy.

Jennetta remarked, "How I should enjoy to have my parents meet you, Mr. Smith! If only they could talk to you! We could then perhaps all live together in peace, besides praying that it will come in that other kingdom."

Emma gave her an understanding glance. Loneliness was a thing of the heart which if not comforted ate and ate and ate into the marrow of one's bones. "Dear Sister Jennetta," she repeated an earlier invitation, "won't you join us at our Relief Society meetings? There's so much to do for the poor that we sisters find occupation to satisfy the cravings of our hearts."

Jennetta looked at her, blinking, and then with widening eyes. So the trip to England is not real? she seemed to ask.

Willard broke in, "It will be glorious to go on this mission with you, Brother Joseph." To Jennetta, he said, "Let Mr. Boggs send one more sheriff up here, and away we go, my dear!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

As the weeks passed, Willard and Joseph were never sure the sheriff from Missouri with some Illinois accomplice would not come. And in February, Willard noticed how torn were Joseph's nerves. One day from the platform below the temple, preaching to the people shivering at his feet, Joseph lashed out against the laborers. Tossing his yellow hair with an angry turn of head, he commanded the workers to finish the Lord's House, the Nauvoo House and the Seventies' Hall. And then as if the buildings he had named were not enough, he cried, "Let not one stone remain unturned to raise the Music Hall, too. The Lord will send you strength for that. If the Church does not stand for the good things of life, it stands for nothing at all!"

In a tone higher than was his wont, the Prophet grumbled about those men more interested in their own projects than those of the Church.

Recording the sermon, Willard trembled for his friend. Joseph's remarks suddenly became so personal as to widen the rift already existing between himself and some of his formerly good friends.

"... I will whip Hiram Kimball ... over Dr. Foster's head, who, instead of building the Nauvoo House, builds a great many little skeletons."

Joseph turned from facing Robert Foster, a sturdy, forceful-looking man standing near the front of the congregation, to point to an unfinished building. His arm high, his finger outstretched, he said:

"See Dr. Foster's mammoth skeletons rising all over the town; but there is no flesh on them; they are all for personal interest and aggrandizement. . . . See the bones of the elephant yonder . . . the crocodiles and man-eaters all about the city, such as grog shops, card shops . . . counterfeit shops . . . and all for speculation, while the Nauvoo House is neglected . . . I want the Nauvoo House built. It must be built . . ."

Sitting at a table on the platform, Willard flexed his fingers, speculating on the wealth of the Fosters, Laws, and Higbees. Joseph had given them permits for their mills when he sold them the land on the water front, and they had bought the lots on the hill with Joseph's knowledge. But, Willard thought, as he again began to write, that crowd has got to know that if not directed lightning will ground itself.

Later, when Dr. Foster was called before a Church council, he retorted, "If any man accuses me of exchanging Nauvoo House stock for rags, he's mistaken. I gave a thousand dollars to that house. Upon my own responsibility, I gave fifty dollars to the Relief Society, and a good sum to the Mansion House, your own residence."

"You have been generous," Joseph replied, as the group sat in the council room, the small red brick building in the yard of his plantation house. Still the doctor left in a sullen mood.

As the door closed behind him, Willard said, "The kettle that boils between that crowd and us is getting too hot to touch."

With John Bennett gone, with Sidney Rigdon having almost no voice in the presidency, and with William Law, the second counselor, moving against Joseph with these buildings, as well as with less open plays, Willard could see the Prophet standing alone in his presidential quorum — as solitary as the Liberty Pole on the common opposite his house.

In despair, Joseph looked at the Twelve and the High Council. "I can't help whom I offend when the Lord bids me speak. The work has got to go forward," he said.

Indeed, the word from Willard's pen and from Joseph's heart did progress wherever and however the two men were situated. But as Joseph's altercations lengthened, his temper shortened. One day being insulted by an opposer in Nauvoo, who had called on him at the plantation house, Joseph kicked the man bodily down the steps, into the yard and past the well through the snow and mud. Going over to the brick store, he told Willard what had happened. "This constant hiding out, this being attacked for something I've never done whenever I do show my face, is rather irritating."

Unused to seeing Joseph goaded into understatement, Willard set aside his own classical restraint. "I pray God to blast the soul of that man!"

“While you’re praying,” Joseph said, still incensed, “ask the Lord to turn every puke and spy that comes into this city over to the devil!”

As the winter passed the two men tried to continue their work. At times the journals and notes from which they were gathering their data were spread out on the table in Joseph’s office. Again, after new rumors reached Nauvoo that additional affidavits were being sworn out against the Prophet, the materials for the writing were taken from the office to two homes in the city where the historians could work in comparative safety.

Samuel Woolley and Bishop Edward Hunter, two men from Pennsylvania, each offered an asylum. Even the children in these well-to-do households could be trusted. Fortunately, the homes were not too far apart for Joseph’s and Willard’s convenience.

When working in Joseph’s office, Willard had no great distance to walk in order to call on Sarah. He and Joseph had decided that the post office was too conspicuous a place for Willard, and much too far away as a residence. There Willard had fallen ill one night. Joseph had ridden up to bless him, but shortly after that Willard had removed Sarah to the basement of the brick store; and Sidney had been reinstated in the post office.

Sarah hid herself away in the dark, working to subdue her restless nature and to support her husband’s plans; but when he was upstairs with Joseph, or in hiding at the Woolleys, it seemed to her that Willard was as far away as the mill race at Clitheroe.

As the hiding became more necessary, he seldom spent a whole night with either wife. Word had arrived in Nauvoo that the new warrant demanded by Missouri as a result of ex-Governor Boggs’ latest affidavit had been set before Thomas Ford the new governor of Illinois. Would the man the Mormons had almost put into his chair permit the launching of the writ? The apostles left their council meeting one evening, uneasy and watchful.

None of them now moved without a bodyguard. With almost feverish determination, Willard began to work with Joseph on and on into the night. But Jennetta was ailing, and Willard sometimes visited her before dawn, walking in at four in the morning.

Though startled by these visits, she welcomed them. But when

he started coming to her house in woman's clothes, she looked up in shocked wonderment.

One evening in late April, the Woolley children laughed aloud to see their friend leave their father's house looking like a fat old lady.

Jennetta turned pale at sight of him. As he closed the door, she recalled Porter Rockwell's arrest in St. Louis on the Boggs charge. Young Port, defying God and all the devils in hell, was always taking chances. Crossing the river one day not long ago, he had been manacled. And from all the Church could learn, he was driven across Missouri in irons, and was now jailed at Independence. So when Willard slipped through the door in his silly costume, Jennetta conjured up visions of his lying ironed and unwell, with no Joseph to pull him through a sick spell.

During the late winter, her cheeks had been so pale that Willard had felt constantly concerned. In March he had written to Levi—then in St. Louis with a company of English Saints waiting for the river to open—informing him that he would like his advice concerning Jennetta. She had been “bad” for a long time, Willard wrote. He said that she herself wished medical help.

Willard had offered Levi the hospitality of his home “. . . for knowledge on exchange.” He had been looking forward to seeing him and some particular friends among the Britishers.

In early April, when the party had arrived in Nauvoo, Willard had found women representing every district in which he had once labored: Ann Read Braddock from Bedford, Ann King Fox from Gloucester, Mary Thompson from Cumberland, Susan Bayless from Herefordshire; and to Jennetta's great delight, Susannah Liptrot Walker, with Brother Walker, whom she had married in Manchester.

Defying the thought of arrest, Willard had met the group at the landing, studying the expressions of the men. Last March he had felt compelled to answer Levi on a question of trouble aboardship. “The kingdom on salt water is the same as on dry land,” Willard had “supposed” when referring in his letter to the quarrels on the ship. “But,” he had advised, “cast on water.” And he had told Levi to smooth away the difficulties so that the Church trials among the emigrants at St. Louis would not be continued in Nauvoo. He

had said, "I have never yet brought a brother to trial for any injury committed against myself."

And now that the English were settled, several of Willard's special friends had become Jennetta's companions. She was no longer so much alone. The women had been taking turns helping her in the house. Susannah expected to confine Jennetta. And from Walkerfold she had brought letters, calicoes, and silk. After carrying them in his hand a large part of the way, Brother Walker had at last delivered to Jennetta the cuttings which she had so long desired from her father's garden.

"I will set them out all 't onc't," he had said to Willard. "Just show me where thi' wants them. Where will fruit trees best shade thi' lass? Let's conceal the sties with a hedge, and cover that cow barn."

"It's good to have a man around the place," Willard had said. That day he had left Jennetta singing, but now at sight of him in woman's clothes, she turned white.

Willard changed into his pants and lounging jacket.

Presently she relaxed, calling his attention to the curtains at the windows. All smiles, she modeled the cloak Susannah had made for her, and said that when Sister Walker was sewing, Heber John had asked for his Aunt Rhoda.

Sister Rhoda had gone to live with brother Levi, who had bought a house east of the temple, near the Spencers, Havens, and Rockwoods'. Holding Jennetta's chin in his hand, and kissing her as a compliment for the new cloak, Willard said, "I don't think you miss sister. I'm glad John does." He grinned.

Jennetta smiled back, throwing her arms about her husband, studying his face and whispering, "I love you." She could not conceal her longing, nor the anxiety under which she lived. "I pray God to bless you and keep you," she said. "The less I see of you, the more I fear what our enemies may do."

A few moments later, she repeated, "I do pray the Lord to send you an olive branch for your protection, Willard."

At a private meeting one evening in May, Joseph, Willard, and the members of the High Council again prayed for each other's safety. Above all, they asked for the skill to safeguard the priceless, continuous treasure whose outer shell had been put into their hands by the Lord God. They were but servants, cherishing, nourishing the

fragile stem of an eternal impulse. And they knelt together, lifting their hearts to their Father, pleading for strength to shield what He had entrusted to their keeping.

Yet when Joseph invited William Marks, the president of the High Council in Nauvoo, to dismiss the meeting with prayer, President Marks asked God's protection on Wilson Law, John Bennett's successor as major general of the Legion. He asked in such peculiar tones that despite his and the general's trip home from Springfield together, Willard felt a bolt of hot energy electrify his brain. Why were these two so hand-in-glove? he wondered. Was it the building projects of the Fosters that had brought Will Marks into that circle? What was the meaning of this special prayer? Willard wanted to rise from his knees.

He kept his questions to himself. The Prophet was engrossed in other problems. The Twelve had been wondering whether the new affidavit for Joseph's arrest had been signed by Governor Ford.

But within the week, Joseph himself looked askance at Marks. The president of the High Council was openly walking arm in arm with the brothers whose building projects were more than ever flaunting their progress in Joseph's face. And Willard noticed that Augustine Spencer was a "big man" in these affairs. Between the two sides the rift over their differences was smoking.

One evening, during a discussion among the Twelve at Brigham's house, Willard said, "Once Brother Joseph asked me what I thought of Will Marks. 'Do you believe he's one who's holding a grudge against me?'"

"It's terrible that Joseph has to ask about an authority like Will Marks," Brigham grunted in disgust. "And those doctors and lawyers! When I want someone to help me out of a pickle with the Fosters or Higbees," he huffed, "I'm going to call on the devil for advice!"

When John Taylor dismissed the group he asked God to protect Joseph against the Brutuses within the walls, as well as against the men lurking in the timbered aisles of the prairies and the dark recesses of the stream banks.

The weeks passed. The pressures tightened. In June, Joseph decided to give his family a vacation with some relatives living near Dixon, two hundred miles north of Nauvoo.

Bidding the party goodbye from beside their carriage, where the bodyguards were alert both ahead and at the rear, Willard said to Joseph, "Hyrum will look after everything. And you can count on me to do my best to help him out." He gave his friend a whimsical smile, and a moment later watched the carriage fade from sight in the dust of many horses' hoofs.

Willard drank in the pre-dawn warmth of the June day. He loved the heavy mist that hung above the river. He stretched and went into the basement of the store for a bite of breakfast with Sarah before turning to his work. This was his chance to bring his own records up to date.

But he had spent less than a week in the counting room when one evening he heard a horse gallop into the yard. A moment later young, black-bearded Will Clayton appeared in a sweat.

He said at Willard's door, "The sheriffs are here with the writ! They know where Joseph's gone. Someone's tattled! Ford has signed!"

"Dear God! We'll have to inform Joseph. Where's Hyrum? Have you been upstairs?" Willard spoke in tense whispers. How could he tell whether or not anyone was listening at his door?

"Yes," Will said, "I went upstairs. Hyrum's not there."

"Let's go to his house; we've got to find him."

Within an hour William Clayton and Stephen Markham were galloping north from Nauvoo to warn Joseph.

But now Willard had a hard time working. The whole city was seething with rumors of the chase. Within a day or so, Will Clayton returned from Dixon. He had been fortunate in catching a fast boat south after his conference with Joseph, where the Prophet had been jailed in a tavern. From his room Joseph had given an order for Emma and the children to return to Nauvoo in the carriage, and for Will to take the boat.

Meeting Hyrum and the Twelve, Clayton said, "Steve and I made the two hundred miles north in sixty-odd hours. We got to the Wassons' just as Joseph was crossing the lot, just in time to see Sheriff Reynolds of Illinois, and a bloody puke from Missouri, stick their guns in his ribs. 'By God, we've got you at last!' said Reynolds. 'Where's your writ of habeas corpus here?' Steve Markham knocked

the guns aside. He was then taken to Dixon with Joseph for interfering with the law. Both were manacled. Brother Joe didn't even have a chance to say goodbye to Sister Emma. And he could be taken across the river from up there!"

Will, his young eyes afire, had proceeded without interruption. Hyrum rose. To the messengers, waiting at the door, he said, "Fetch Dan Jones and General Rich." He did not name General Law, commander of the Legion. He chose a man he knew could be trusted in the sight of either God or the devil.

His eyes alight, Hyrum said to the Twelve, "Joseph will not go to Missouri from Dixon. I don't know what we can do; I only know we need help. We'll tear down that hotel before we let him leave it for the courts across the river. The pukes cannot extradite him without a trial. If we move fast we may get there in time. What do you say?"

"What's our army for?" John Taylor demanded.

"We've got a boat!" said Willard. The Church had just bought a one-half interest in the *Maid of Iowa*.

"I've an idea," said Brigham.

And presently tall ash-blond Hyrum agreed to some of the suggestions. "As Joseph's representative, I'll make use of my own authority!" This slender man looked ready to face any charge that could be planted against him for the sake of his brother.

The next morning, under General Rich, two hundred men marched north to rescue their prophet by land. The *Maid of Iowa*, manned to the beam, steamed down the Mississippi, ready to turn up the Illinois River to deliver the president by water. God willing, Joseph should not go to Missouri by any route, the Twelve had agreed.

Before the outcome was heard, before any other messenger from Joseph arrived, word came to Hyrum and the Twelve that Governor Ford was lending an ear at Springfield to the demands being made upon the state legislature, through Tom Sharp's vicious pen, for the repeal of the Nauvoo charters.

Hyrum was too troubled over Joseph's situation to take the matter seriously. "The new governor can't repeal what a former legislature has done," he said. Let's leave our city to God while we turn our attention to Joseph."

But in council meeting Hyrum later said to the Twelve, "Whatever will happen to us? Ford's a Democrat. We all but put him into office. And I've just got a message from Joseph that he has employed a Whig—Cyrus Walker—to get him out of the soup up north."

"What's wrong with that?" Brigham demanded. "We still have our free agency."

"Only this," said Hyrum, "the price for the deliverance is the Church vote in the August election."

"Mr. Walker is ambitious," said Willard softly, knowing that this politician had his eye on the United States Senate.

"But Joseph hasn't gone to Missouri!" said Brigham, easy, like a man sure of his power. He looked around, nodding. "The Lord is with us!" Brigham set his teeth in a grim but happy smile.

"And he *will* be with us until we finish our work in this place," said Wilford Woodruff. "I believe that includes a bit of politicking." He himself looked satisfied. He went to the door and came back all smiles.

"What's the news?" Brigham demanded, as Wilford admitted a messenger.

"This!" said the man. "Cyrus Walker has arrested the two sheriffs who arrested Brother Joseph. Walker seized Reynolds and the puke for falsely arresting Stephen Markham. They had no writ."

The Twelve let out a laugh. "Whose side is the Lord on now?" Willard asked.

The messenger stood at attention and reported that since the district court was not meeting at Dixon, the Whig attorney had argued that Joseph Smith should be heard in the next nearest municipal court.

"To this Sheriff Reynolds agreed," said the messenger. "He said, 'I'd as lief take our prisoner to Quincy as not.' The party started out on horseback. But when the two sheriffs learned that there was a court nearer to Dixon than the one at Quincy, they began to howl. Discovering they were on their way to Nauvoo, they yelled, 'We've been tricked! Tricked! Do you think we'll let our prisoner go before that fools' court in Nauvoo?'"

The messenger joined in, in the new burst of satisfied applause.

Hyrum Smith said to the Twelve, "Let's send all the men left in the city to meet Joseph on his return. How far away is he?" he asked.

“Less than ten miles from here,” the messenger replied.

After the order was given for the escort, Heber Kimball chuckled, “Don’t hint that God is not on our side. Once in vision I saw the armies of Israel marching across the sky, as if borne by the clouds of sunrise. Let’s prepare for this welcome. Let’s have a grand dinner at Joseph’s house.”

Late that morning, mounted on Charley, Willard joined the parade. It seemed as if all Nauvoo were on the march when he caught sight of Joseph, Mr. Walker, the two sheriffs, and General Rich. The column of soldiers was half a mile long.

At the plantation house, Joseph met Emma and their three sons.

“You won’t let those men take you to Missouri, will you, Pa?” small Frederick asked.

“No, no, boy,” Joseph laughed, seeing his troops lined up in a hollow square around the Liberty Pole on the common across the street. The band was playing. Some of his guests were reviewing the scene from the plantation yard.

Emma left Joseph to help Black Bess and Jane James — all shiny smiles — prepare the banquet. The sisters of her “quorum” were coming in laden with food. And here at Joseph’s side, on the stoop of the house, was his new friend, the jolliest man around, “Major-domo” Cyrus Walker!

But after the dinner was over, to which all the important men of the day were invited, Joseph met the Church, as a whole, at the Grove. Willard sat on the stand to help record the sermon. Looking the sheriffs in the face, the Prophet lifted his voice to the wind, crying:

“ . . . I have dragged these men here by my hand, and I will do it again; but I swear I will not deal so mildly with them, for the time has come when forbearance is no longer a virtue . . .

“ . . . Friends that were raised up unto me would have spilt their life’s blood to have torn me away . . . but I told them no, I would be delivered by the power of God and generalship; and I have brought these men to Nauvoo . . . not as prisoners in chains, but as prisoners of kindness. . . . I have had the privilege of rewarding them good for evil. They took me unlawfully, treated me rigorously, strove to deprive me of my rights, and would have run me into Missouri to have been murdered, if Provi-

dence had not interposed. But now they are in my hands; and I have taken them into my house, set them at the head of my table, and placed before them the best which my house afforded; and they are waited upon by my wife, whom they deprived of seeing me when I was taken. . . .

"But before I will bear this unhallowed persecution any longer — before I will be dragged away again among my enemies for trial, I will spill the last drop of blood in my veins, and will see all my enemies in hell!"

Emphasizing the power of the city, Joseph said that if the state authorities would not sustain the rights of Nauvoo, the Church would claim them from Almighty God:

"... I wish the lawyer who says we have no powers in Nauvoo may be choked to death with his own words . . ."

Willard gasped. Was the Prophet going too far again? In the crowd at his feet, Willard saw such women as Louisa Beaman, Eliza Snow, Patty Sessions, Sylvia Lyon, and others among those spiritual wives, standing like candles in the rain, shining still.

As if he were beyond physical danger, Joseph cried:

"Don't employ lawyers, or pay them money . . . for I have learned they don't know anything. I know more than they all . . ."

Willard looked at Cyrus Walker. His smile was no longer bemused.

Joseph said:

"... If any lawyer shall say there is no more power in other places . . . with respect to habeas corpus than Nauvoo, believe it not. I have converted this candidate for congress . . ." Joseph pointed to Mr. Walker. "that the right of habeas corpus is included in our charter. If he continues converted, I will vote for him . . ."

He smiled benignantly. Cyrus Walker answered with a scowl. Joseph said:

"... Our enemies have prophesied that we would establish our religion by sword. Is it true? No. But if Missouri will not stay her cruel hand in her unhallowed persecutions against us . . . I will lead you to the battle; and if you are not afraid to die and feel disposed to spill your blood in your own defense, you will not offend me . . ."

"If any citizens of Illinois say we shall not have our rights, treat them as strangers and not friends, and let them go to hell and be damned! If

we have to give up our chartered rights, privileges, and freedom, which our fathers fought, bled, and died for, and which the constitution of the United States and of this state guarantee unto us, we will do it only at the point of the sword and bayonet.

"Lawyers say the powers of the Nauvoo charter are dangerous, but I ask, is the constitution of the United States or of this state dangerous? No. Neither are the charters granted to Nauvoo by the legislature of Illinois dangerous, and those who say they are are all fools. . . . 'Repeal them—take them away,' cry Missouri and wicked men . . . like the boy who swapped . . . his jack-knife and then cried, 'Daddy, daddy, I have sold my jack-knife and got sick of my bargain, and I want to get it back again.' . . .

"When we arrived at Dixon, I sent for a lawyer, who came; and Reynolds shut the door in his face, and would not let me speak to him, repeating, 'G— d— you, I'll shoot you.' I turned to him, opened my bosom, and told him to 'shoot away. I have endured so much persecution and oppression that I am sick of life. Why, then, don't you shoot and have done with it. . . ?'

". . . Shall we longer bear these cruelties which have been heaped upon us for the last ten years . . . in open violation of the constitution and law of these United States . . . ? God forbid! I will not bear it. If they take away my rights, I will fight for them manfully . . . until I am used up.

"You speak of lawyers. I am a lawyer, too; but the Almighty God has taught me the principles of law . . . and if Missouri continues her warfare, and to issue her writs against me and this people . . . I swear, in the name of Almighty God . . . I will spill my heart's blood in our defense. . . . If they don't stop leading me by the nose . . . I will turn up the world—I will make war . . . and I appeal to your integrity and honor that you will stand by and help me, according to the covenant you have this day made."

The two sheriffs had tried to leave. Cyrus Walker had restrained them with a whisper. He was now listening to Joseph, Willard thought, as if he had discovered money in the bank to his own account. The *major-domo* looked as if he had already won the election, for Joseph was saying:

"We have more power than any other court in the State; for all other courts were restricted while ours was not . . ."

Later, Mr. Walker told Joseph that he had little to fear from his enemies.

Nevertheless, Joseph lost no time in sending the Twelve on missions throughout the United States, instructing them to offset the damage done to the Church by his arrests for attempted murder and by John Bennett's *Exposé*. All the apostles in Nauvoo except Parley Pratt and Willard went forth. When Joseph blessed the missionaries, he said, "Willard may yet have to go away to save his life, but I want to keep him near me as long as possible!"

As the days passed without alarm, Joseph and his friends began to allow themselves more freedom of living than they had done before the June incident at Dixon. In mid-July they arranged a boating party on the *Maid* for an excursion down the Mississippi. The band played; a picnic supper was served; couples danced. And, clasping each other's hands, Willard and Sarah waltzed.

The next evening, since the first party had been such a success, another excursion was arranged, this one for a brief hour up the river. Again Willard had his little Sally along. Jennetta was too far advanced with child to appear in public. And anyway, among the trusted friends at the party, there were those who knew the position of Miss Longstroth.

When Willard wrote to Brigham, he mentioned the festivities with fine relish. Dating his letter, July 7th, addressing it to Church headquarters in Philadelphia, he continued in diary form. His eyes merry, his pen fluent, his hand unpalsied, he began:

"... A word from the city of the prophets. I forgot to hand you your introduction to James Arlington Bennett, therefore it is enclosed. Remember me to the General and his delightful family most warmly, together with Mrs. Richards (read, seal and deliver if it suits you).

"... As you passed my office I discharged my last charge of powder and ball over your heads: had no occasion to reload since; all is peace."

Still he told his friends that Missouri had gone into action on the recent arrest of their sheriff, in the Smith case. For his notation on July 15th, Willard said:

"... General Clark, or some famous military chief from Missouri, has been taking a survey of Nauvoo City. Do you believe it? *Bah!* It is more generally believed that Ford will quash the writ against Joseph, issue no more, and Missouri will make no further attempts only by mob. Distance is but short between this and Upper Missouri. Is it? *Bah!*"

Willard told Brigham about his delightful evenings with Sarah on the *Maid of Iowa*, but for Sunday, July 16th, he wrote:

"Joseph preached all day; . . . Man's foes, they are of his own house; the spirit that crucified Christ; same spirit is in Nauvoo. . . . The Spirit was against Christ because of His innocence; so in the present case . . ."

"17th. Theatre again. 18th. And again this eve. I am writing for your eye."

Also on July 18th, Willard said that though he had received Brother Woodruff's paper from St. Louis, he had no letter of his own, meaning one from Nanny, of course, for which he had been eagerly looking. Nevertheless, he continued to Brigham in his jolliest mood:

"I have seen most of the widows since you left. Sister Young is well; . . . Sisters Kimball is well. Sisters Woodruff is well, and I believe all the Sisters be's well; Sisters Pratt and Smith and all."

And finally on the 19th he closed:

"Great many loves to you all; mine particularly to all the brethren.

Yours for ever, Willard."

And thus the mood continued, until in August all thought of the sheriffs from Missouri and Springfield, all thought of the nearness of Warsaw as an outpost from which to send spies to look and listen in Nauvoo seemed forgotten. Joseph and Willard became bold, deciding it was time the Church built a house for Sarah Longstroth Richards. Joseph came right out and said so.

In August he called a meeting of some well-trusted men and women, bringing them together in the assembly room of the store. Holding up a small notebook, he opened it and read from the first page:

"To the Saints and friendly disposed.

"We the undersigned, knowing that Willard Richards, one of the Twelve, who, when not abroad among the nations preaching the gospel, is, by special appointment of the President, Joseph Smith, and church, engaged in church business continually and who has no house to abide in, do mutually agree to furnish such materials, means, or labor as may be necessary to build the said Elder Willard Richards a comfortable house, in common with the rest of his fellow laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, according as we subscribe: that is, we agree to furnish

what we subscribe opposite our names, Mutually, when called for, knowing that the laborer in spiritual things is worthy of his hire, and that the liberal man shall live by his liberality, Nauvoo, August 2nd, 1843."

Joseph put the notebook on the table, picked up his pen, and with all these people realizing that these contributions were for Willard's second home, wrote:

"Joseph Smith1 city lot

Other names followed, more than one hundred and fifty of them, such as:

"Elisha Barton	\$2.
Jacob Baum	1.
David Moss50
J. Wilson Williams	1.00
J. B. Backenstos	2.50
W. A. Walters	1.00
S. Emmons	1.
Edward Robison	5.00
Wm. Casper50
Geo. W. Thatcher	2.50
James Brinkerhoff contribution	4.62
Francelle Durphy50"

Then came the list of those willing to subscribe the stone. This group included Albert Rockwood, Jacob Peart, and E. D. Woolley. As gifts of lime, brick, and labor, were signed for — some men using a cross — the names of many English friends appeared. Anything from half a box of glass to "1 ton stone cool [coal]" from James Rees was offered.

W. P. Lyon signed: "5.00 goods"; William Field, "2.50 shoes." Other friends, men and women, promised fire irons, a bucket, a broom, a harness. And Willard thought that Sally's house on the corner of Water and Cherry Streets would not be long a-building.

Nevertheless, long before the foundation stones of this residence were laid, the mood of those who had commenced the luxury of a second house for Willard had changed.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

At midnight the following Christmas Eve, Willard put down his pen on the desk where he had been working in Joseph's plantation house. Across the road the sound of singing had broken the stillness of the air. He went to the window and saw some lamps glowing in the Mansion. On the outside steps a crowd of people were pouring out their hearts in song.

Joseph had moved into his new house the last day of August, but already the place had been leased out as a hotel, with only three rooms on the second floor reserved for his, Emma's and their three sons' personal use.

Since the first brick had not yet been laid for Sarah's house, Willard and she had been given the "plantation" for their temporary residence as a change from the basement of the brick store. What relief Willard felt in no longer seeing his Sally forced to emerge from her underground *palace* as a mole would come out to warm himself in the sun!

He now crossed the room, opened the bedroom door a trifle and called, "Sally . . . ?" Hearing no answer he decided not to wake her, but he could not refrain from slipping into his overshoes, coat and fur cap to join the crowd.

Meeting Brigham and Heber walking over from their new homes on the flat to mingle with the carolers, he said, "Did you know?"

"Yes," Brigham said, "I was in on the secret. Here are friends from Lancashire, Wales and the potteries." Soon the apostles' voices were rising with the others, gay as Christmas greens.

Willard could see the Prophet in a window of the lobby and he thought how radiant Joseph must feel over this surprise, especially after the disgruntlement of last August. To escape paying his extravagant "bill" to Cyrus Walker, Joseph had renounced his place as prophet, turning his office over to Hyrum for the time being. And

these English people had seen no humor in the situation when in answering their dismay Joseph had said he was joking.

He had to say something, as Willard, standing here among these friends, had known. Joseph had to escape paying Walker with the Church vote. But while he cast his own personal ballot for the Whig, his brother Hyrum told the people from the stand below the temple that the Lord had whispered to him that as the prophet he should vote for the Democrats.

And the Democrats had won. Cyrus Walker had lost. The English had marched upon Joseph, demanding that he explain his renunciation as prophet. Their friend Dr. Willard Richards, they said, had bade them come to these shores to listen to the fountain of all wisdom as expressed through Joseph, not Hyrum.

When they confronted Willard with their ire, he said, "Should our people support the party run by Tom Sharp and his rank journal? Should we vote for the party of the man sponsoring John Bennett's articles in the *Sangamo Journal*?" And he had further told them those articles were being pushed by the Whig, Joe Duncan, a man who, when running for the office of governor, had vowed Mormon extermination. "Do you blame your president for resorting to this deception, to this trifling straw-bid? What would you have done? Sold the Church out? Marched to the guillotine with your hands up? I do not think so. You people from Wales and the Ribble, with your love of a joke, with your love of fun and imagination, should thank God that the president could smile when he had to dance to the fiddler's tune. He saved the Church by stepping down for a day. But he *is* your prophet, and don't you ever forget it."

And here they were, these very people, singing one of his best-loved hymns, "Mortals, awake, with angels join!"

Later they began to carol their own Christmas joy. "God bless ye merry gentlemen," set the group smiling as Joseph stood silhouetted against the light, himself now set to take a hand in national politics—the highest the country afforded.

Willard looked around. Though this chorus was lifting its voice to Joseph, it was also lifting it to the bright and silent stars. As the disciple stood on the hard-frozen ground between Brigham and Heber, he raised his glance to the Creator-directed, gold-quilted heavens. He saw the dog star following Orion, the soldier of the skies, his sword at his side. Perhaps if the political move contem-

plated by Joseph could be made to work, his sword could also remain sheathed against his enemies, near and far.

Many a man had perjured himself to save his state. Could Joseph, sinning, perhaps—but for the sake of his city—save Nauvoo?

The explosive vindictiveness threatening Hancock County after the last August election had been hardly more than comparable to the burning hate that followed every election in which the Mormons expressed any opinion. Last summer's polls had, however, kept the fires burning long on the prairies near Warsaw and Green Plains with green and yellow flames. Willard could now see them rising from the fissures, belching forth their sulphurous fumes higher than ever.

How high a price would the Church have to pay for its block vote, he wondered as he stood with the singers. The leadership in Joseph, as vested, must be carried forward in Church and state. But, Willard told himself, there were a thousand things besides the vote against Cyrus Walker feeding the flames out there.

The Whigs took from every bit of strength they gathered a bit of fuel for their fires of hatred. The pile was also fed from the tinder the Mormons themselves gathered. They flung back the debris when they were hurt over the nation-wide acts of indifference to their cause. It was not only the local scene that kept the violence alive, but also the decisions of the Nauvoo court which maddened the capital of the state, and that other capital of Mormon hatred across the river. The Nauvoo court decisions distressed Washington; and the indifference there maddened the Mormons.

But locally, as an answer to that last August betrayal of the Whigs, four Mormons had been kidnaped from Morley Settlement, on Bear Creek, just south of Green Plains, the home of Levi Williams, a colonel in the state militia. And the last of that incident had not yet been heard, for Dan Avery, one of the four, was still ironed to a Missouri jail. The cries of all the kidnaped as they were stripped and beaten had been heard on this side of the river. And the four Mormons were as innocent of the charge of horse-theft as mice without hair.

What would happen when Joseph showed his hand in national politics, Willard wondered, listening again to the chorus. With their

brightly colored voices these friends were proving to Joseph that they believed in him as a prophet.

Two days ago, on Joseph's 39th birthday, the mob had gathered at Warsaw for a demonstration against him. But here on these steps was an example of love forespecified. Its strength would surely help Joseph to resist the hatred of the enemy. Willard told himself, as the Prophet now stood in the doorway of the Mansion, a tall figure with face shaded and bosom bared to the elements. He raised his hand and in a voice splendid with life, said, "I thank you, my friends, for your gift of song. I thank you for your faith in helping me to usher in the millennial age. To this cause we'll give the last drop of our blood if it so happens the Lord should ask that contribution from any or all of us!"

In his finest-carrying voice, Joseph said to the friends worshipping him with listening eyes, "In honor of our Lord, you have shared your spirit of abundance and charity with me. These virtues were the Savior's. He will come again. And in His name, I thank you, one and all, for gathering here. I bid you adieu in remembrance of Jesus, the Christ." He raised his hand and went in.

The singers continued on their way to serenade Hyrum. Willard said to his two particular companions, "Come home with me; the kettle's brewing, we'll have a cup of hot sling."

With their pint pots in their hands, the apostles touched upon the events pertaining to Joseph's course during the late summer and autumn. When it came to the August election, Brigham said, "I was preaching at that very time in Philadelphia, telling the people they should not ask the Lord for a revelation, but for the faith to believe in Joseph's visions."

"You were right. But Joseph sometimes has to use the vision of a six-sided eye." Willard drew in his stomach, sighed, and took a sip of bitters. "While he looks to Washington for justice from Missouri, the pukes hold our boy Port for a crime that he didn't commit."

"Since last June, Port has been ironed to a hell-hole in the West. And Dan Avery is still in Missouri, behind bars," said Heber, relieving his feelings.

The Apostles knew that only a few days ago one of the kidnapers of the four Mormons had been spying around Nauvoo.

When the Mormon constable arrested John Elliott, the snooper, and attempted to take him to Carthage, where he had been remanded by the municipal court, the Mormon party was followed by an armed group from down the river, carrying dirks and bowies as well as guns.

These three friends also knew that the Mormon commissioner had been refused his office at Carthage after the last August election.

And now they touched upon the fact that Tom Sharp and his crowd had again published in the *Warsaw Signal* a memorial to Governor Ford, demanding the repeal of the Nauvoo charters. The Whig scoundrels had begged the governor to call out the state militia to help repress the Nauvoo Legion .

"We can't ignore these signs," said Willard, holding his cup. "I'll support Joseph in his new plan with my last breath!" He saw the flames on the prairie creeping closer to Nauvoo, the flames started by the politically envious, by the jealous demons who were always watching the city.

"I don't feel safe because the governor has told Warsaw that he can't take away what the legislature gave — our charters," said Heber. "I don't give one little piddling damn because Tom Ford has threatened to punish the first transgressor in Hancock County. What does he mean when he implores both sides to stop short of war? What does he mean when he says he wants to be fair, to treat us all alike?"

"Fair?" Brigham asked with contempt. "I could teach Mr. Ford a thing or two on that subject."

"I think Orson Pratt, our Gauge of Philosophy, could teach him some geometry, a bit of logic, if you like." With his friends, Willard laughed bitterly at the "fairness" they were discovering at Springfield.

"If the governor," Willard said, "wants to punish the first transgressor, he should study the record. Doesn't he know that the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution says a man shall not twice be put in jeopardy of life or limb for a charge once dismissed by a federal court?"

"Joseph has already been freed by Judge Pope on that damnable charge, started by Lil Boggs," said Brigham.

"And he has been freed by our own court," said Heber, "from the same unfair warrant. What if we did have to go behind the writ

issued at Springfield? Why did the governor sign a second one for the same hatched-up offense? What is he doing, talking about punishing the first transgressor now?"

"We'll fix all that," said Willard, smooth as cream, "when we get our man in a higher office than the one at Springfield."

Answering the strange odd softness of his voice, Brigham said, "We'll never get Joseph into the White House if we don't conserve our strength." He yawned and stretched, pushing his legs almost to the middle of the floor.

"Good night, good night," said Willard, as his friends rose.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

On January 29, 1844, the hoar frost on the trees along the river was just visible when Willard crossed the yard and walked up to the office in the brick store to open his books on Joseph's table. He set up his inkwell and quill, ready for work. He had brought copies of five letters he had written to the leading candidates for the presidential nomination, asking them to state their policy regarding the Mormon plea for redress from Missouri.

Willard also had with him the two answers he had received, one from Henry Clay, the other from John C. Calhoun. The paper crackled as he spread the letters out. But at this moment the door opened and Brigham came into the office. It still was not full daylight when, some fifteen minutes later, Heber appeared. "I see you're ready for work, Mr. Keeper of the Rolls!" he said with light, yet particular, meaning.

Willard smiled back. As recorder for Nauvoo as well as for the Church, he was always ready with his books these days. In some respects the duties for his two offices merged and overlapped. Of necessity they represented an interlocking function between the business of the Church and of the city.

Just such a financial merging carried over even into the personal accounts of the leaders. They felt, for instance, that since their homes had been given to them by the people, and were supported by Church monies they — like the Church — should personally be exempt from property taxes.

Their enemies resented any such arrangement. When the tax collector returned to Carthage without his full account from Nauvoo, anger rose and the flames of hatred spread. The officials despised the interlocking at Nauvoo of two thumbs and two fingers into a figure eight. The two digits, whatever their nature — Church and business, Church and politics, men's accounts and religious accounts — should remain separate and distinct.

But the strange bedding down of city and Church during the past affairs was only a shadow to the union the Twelve and Joseph hoped to interweave. Heber was jollyng Willard about which book was which when Hyrum came in, his cheeks red from the cold. Like his pinched nostrils his dignity today seemed frozen. With full-fledged decorum he greeted John P. Greene, the new marshal of Nauvoo, Brigham's brother-in-law.

The words were cut short when Joseph was heard springing up the stairs, three steps at a time. Seeing Brother Greene, he said impetuously, "You'll be blessed by Israel's God, my friends, for taking over your duties in times like these! There's a spy on every corner. I bless you for wisdom, too, in the face of our special danger. Never use a gun except to save life. But forget your arms for a moment. We need you this morning as a witness to our meeting."

John Greene took his place at the table. It was ten o'clock, the hour set for the assumption of the burden the group had decided they could not shirk. Agreeing that the plan had been ordained by the Lord, the Twelve were about to take upon themselves a role which, if it succeeded, would put a new interpretation upon the Constitution of the United States. They were out to shove aside their enemies who themselves had been reading that heaven-born document with an odd pair of glasses.

With all the troubles stirred up in local circles by Joseph's dream for a benevolent theocracy in Nauvoo, the idea still clung to him as the ideal form for national government. He saw in the unity of Church and country a plan for peace. And he was willing to bare his face to the storm, to brace his shoulders to carry the load pointed out by the danger under which his own organization existed.

Counting on Willard's special support, Joseph was ready to move toward his destiny. To hold onto his burden was, perhaps, to start a wheel of fire burning down the river from Nauvoo, through forest and prairie, through bogs and mudholes, to Carthage, burning even to Springfield and Washington.

"One way to fight fire is with fire — if you can't get enough rain to put the other fellow's flames out," Willard had said to Joseph when the answers to his political letters began to arrive. The Twelve had agreed to the statement, though each of them knew that every political action of the Mormons bore its own consequences. Some deeds were more dire and far-reaching than others. Now, however,

the only way to quench the thirst for blood that Joseph had bred in his betrayal of the Whig was to play so boldly that either he must go ahead or fall far behind. Rather than picture this situation, Willard closed his eyes.

This morning he looked at the two sets of books before him. And oddly, while waiting for the meeting to begin, he interlocked his first fingers and his thumbs. The lust for blood, the danger from fire, started right here at home. Willard had been one to record Joseph's talk when he organized his special policemen. Among many statements made that day to anger the suspicious, one was still hot. Joseph had said:

"... My life is more in danger from some little dough-head of a fool in this city than from all my numerous and inveterate enemies abroad. I am exposed to far greater danger from traitors among ourselves than from enemies without . . . If I can escape from the ungrateful treachery of assassins I can live as Caesar might have lived, were it not for a right-hand Brutus. I have had pretended friends betray me. All the enemies upon the face of the earth may roar and exert all their power to bring about my death, but they can accomplish nothing, unless some who are among us and enjoy our society, have been with us in our councils, participated in our confidence, taken us by the hand, called us brother, saluted us with a kiss, join with our enemies . . . and, by falsehood and deceit, stir up their wrath and indignation against us, and bring their united vengeance upon our heads . . ."

Certain men of the Church had come running to Joseph to see whether any of them were the dough-head, the Brutus, the Judas. William Marks, the president of the High Council, had been one of these. He had not slept one wink when a fire had burned all night on the Iowa bank opposite his house on Water Street.

Joseph had asked, "Why do the innocent flee when no man pursueth?"

Robert Foster had wondered whether Joseph had meant him. His brother Charles had felt insulted in another meeting.

Yet though the danger at home seemed acute to the Twelve and Joseph, its solution did not hold the answer to the threats to the existence of the Church, nesting in wider fields.

Once the preliminaries of this morning's meeting were over, Joseph said, "Will you give us the substance of the political letters

you've received from the candidates whose help you sought, Mr. Keeper of the Rolls?"

Willard reviewed the letter from Henry Clay. Its indifference to the Mormon plea for redress from Missouri had turned Joseph's usual spirit of forgiveness to a pointed spear.

In Oregon, Mr. Clay suggested, the Mormons might set up their own kingdom, their own governing body, with no one to molest them in their peculiar ideas of religion and rulership.

"Rulership?" Joseph demanded of the Twelve when Willard had finished. "Isn't that the word of the devil on our desire to bring peace to all men?"

"I think John Calhoun's reply is no more favorable to our peace than Henry Clay's." Willard's face was an angry red. "It's worse!"

"Read the reply," Joseph commanded.

Before Willard could proceed, the Prophet interrupted, saying to the table, "Senator Calhoun says that if he's elected to the presidency of the United States, he'll seek to uphold the Constitution of our country. But nowhere, he says, can he find any reference in that organ to jurisdiction over a case like the one we have against Missouri."

"It would be about as desirable to vote for him, then, as for Henry Clay or Martin Van Buren," said Heber with a nasty sting.

"It would be morally impossible to vote for any of them," Joseph replied, his ordinarily pale cheeks crimson. "When I was in Washington three years ago, and saw Martin Van Buren, he flew around like a hawk, squawking." And Joseph repeated the old statement, the one that singed a hole in his heart every time he thought about it: "Your cause is just but I can do nothing for you. Go to the courts of Missouri for justice."

"And now," said Joseph, "the honorable senator from South Carolina also advises us to go to that murderous state for justice! Don't read his letter, Willard. Read my reply to him!"

From the stack of correspondence on the table, Willard selected the letter, his own sense of outrage evident as he read:

"... Go on, then, Missouri, after another set of inhabitants ... have entered some two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of land, and made extensive improvements thereon; go on, then, I say; banish the occupants ... or kill them ... and take their land and property as spoil. ... And let the Legislature, as in the case of the 'Mormons,' appropriate

a couple of hundred thousand dollars to pay the mob for doing that job; for the renowned Senator from South Carolina, Mr. J. C. Calhoun, says the powers of the Federal Government are so *specific and limited that it has no jurisdiction of the case!* O ye people who groan under the oppression of tyrants. . . .”

Willard looked up, saying that as an example of this persecution Joseph had named the Poles under Russia, and other unrighteously burdened peoples. Skipping a little, he continued:

“O ye people who groan under the oppression of tyrants come to the asylum of the oppressed; buy ye lands of the General Government; pay in your money to the treasury to strengthen the army and navy . . . pay in your taxes to support the great heads of a glorious nation; but remember a ‘sovereign State’ is so much more powerful than the United States, the parent Government, that it can exile you at pleasure, mob you with impunity, confiscate your lands and property, have the Legislature sanction it, — yea, even murder you as an edict of an emperor, *and it does no wrong*; for the noble Senator of South Carolina says the power of the federal Government is so limited and specific, *that it has no jurisdiction of the case!* What think ye . . .?”

“If the General Government has no power to reinstate expelled citizens to their rights, there is a monstrous hypocrite fed and fostered from the hard earnings of the people! A real ‘bull beggar’ upheld by sycophants . . .”

From his chair, Joseph gave this meeting his opinion regarding the part the Church might play in leveling the bull beggar.

And now Willard rose, reviewing the facts of the case. The Mormons could hardly turn to the murderer-state across the river to save themselves from the rope, from the dirk, and the torch already set for their destruction. They could not turn to Warsaw, nor to Springfield. They could not turn to Washington as affairs of state now existed there. They could not turn to any of the candidates who hoped to preside at the nation’s capital. They saw assurance only in themselves and in their faith in their destiny.

“I move you, Mr. Mayor,” said Willard, “our president and general, I move you that this Church be permitted to organize an independent electoral ticket. And I move you that upon this ticket you yourself shall be placed in nomination for the President of the United States! I give you our candidate, brethren, General Joseph Smith!”

The applause from his fellow apostles continued until at last Joseph stood upon his long legs. His mouth and eyes steady, strengthening for the fight, he cried, "There is oratory enough in this Church to sweep me into office if you get behind the move!"

After the clapping subsided, like a man inspired, Joseph continued, "To accomplish this, every elder in the city, able to speak in public, must make stump speeches throughout the land. The brethren must advocate the Mormon religion, the purity of elections, and they must call upon the people to stand by the law and put down mobocracy."

With Joseph's consent the apostles made their plans. And finally he again turned spokesman, saying that after the next April conference the Church would hold meetings all over the nation. He promised to attend as many as convenient. He said to the Quorum, gathered here this morning with his brother Hyrum and the marshal, "You'll tell the people that we have had Whig and Democratic presidents long enough. We want a President of the United States. If I ever get into the presidential chair, I'll protect the people in their rights and liberties. I'll not electioneer for myself. Hyrum, Brigham, Parley, and Taylor must go. William Clayton must go or he'll apostatize." Joseph's face turned sad. "The Whigs are striving for a king," he said, "under the garb of democracy. But there are men enough in this Church to carry me into the presidential chair on the first slide."

Willard received the congratulations of his brethren for making the nomination. The apostles declared that to a man they would stand behind him and Joseph. "I'll talk until my lungs burst!" Brigham promised.

"And I'll write all night long," Willard replied.

"Let one of your first letters, Brother Willard, go to Arlington Bennett. Wouldn't he make an excellent running-mate!" Joseph's face was as alive as a boy's.

"I'll write to General Bennett exactly as you suggest," said Willard. The general had been given an honorary commission in the Nauvoo Legion. "I'll get busy on his letter today."

Willard walked from the nomination meeting up the hill toward Jennetta's house, pondering the stupendous campaign necessary to put Joseph in the White House. Until the plan could be told

and the running mate secured, the nomination must be kept secret. If anything around here can be kept secret, Willard thought, shuddering. It was cold but he felt hot, remembering the message that Porter Rockwell had brought home from Missouri last Christmas. Oddly, he had showed up just when everyone was wondering where on earth he could be. Joseph had heard he was out of jail.

But Joseph did not know him when he stormed into the Mansion, interrupting the holiday dance, his appearance unkempt, his laughter loud, and his filthy braids hanging over his shoulders. He had clasped Joseph's hand, crying, "It's your boy, Port!"

Porter had reported a frightening story. The sheriff had come to him in jail, saying, "If you'll deliver Joe Smith into our hands, you'll be free to come and go across this state. Just name your pile." And Port had answered, "I'll see you in hell first, and then I won't!"

While in jail he had heard the plan to take Joseph at Dixon last summer, and he had been sick, vomiting and twitching. "Why," he had said that Christmas night, "they know every time you cross the lot to sit down, Brother Joe!"

Port's stories had furnished another reason for the nomination of a good man for the office of President of the United States.

Now on January 29th, the sight of Jennetta's door, the thought of the children and of God's mercy — but of Joseph's danger — made Willard's stomach churn. Our nomination's got to bring results! he whispered to himself with almost violent passion. For who knows who is now our enemy and who our friend, even here?

Willard walked up the snow-covered path where the quail had again this winter been feeding. Once inside the house he kissed his wife and caressed Heber John. He took his daughter from her mother's arms, fondling the child, pressing her winsome cheek against his own. I'll do anything to make this city safe for them, he thought. He stared into the open fire, loving the feel of the baby's smooth skin against his face.

"You are quiet, Mr. Richards," Jennetta said. "You must be very hungry!" Turning to Sister Braddock, she asked, "Could I do something to help serve our tea?"

Willard recalled how Jennetta had been sitting at the dinner table just before Rhoda Ann was born. She had left an unfinished letter on his desk, one that she had started September 13th:

“My Dear Parents, Sisters, and Brothers:

“We have been anxiously waiting to hear from you, tis nearly five months since I sent my last letter to England, which I hope you have received before this. . . . My beloved friends, I again request you to write oftener to me, I beg of you to send every time any one of the English come here . . . If you could only see how pleased Heber John is with a letter you send, I think you would write oftener; he . . . takes them up and reads about you all, and wants to go to see you. He daily talks about you. . . . He came into my room one day; I was sewing; he sat down; all at once he rose and said with such earnestness, ‘Oh, Mother when shall I see Grandpapa?’ I said I do not know, shall we write for him? He said no, let us get a carriage and go fetch him, and grandmama, and all of them. Another time he had been upstairs alone, he came down and said, Oh, I wish my Grandmama was here, then I could sleep with her, sit on her lap, and she would kiss me . . .”

Willard’s heart ached as he recalled the letter. Heber John had been less than a year old when he left England. *Who* was lonely for Grandpapa and Grandmama? But why is my boy so hungry for those English kisses? If we do not succeed in electing Joseph, perhaps he can start on that long mission.

Willard loved the feel of the baby’s cheek. He recalled the letter he had written to complete Jennetta’s:

“Sept. 16. An unfinished letter is spread out upon my records, and I see no alternative but I must write it out of my way. I suppose it is one of Jennetta’s tricks to stop my business & oblige her, so I won’t find fault, for of all beings, women like to have their share of attention, and I don’t know that it is any loss in the end to promote their happiness, for they generally return the favor with interest, as recent events go to prove. Yesterday Mrs. Richards dined with us at the usual hour, and at forty five minutes past 2 P.M. we received a most agreeable visit from our eldest daughter, Rhoda Ann, who is in good health and fine spirits, with a fair prospect that the health of the mother will be improved when the fatigues of the journey have subsided. Business calls and I must leave for the present.”

Willard got up; and now to the smell of potatoes and carrots cooked with some onions and chuck beef, he walked to the cradle and put his daughter down, vowing that he would help free the ground of the Saints for his loved ones.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Joseph did not long keep secret his desire to enter the White House. Within ten days after Willard had nominated him to the national presidency, the Prophet had drawn up his "Views" for the government of the United States. Published in the *Nauvoo Neighbor* — the newspaper that had replaced the *Wasp* — they made his dream for national unity, unharrassed by opposing parties, so clear that some other frontier journals praised him for telling the nation so exactly where he stood.

The trace of ridicule in the comments bothered neither him nor the Twelve. They chuckled over the attention they had received. In mid-February, when Willard walked into Jennetta's house one day, he found her with the baby on her lap and a copy of this particular number of the *Neighbor* on the stand, near her rocking chair. He smiled, gave her a kiss and, with another one for his small sweet, said, proud as any successful statesman, "How do you like Joseph's 'Views'? I see you've been reading his presidential platform."

"I don't know. I'm not sure."

Willard stripped off his coat and shoes and stretched himself on the sofa. With a frown, he questioned her doubt. Presently he said, "Give me a cushion to raise my feet, will you, Sister Braddock?"

The English friend arranged the pillow and tucked another one under his head, the softest she could find.

"Thanks, dear Sister Ann," he sighed. "Did Sister Richards read you Brother Joseph's message?"

"Indeed we've sat here shaking our heads—" The tiny bosom heaved, the frizzed grey curls wagged.

Shifting the baby at her breast, Jennetta picked up the paper and said, "How can President Smith expect to run the country like this, without any opposition? I'm afraid he'll never fill his mission to England if he goes into government."

Sister Ann, bringing Willard a cup of warm soup, suggested, appalled, "We know the president's every thought is out of the Lord's pocket, but, but in England only her Majesty, the Queen, sits upon a throne."

"Nauvoo's grown like a puff ball, forty times the size a kitchen maid would gather for anyone's dish!" said Jennetta. "At home we have villages two thousand years old with not half that many people. I know Joseph is a prophet, but where are the roots and the stem of this city, with its rifts and hates so bloodied by anger?"

"Has the Lord's work ever gone forward without someone to hate its success? Our pettifoggers and grogshop owners jingle their money for the devil's ear instead of for the House of the Lord. Because Joseph has some foes in his own house, can he not give the people of America their birthright? He's willing to risk his neck to chance it!"

Willard left his pillow. Pacing the room in his socks, he thought, How can a man lie down and speak his mind to two English women whose rooted towns, no matter what their age, cannot claim their beginning in the stick of Judah? Jacob was from Abraham and he, feeling the hands of Melchizedek upon his head, got up and walked away, saying, "Now I have a priesthood!"

"If Nauvoo has no soul," Willard's color matched the crimson cushion against Jennetta's back, "neither has Joseph, nor Christ, nor God himself! What if we are buffeted?" Willard stopped directly in front of her. "You must listen to me. These rascals around here, these toads, will never see the big end of the horn."

"You don't have to kill yourself with apoplexy to tell me so," Jennetta flared. "I've tried to understand your city."

"Then know that it has a spirit that will live when buildings shatter and unrighteous men and their laws fall. I've told you how things have gone this winter with Joseph! Perhaps you haven't understood."

Willard lay down again and reached for his pint pot from the small table at the head of the sofa. "Do you remember when Heber Kimball and I went down to Joseph's in the night some two months ago?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jennetta, "just before Christmas. President Smith was vomiting, his mouth was dry. You blessed him."

"And I sent for brother Levi. We had to administer herbs. I'm

sure Joseph's sickness came as a result of that letter from Governor Ford. He had received it just two days before he took down. The governor had refused every request we had made."

"Yes?" Jennetta rearranged the handkerchief over the upper part of her breast and started the baby nursing again.

"The mob was gathering at Warsaw when we asked Governor Ford either for military protection from the state or for the right to defend ourselves. Missouri was demanding that he sign another warrant for Joseph's arrest. Tom Sharp and his gang were trying to get him to repeal our charters and to dissolve our Legion."

"Yes?" The dark eyes in the questioning face deepened.

His voice almost like a chant, Willard reviewed the situation. Sister Braddock stopped stirring her batter dumplings. Rhoda Ann gurgled and Jennetta pushed aside the white shield, which, like a caul, had fallen over the child's face.

"That pusillanimous, milk-and-water letter! There's nothing but gristle where the governor's backbone ought to be!" Willard winced. "He claims he wants to treat us all alike, but right while the mob was mustering against us he was telling us he wouldn't call the Warsaw crowd off. Nor would he command the state troops to stop their maneuvers. Yet he forbade us to order our own men out."

"But General Smith did alert our soldiers. I saw them parading below the temple. I heard the trumpets, and then I saw the hollow squares. The Legion formed day after day." Jennetta's temples pulsed; the baby stopped feeding. "I think I saw what brother-in-law Peirson meant when he said that Nauvoo is uncommonly warlike for a city of God!"

"Don't, Jennetta. Please! Joseph had to command General Law to stand ready for the onset. We have Missouri at our throats. We have Warsaw. And, it seems, we have Springfield also hiding the knife."

"What do you mean?"

"The governor knows the kidnapers from Missouri are out for the whole Smith family. They've sworn that none shall remain alive. Taking the four men they accused of horse theft across the river was only the beginning. But Governor Ford has forbidden us to cross the river to look for any kidnaped person. He doesn't want us to enter the encampments opposite Quincy. He says that would only lead to indictments against us, indictments which he would

have to sign. And yet he declares he wants to be fair to both sides. Oh, he's fair all right, isn't he?"

"Oh, my dear, I know the mob is seeking your life, too!" The words came in answer to the terrible sarcasm.

"Does it matter? I tell you this only so you'll understand why I nominated Joseph for the presidency of the United States. You see from what I say we had no choice. In times past we have turned from the governor to Washington, only to be treated 'fairly' there, too. Our memorialists who went to Washington were all but refused an audience. And neither capital, Springfield nor Washington, seems to value a Mormon life so much as a horse's hoof. But what is horsetheft, I ask, to mantheft? Is there no difference? *Are we an offense before God?*"

Again sympathetic, Jennetta broke in, "Even on the charge of horsetheft against those four kidnaped men nothing has been proved."

"And yet our Saints at Morley's Settlement heard the screams from across the river, where the men were stripped and beaten," Willard said.

"Don't tell me about it," Jennetta cried.

"I must tell you what the governor wrote to Joseph. He said he had no time to examine the affidavits in which we swore to our mistreatment. 'There are too many,' he remarked in that December letter; 'I've no time to go over all these!'" Willard looked up into space as if trying to prove to some heavenly jury the governor's "fairness."

"We've had no answer from Washington," he said. "Our men can't get near those who could grant our troops equal standing with the state militia."

Willard told Jennetta and Ann Braddock about the replies from Clay and Calhoun. "In our work to obtain justice and freedom we've turned to men of influence, too. Can't you see how we've gone from power to power, begging for our rights according to the Constitution of the United States?"

Jennetta looked up, abashed by this outburst, helpless to stop it.

"And now we're petitioning our native states to stand behind us if we're driven to arms. Phineas has written to the Massachusetts Minutemen; Joseph to the Green Mountain Boys. Sidney has appealed to the Pennsylvania Legislature. We want the states our

fathers helped to free to help us. But we won't fight if we can win the vote. And we intend to send our elders out to electioneer. We're going to help Joseph into office with the drums of our voices. He'll do away with parties, but it will be in the Lord's name, and we can ignore the small men of this city. What can they do?"

Again Willard began to pace the floor. He turned to his astounded wife. "What choice have we got but to put up our own man? Joseph has offered his life to make America fit for the destiny that God forechose for her. What are roots like yours in comparison to a calling like that?"

Jennetta turned away her eye, her ear. "You are all talk — the president never meant it when he said he'd take us to England."

"Oh, my dear, don't suggest a foreign mission for Joseph while America needs a man of sense."

Over her shoulder, Jennetta said, "I notice that he said he writes to show presidents prudence, governors and senators wisdom, judges justice."

"Your voice sounds strange. Are *you* being unfair?"

"I only want to be fair to our children, that's all."

"Tell me, Jennetta, where is John?"

"At school."

"I'll walk up, then, to Brother Spencer's to get him. I've time before dinner, haven't I, Sister Ann?"

"Just time, Doctor." Ann Braddock looked up from the kettle into which she was dropping the dumplings, thunderstruck.

While Willard was walking up Durfey and along Knight Streets to the schoolmaster's, Joseph's opinions on national unity ran through his mind. "You're not one to hide behind a gooseberry bush!" he had exclaimed, when he and Joseph had gone over the "Views" prior to their publication.

"Get your pen," Joseph had said. Willard could still see the blue fire of the Prophet's eyes. "Catch these additional thoughts. Say: 'I feel it to be my right and privilege to obtain what influence and power I can lawfully in the United States, for the protection of injured innocence; and if I lose my life in a good cause I am willing to be sacrificed . . . in maintaining the laws and Constitution of the United States, if need be, for the general good of mankind . . . Say:

"Our common country presents to all men the same advantages.

“‘Unity is power.’”

And as he walked to Orson Spencer’s to get Heber John, Willard remembered exactly how Joseph had developed this theme.

“Unity is power,” he had said, “and when I reflect on the importance of it to the stability of all governments, I am astounded at the silly moves of persons and parties to foment discord in order to ride into power on the current of popular excitement. Nor am I less surprised at the acts of legislators to pave the way to some scheme as destitute of intrinsic merit as a wolf’s heart is of the milk of human kindness.”

In support of his ideas for a benevolent theocracy, Joseph had quoted the elder Adams: “‘If national pride is ever justifiable or excusable, it is when it springs not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of . . . benevolence.’”

To Willard the published copy of the long development in the “Views” was a strong statement for the coming theocracy. Only when he entered the brick house near the temple, and saw his friend from West Stockbridge, lame Orson Spencer, instructing the very young, did Willard’s thoughts even momentarily let go of the silken cord, his belief in the immutability of the Lord’s Word, which in fulfillment of the ancient promise was now entrusted to Joseph Smith.

The disciple returned home with his son’s hand in his, the respite in that small smooth palm from the troubles of a city in turmoil easing the customary anxiety of his heart. But all during dinner, in the back of Willard’s mind was the message he must send to Arlington Bennett.

On March 4th, Willard wrote to the journalist, asking him to serve as Joseph’s running mate and to come to Nauvoo at once:

“Dear General, if glory, honor, force, and power in righteous principles are desired by you, now is your time. You are safe in following the counsel of that man who holds communion with heaven; and I assure you, if you act well your part, victory’s the prize.

“Brother Arlington, look well to ‘General Smith’s Views,’ and his letter to Calhoun, and comprehend him fully. Say to the *New York Herald*, ‘Now is the time for your exaltation; raise your standard high, sound your trumpet long and loud, support General Smith and myself at the next election; and when we are exalted you shall not be forgotten.’

"Get up an electoral ticket . . . Open your mouth wide, and God shall fill it. Cut your quill, and the ink shall flow freely.

"Commence at your own mansion and stay not, only for electioneering purposes, till by some popular route you reach Nauvoo . . . expose the wickedness of Martinism in saying, if he is elected President, he will annihilate the Mormons . . . uphold Joseph against every aspersion and you shall triumph gloriously.

". . . All is right at Nauvoo. We are now fitting out a noble company to explore Oregon and California, and progressing rapidly with the great Temple, which we expect to roof this season, though there is yet a chance at the *eleventh hour* for you to bring in your thousand, and secure your 'penny.'

"On the sixth of April, is our special conference at Nauvoo. I wish you could be here . . . but the time is too short. From that period our Elders will go forth by hundreds or thousands and search the land, preaching religion and politics; and if God goes with them, who can withstand their influence?

"My words are the words of your friends here — Come and see us. Brother Joseph's, Young's, and Bernhisel's respects to you. Mrs. Richards' kind respects with mine to yourself and love to all yours."

Two more months' planning went into the political campaign. Then, during the April conference, Hyrum Smith went before the Church. From the stand below the temple, he said particularly to the three hundred men who were about to depart for their political missions:

"Damn the rod of tyranny! Curse it! Let every man use his liberties according to the Constitution. Don't fear man or devil. Electioneer for Joseph with all the people, male and female, and exhort them to do the thing that is right.

"We will try to convert the nation into one solid union. I despise the principle that divides the country into party and faction. I want it to grow like a green bay tree. Damn the system of splitting into opposite belligerent parties . . ."

Willard could have cheered Hyrum's "Green Bay Tree." A few days ago he had felt just as enthusiastic about Hyrum's chastising the "Foes of the House." Hyrum had said there was a hedgehog in every hedge. Without naming them, he had then attacked two Nauvoo lawyers, Charles Foster and Chauncey Higbee, describing them and their crowd as polliwogs, wigglers, and toads who would dry up next fall:

"Like gizzard-stones, they must have been born in gizzard time, but like tree toads . . . they change color to suit the object they're upon. They ought to be ferreted out like rats. You could describe them as you would a hedgehog: they are in every hedge, stinking like the skunk!"

Willard had not minded the mixed figures. As he sat on the stand recording the remarks, he had wished that this tall lean man with the sober face and the picturing tongue could himself go out to electioneer. Charles Foster had that day in March asked Joseph if Hyrum had meant him by the stinking hedgehog. There had been a row, but the leaders of the Church, gathered for their prayer meeting that night, had asked the Lord to confound the foes within Joseph's own house. And leaving this up to the grand course of destiny, the Twelve, Joseph, and Hyrum had gone about their strategy to secure the national election of the Prophet.

Today, in April conference, Willard went ahead, recording Hyrum's speech on the Green Bay Tree.

Toward the end of April, when Willard opened the door to Jennetta's house late one afternoon, he was met with the message that sister Rhoda wished to see him. She was still living with Levi and his wife. Willard stopped at Jennetta's only for a glass of bitters and a kiss around for wife, son, and daughter.

"You must read this letter from Eliza Ann," said Rhoda, spreading on Levi's kitchen table the soul-revealing lines from Nancy's blonde daughter.

Glancing at the page, Willard said, "This is Aug Spencer's work! The turncoat!" He branded his friend as if there could be no worse blackguard than a hypocrite. "I've heard he's been writing home. He wants nothing to come back here. He expects to rise with the dough-heads. Blast them, dear God!" Willard's eye ran over Eliza's letter. She had written:

"Richmond,
April 3rd, 1844

"Much Beloved Aunt —

"You cannot imagine how many stories are in circulation about Jo Smith and his followers, sometimes one thing and then another, anything to keep the people awake to the subject. Some one was saying that the United States was going to rise against the Mormons and that there had

been loads of muskets sent for to fight them &c. too much to mention. One remarked 'would it not be dreadful to have our friends out there all killed?' Father and mother Lewis [William Richards' parents-in-law] were to uncle W's a little while on Monday and he was full to overflowing, about the prophet Jo as he is styled; he said he believed he was the biggest impostor that had risen since Mohomet and so on. A long story for a short call.

"Some have got the idea that Mrs. Hinman [a former neighbor] does not enjoy herself very well. Do you see her often, and is it so? The last time mother was at Uncle Leadbetters aunt said there was a number in the store and they were speaking about the Mormons and among other matters the spiritual wife system was introduced. Some one said Joe . . . had a number now and that he was going to have five more, according to revelation. Samuel Dewey was present and he asked if they supposed Rhoda would be one. . . . Aunt Sarah thinks the honest ones are to be pitied. . . . She had a great deal of feeling for brother Hinman and family, she thinks they were honest and sincere and had not learned the secrets when they left. But she thought uncle Phineas knew some of them. . . . Have you got so far advanced as to have any secrets revealed to you, and if so would it be a sin for you to let me know some of them? Uncle William thinks it is hardly right for a man professing to be a prophet to have so much military about him . . ."

Willard clenched his fist. "Aug has turned against us; he's in with the wrong group. Sister," Willard scowled, "I want you to say nothing to Eliza that you'd not have your husband hear."

"Do you think *I* would betray Brother Joseph?"

Willard had married Rhoda to the Prophet nearly a year ago — June 12, 1843.

"I'd cut my tongue out before I'd betray him." Rhoda's hand, resting on the table, trembled.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Every apostate here may squirm and spin, but none shall strike Joseph's heel until the Lord sends for him. Like serpents they'll match themselves in couples, and they'll swallow each other!" Willard's breath came short.

"Ask Eliza to hurry out here," he said, "and Amelia, too. They want to come, don't they? They can find good husbands here. Urge them to come at once, sister!"

"Sit down, Willard. Have a cup of ginger beer."

Finishing his drink, Willard walked down the hill, unwilling to

see retracted one of Joseph's acts or words in rebuking his enemies within the Church.

Oddly, at that moment he met Augustine coming up the hill.

"Hello, Aug," said Willard, as if trying to pour glacial milk over his friend's face.

With a defiant look, Augustine said, "I know it'll do no good to warn you, Willard, but I'm telling my brother Orson to butter *his* bread on the right side of the slice. Joe Jackson," said Augustine of a Catholic father whom Joseph had befriended when he showed up at his door starved and piteous, but whom he had now had whipped for slander, "Joe Jackson," said Augustine without flinching, "has gone down the river to help organize the Warsaw Independents. He threatens to murder Joe Smith. He's proud, if he was poor when he entered this place. Would you like to be whipped?"

"What do you expect? Joseph's forbearance to last forever?"

"I expect some things to last forever." Once more Augustine hitched his pants in Willard's face. "You whore lover!"

A lifetime's training made Willard drop the fist he had raised. "I'll see you again, Aug."

As he walked down the hill, Willard somehow wanted to go on to Sarah's room without saying good night to Jennetta and the children. Still he could not pass this house without dropping in.

A few minutes later, he explained as he stood before Jennetta's chair that he could not spend the night with her. She rose and put her arm about his waist. "God keep you," she whispered.

"And you!" Willard kissed her again. "I'll be up in the morning to take Heber to school."

"It will be good to see you. But tell me before you go; do you think Mr. Smith can be elected president of this country?"

"Yes, I do, if you don't, Jennetta." Willard shut the door with a little bang, on his way to Sarah's.

CHAPTER FORTY

Had he been able, Willard would have shielded Heber John from what he saw on the morning of April 26th at the school-master's house. Orson Spencer lay on the floor with Augustine standing over him, fists clenched, face screwed like a rust-bitten, twisted wire.

"Orson!" Turning, Willard demanded of the maddened brother, "How could you do it?" He looked with sorrow at the slight man on the floor.

"That's an answer the Spencers should consider." Under his breath, Augustine swore.

"The Spencers are at outs," said Orson when Willard helped him to rise. "Perhaps I've wasted my time cautioning my brother to put his money in the right contribution box, to walk with the right man."

The next oath from the corner of the room startled Willard. "You'll be heard in court for this," he said, glowering at Augustine. With a soft whistle at the open door, Willard called his body-guard. "Fetch the marshal," he said.

Turning the key and pocketing it, he faced Augustine, declaring, "As clerk of the court, and as a witness to this disgraceful act, I'm sending you to Mayor Smith for this attack upon a lame man!"

To his small son, Willard said gently, "I'm sorry you have seen this quarrel, John. Go and give your master a hug. Tell him that you love him."

Orson sat down and put his arm around the boy. "You came early this morning, didn't you, Heber John? We'll have our lesson when the other children arrive." The master wiped his lip as his wound started to bleed again.

While walking down the hill in the custody of the marshal, and with Willard following, Augustine growled, "Who says the law's on your side?"

Willard did not reply.

Augustine snarled, "Where'll you be when I plant suit against you for false arrest? Charley Foster hears his cases in Carthage, before the circuit court!"

Marshall Greene tugged at his prisoner for balking against him. Augustine swore a string of oaths. And at that moment Charles Foster joined the fuming line.

People came to their windows and doors as if the whole town knew that Aug Spencer had been coward enough to fall upon his lame brother. "He's got a bad conscience," someone cried to Chauncey and Francis Higbee as they crowded in.

To Chauncey, another lawyer who took some of his cases to Carthage, Charley Foster said aloud, "I'll be damned if I'd let a piddling little marshal like Jack Greene take me before the mayor."

Port Rockwell had come on the scene. He drew his gun.

"Put it down," said Willard, "but keep your eye skinned!"

As the group approached the brick store, Willard saw Joseph standing on the steps. With his long body a single line of authority, Joseph stood ready to order Augustine before the Court of Nauvoo.

Lithe as a cat, Charles Foster ducked Port Rockwell's hand and pointed his gun at Joseph. Now Port was the cat. He turned the weapon.

In the struggle that followed, Joseph cried, "Marshal, arrest these men, Charles Foster and both the Higbees!" He cried to a runner, "Go for the police!"

As the messenger disappeared, Joseph ordered the four dissenters to be taken before the court. "Hold them fast, Marshal. Help Brother Greene, Port, till the policemen come."

Joseph turned to Augustine. "I am told that you have struck down your lame brother. For this assault I fine you one hundred dollars. And I require you to give bonds for the same sum to keep the peace for the next six months."

Augustine spit. "Do you know where you'll be six months from now? Within six hours I'm going to charge you before the Court of Nauvoo with tyranny."

"Who are you, Joe," shouted Francis Higbee, one of the butts of Joseph's remarks against lawyers and speculators during the past five months, "who are you, to fine a man without a hearing?"

Charles Foster, the city attorney, said, "I'll be goddamned if I'll not shoot you yet, Joe!"

"I'd consider myself the favored of God, could I hold that gun," said Chauncey, cool as a cucumber on a frosty morning. "I'll appeal to Carthage for the four of us!"

Willard pulled out a pad of paper to write down the words. Only last week a council had excommunicated William and Wilson Law, and Charles Foster. None had had a hearing according to the law of the Church. William Law, Joseph's second counselor, now stood at the head of these men, in trying to organize a reformed church, based on Joseph's doctrine but without the leaders the Dissenters despised.

Robert Foster shook his fist at Willard. "You're another damned black-hearted villain! You tried to seduce my wife on that boat going to New York!"

"I'll sue you for that!" For the first time in his life, Willard decided to bring action against a man for traducing his good name.

Willard recalled his words to Levi a year ago, when he told him to cast on water and forget the quarrels aboardship. But, he thought, I cannot forgive my trespasser. No man can accuse me of trying to destroy his wife, and go free.

At ten o'clock the court met. Willard recorded the testimonies from both sides. Augustine's defense sounded so weak that Willard sickened for this once-strong man. He could not bear to see his old friend reduced to self-defense for hitting a man weaker than himself over the Word of God. And he saw the gospel standing like a pillar when the knives of the traitors around Joseph were dulled. He thought, Let Aug clean his gun; let Robert Foster shake his garments against the wind; the Word will prevail.

On May 10th, the rich men of the city declared their stand. Charles Foster set up a printing press in his own house, pending the time that he could establish an office on Mulholland Street for the newspaper of the Reformed Church. Charley left no room for anyone to doubt the intention of the men headed by Will Law as president. Law had already chosen his counselors and apostles from his friends in Nauvoo. He would soon control the city if his whispering campaign to see who would join his Church would succeed.

The "Prospectus" of the *Nauvoo Expositor* made it very definite

that Will Law and his group intended to cut away the scaffolding that now supported the "unit power" in Nauvoo, the charters that stood only as a cloak for a man who preached the holiness of the harem, for a man who would be king of a dominion whose dividing line between heaven and earth no one—unless it be his princes—could determine. The *Expositor's* editors expressed their disgust for a pretender who could not let the things of God be of God, while he permitted those of the earth to stand upon their own strength.

Joseph paid little attention to the "Prospectus." But Willard could not forget it. He suggested to Joseph as they sat in the office that the imponderable things of God would outlast all of Will Law's puny wealth and power. "They'll outlast the earthly structures that we ourselves are building, the hotel, the halls," he argued, "but still we have been attacked by a nasty stinking abscess."

In answer to his friend's silence, Willard wondered about Joseph. Was he setting aside the tiny sheet with the big words simply because he was so absorbed in sending out the missionaries to campaign for his nomination? "I don't think we can ignore the paper," he said, "rotten as it is."

Joseph frowned. "I can't be bothered by my enemies at home when I'm trying to conquer those abroad. You know as well as anyone, Willard—" the Prophet's voice turned patient—"how many million words of the kind I've faced in my lifetime. We'll outride this storm, the same as we have others like it."

True to Willard's worries, on June 7th, from the office on Mulholland Street, appeared the first number of the new journal. Though the *Expositor* was filled with hatred and venom, the opening columns commenced with a dull puerile story. "Look!" he scoffed, holding the sheet toward Joseph, "a primer's tidbit for a lad interested in marble pillars and cheap romance, a borrowed love tale. But look here!" he exclaimed, when his eye again ran down the page.

Beyond the capitalized words: "UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL OF . . . NAUVOO . . . CHARTER; UNIT POWER; unmitigated DISOBEDIENCE TO POLITICAL REVELATIONS; to censure and decry moral imperfections of the SELF-CONSTITUTED MONARCH," rang the real overtones of the publisher's deadly

intent to destroy Nauvoo in its present form, together with Joseph's followers.

"And here are some affidavits of William Law, his wife, Jane, and Robert Foster!" Joseph half shouted at Willard. "Will Law's telling the world that Hyrum read the revelation to him a year ago. He calls our practice polygamy, or the rule of the harem."

Willard knew that Hyrum had taken Emma Smith a copy of the revelation, and that she had burned it. He also knew that Joseph had safeguarded the document by owning a second copy before the first had left his hands. "Hyrum never did take a copy to Will Law," Willard declared with a scowl. "I could swear to that."

Joseph was so angry that he flexed his arm as if to fight. "He couldn't have taken it," he said, flushed.

Willard realized that Emma had refused to believe that any of the young women boarding at the Mansion when it was first used as a hotel had been married to Joseph. She had struck Eliza Snow at the head of the stairs, and Eliza, it was whispered, had lost her unborn child.

Other scandals had followed, but the revelation itself was still supposed to be a secret, except for the informed few.

"I don't believe Jane Law ever saw it," said Willard. "But she swears in this affidavit that she did, that she took oath before Robert Foster, justice of the peace, that she had read it."

"Look at this reprint from the Quincy Whig," said Joseph.

Willard read the praise for the move against Joseph Smith:

"... The spectacle presented in Smith's case of a civil, ecclesiastical and military leader, united in one and the same person, with power over life and liberty, can never find favor in the minds of thinking Republicans. The day has gone by when the precepts of Divine Truth could be propagated at the point of the sword — or the Bible made the medium of corrupt men to gratify their lustful appetites and sordid desires . . ."

While the president and his secretary were still red-faced over the calumny, John Taylor walked into the office. He and Willard were the only apostles left in Nauvoo, and Joseph was the only member of the First Presidency. "How do you like your first active opposition?" John held out the paper. "The first real word from the mouths of deserters and traitors? They're nothing less!"

Lame as he was, Orson Spencer had walked down the hill and

up the stairs. He opened the door just as Willard was saying, "This calls for action."

"We must kill it in the bud," said Orson. "This indeed calls for action. We should lose no time. The publishers mean every word they say. Would to God my brother were not on their side! He's been to Carthage, trying to get a warrant signed against you, Joseph."

"For God knows what!"

"For undemocratic abuse, false imprisonment, and an unwarranted fine against him."

"Francis Higbee has got his complaint signed," said Willard. "He's sworn against Joseph for slander, perjury, and polygamy, or adultery, to the amount of five thousand dollars."

John Taylor said, "Joseph, this is a matter for the City Council to deal with."

Joseph's face had gone white. His lips were bluish purple. "Bring the council together tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

Almost all of the Saturday session was given over to the consideration of what could be done to offset the violent declaration. The mayor, Joseph Smith, cautioned against hasty action. "For now," he said, "I have to see with a twelve-sided eye."

The group had received news of the reactivation of the writ signed by Governor Ford to satisfy Missouri's demand that the state be permitted to arrest Joseph Smith. The decision concerning the *Expositor* could not be made without considerable reflection as to how the Church could deal with the enemies of the county as well as with those within the city. Joseph dismissed the council to meet again on Monday morning.

Willard spent Sunday studying *Blackstone* on the abatement of nuisances. He was not alone in pondering the law. Others dropped in at the plantation office from time to time through the day. But finally, by candlelight, he wrote an ordinance to be presented at the meeting the next morning.

By quarter of ten on Monday he stood in the Seventies' Hall, where the city council was to convene, his document on the table before him. Joseph appeared and announced that as mayor he had best stay out of the chair. He studied Willard's ordinance. If the council approved it, George Harris, president *pro tem*, would sign it. And as clerk of the council, Willard would add his signature.

The group was called to order. The debate proved hot. Taking the minutes, Willard filled sheet after sheet of foolscap. His assistants also followed the speeches made that day, writing the words of the excited men in the hot and sultry room.

After the noon recess, Willard was once more asked to read the ordinance. He stood and with beating heart ran through the lines, a kind of relish coming into his voice as the words hung in the air:

“ . . . Whereas men to fulfill the Scriptures that a man’s enemies are they of his own household, have turned traitors in the Church . . . for the Heaven-daring and damnable purpose of revenge on account of disappointed lust, disappointed projects of speculation, fraud, and unlawful designs to rob and plunder mankind with impunity; and, whereas such wicked and corrupt men have greatly facilitated their unlawful designs, horrid intentions, and murderous plans by polluting, degrading and converting the blessings and utility of the press to the sin-smoking and blood-stained ruin of innocent communities — by publishing lies, false statements, coloring the truth, slandering men, women, children, societies, and countries — by polishing the characters of blacklegs, highwaymen, and murderers as virtuous . . . ”

Willard continued his attack on this “horrid bloody secret plan which,” he said, was upheld, sanctioned, and patronized largely by men in Nauvoo, and by others outside the city, who, “having combined their forces, were waiting only for the Mormons to commit their first unlawful act to take it as a signal for the word, *go*, and so begin the extermination of the Latter-day Saints.” Then this work which “is now fostered, cherished, and maturing in Nauvoo,” would be done, he had written. And he had accused the enemies of abusing the very charter for which some of them had worked. They had used it:

“ . . . As a scarecrow to frighten the surrounding country into rebellion, mobbing, and war; and whereas, while the blood of our brethren from wells, holes and naked prairies, goes unavenged . . . a body of degraded men . . . have got up a press in Nauvoo to destroy the charter of the city — to destroy Mormonism, men, women, and children as Missouri did — ”

The ordinance thus ran on. Willard and his advisers had multiplied the offenses committed by the conspirators until at last they had declared in the document that those guilty of publishing the

libelous paper had made themselves subject to possible fine or imprisonment, or both.

When at five o'clock that afternoon the decree was passed by the council, Willard signed the ordinance as "clerk," while George Harris signed as "president."

And now Willard listened to another debate. What should the council do to abate the nuisance?

A long list of men was sworn to tell the truth about the persecutions of the past as well as the present. Their affidavits were recorded for future evidence, when this matter should come before the court. The tension of the hall mounted. The discussion reached its highest pitch when one point in particular was stressed:

Should the council which had passed the ordinance banning libels as a nuisance declare the *Expositor* subject to abatement? Should the council which had passed the law order its execution? The incident of the smashing of the Mormon press in Missouri was recalled. A similar case in Ohio came to attention. These former acts of destruction had aroused no quest for prosecution. Nor had a like act of revenge done so in southern Illinois. Blackstone himself sanctioned the abatement of scurrilous prints.

Willard's mind refused to act against the gathering testimonies and suggestions for the abatement of the press of the *Expositor*, though he knew it was not the same thing as the print. His heart stood still while one witness sat down and he waited for the next to rise. He held his quill in midair, seeing his friends pondering and balancing the delicate scales, where the weight of an eyelash might turn the hand of the mob one way or another.

"Councilor Phineas Richards!" President-of-the-day Harris called. "We are ready for your testimony. Will you come to the front of the room?"

Phineas acknowledged the president. He then set his eye on Joseph, and Willard watched closely as his brother, his face as grey as the streaks in his once-burnished hair, said, "I remember the transaction at Haun's Mill. I recollect that my son George lay in the well referred to in connection with the blood spilled at that mill. He lay without a winding-sheet, shroud, or coffin. How can I sit still when I see the same spirit raging in this place? I think the publication of the *Expositor* as murderous at heart as David's before the

death of Uriah. I will stand to the last by the mayor, in whatever he proposes. The quicker this nuisance is stopped the better!"

"Let's reserve the applause!" President Harris pounded the desk with his fist. "Councilor Levi Richards!" he called.

Silver-haired Levi was a mask of dignity. "I feel very deeply on this subject. I fully concur with the views of General Smith. I consider private interest as nothing in comparison to the public good. Every time a line formed in Far West I was there. For what? To defend it against just such scoundrels and influence as the *Nauvoo Expositor* and its supporters calculate to bring against us again.

"Gentlemen, consider with me the immense moment of the action of this council today, not to this city alone but to the whole world. I say, let it be thrown out, and the responsibility of countenancing such a press be taken from our shoulders. Let it fall upon the State of Illinois if it is corrupt enough to sustain it." Breathing noticeably, he sat down to a burst of applause.

"Brethren!" cried President Harris, silencing the tumult. There were others here to be heard from, but finally he himself spoke from the chair, concluding like the clap of a hammer, "In my opinion this press should be demolished!"

Willard wrote the resolution of the council that declared the *Expositor* a nuisance. George Harris signed it, president, *pro tem*. As recorder, Willard added his signature to the written opinion.

A few moments later, the mayor faced the posse named to enact the decree. He said in a voice tense with determination, "You will destroy the press, pi the type, burn all copies of the *Expositor* and its 'Prospectus,' as well as all libelous handbills found in the establishment. If resistance is offered the house is to be demolished. If anyone threatens the posse, the mayor, or the city officers, he is to be arrested."

The mayor's head now snapped to a military salute. As if giving the order of his life, he addressed Acting General Jonathan Dunham: "You are hereby commanded to hold the Nauvoo Legion in readiness to execute the city ordinances, and especially to remove the printing establishment of the *Nauvoo Expositor*; and this is what you are required to do at sight, under the penalty of the law, provided the marshal shall require it and need your services."

A copy of the order was made, signed, and placed in the marshal's hand.

Soon after this command, Willard saw Levi, as one of the posse accompanied by a guard from the Legion, start for Mulholland Street. And now, forming an additional guard, the most trusted among the special policemen fell into step.

It was eight o'clock that evening when the flames rising outside the *Expositor* office seared the sky. The dry cough of splintering wood had been heard after the clang of a sledge upon the wheel of the press. The metallic ring of iron had almost obliterated the sound of scattering debris. And now the flames rose to meet the thunder and lightning playing in the heavens. And still no man on this job raised his voice above the tone of quiet command.

Watching the destruction, diminutive Chauncey Higbee shouted in glee, "By God, the trap is sprung! You're all on your way to hell now!"

The posse offered no reply.

"This day seals the fate of every Mormon," Francis Higbee cried. "All I live for now is to see the city sunk to the lowest hell, and by God, it shall be!"

The posse continued its work.

Francis said, "Goddam Joe Smith. I'll shoot him before ten suns go over our heads."

Jonathan Dunham, Commander of the Nauvoo Legion, eyed him.

Chauncey took his brother's arm and led him off in the direction of their grog shop. He beckoned to their friends and fellow publishers as they passed the outer soldiers of the Legion.

Augustine Spencer gloated over Levi Richards, his voice thick with triumph, "This is treason, treason! By God, we've got you, too!"

Levi gave the embers from the smoldering wood and the grey ash of the burned prints a contemptuous kick. He said to Marshal Greene, his cousin-in-law, "As God is my witness, we have done our duty." With a blackened handkerchief he wiped a smudge from his brow.

"Let us report," said the marshal.

Twenty minute later an awed but excited populace, having followed the soldiers down the hill, watched John Greene return to Joseph the now completed order.

Standing on the steps of the Mansion with Willard at his side, Joseph read the report by the light of the candles at his back:

"The *Nauvoo Expositor* press and type are destroyed and piled according to order, on this 10th day of June, 1844 . . ."

"In the name of the Lord, I bless you for what you have done," said Joseph, loud enough for all the congregated citizens to hear.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The crowd's triumphant salute seemed oddly to move away from Willard. He was possessed by an inner excitement, seeing a saint's part played in a story of wrath.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

It was raining hard when, on Sunday, June 16th, Willard joined the crowd at Joseph's feet, worshiping, whispering, acclaiming the man who stood on the platform baring his heart to all who would listen, baring his breast to any man in that crowd who cared to shoot.

And there were guns pointed in his direction. Men carrying weapons at Carthage were drilling. The mob organizing at Warsaw, rich with arms from Quincy, were ready to fight. From Green Plains, Colonel Levi Williams had gone down to Morley Settlement, demanding the state arms from the Mormons on Bear Creek.

Panic had struck among the leaders at Nauvoo when, in their moment of postponed consideration, the mayor, the clerk, and the posse recognized the point on which the warrants for their arrest could be served. Blackstone did not provide that the same council which could pass a law on libels and nuisances could also carry it out.

And the writs had been served; but once more Joseph and Willard had been prepared. As Willard gave the man on the platform his faith, he shivered under the memory of Constable Bettisworth's clutch, putting him under arrest while he stood with Joseph outside the brick store. From his pocket, at Joseph's request, Willard had drawn an emergency petition of habeas corpus for each of them. The same right had been claimed for every member of the posse involved in the incident with the Foster press.

"Damn your insolence, I'll take you to Carthage yet!" Bettisworth had cried. And riding away, had declared that like some other officers who had tried to attach Joseph Smith with warrants, he had been tricked. "But I'll make my report, by God."

He went home to the marching, drilling, practicing contingent of the state militia — the Carthage Greys.

The smile exchanged between Willard and Joseph when the constable retreated had cooled under the feeling that their council

had erred. The clerk and the mayor had almost heard the guns hemming them in from across the prairies and the hating towns.

In the twenty-four-hour day that had followed, the Mormons had gathered some hastily made affidavits for the governor. Men had supported Joseph's good character in relation to his family, punily trying to offset the charges of adultery, spiritual wifery, lust and fornication attributed to him in the first number of the *Expositor*.

In his affidavit to the governor, Sidney Rigdon calmly put the case before Mr. Ford, asking had Nauvoo ever interfered with the internal affairs of any other city in state or county. Framing his question in different ways to prove that Nauvoo had never been guilty of breaking into the business, either private or public, of another town, Sidney suggested that the Mormons be left by the gathering mobs to face the course of the law, in a regular and peaceful manner.

Joseph had offered to pay damages on the ruined press. Nothing had come of it; yet he stood here in the rain today, in Willard's opinion, at the peak of his gallant life, ready to defend the authority granted him through the voice and instruction of God. The Prophet stood before his people, stating once more his conviction of the benevolent theocracy for which the *Expositor* had declared him a fallen prophet. His former counselor, William Law, had made this point — the unit power — one of the three chief reasons for breaking away from the Church and for issuing the paper. Joseph's theology, the editor declared, was right, but Smith was a fallen man, a preacher of heresy. All this in one and the same breath, Willard thought, praising God that the nuisance had been abated.

Standing in the rain, listening to Joseph preach, Willard turned to his companion, John Benbow from England. John had supplied the exorbitant bail demanded at Carthage when Willard and Joseph had ridden to the county seat a few days ago to deliver themselves up to the law on the charge signed against them by Francis Higbee.

When the Prophet and his most intimate disciple had faced the law, the court had been in adjournment. The two prisoners had been freed on bail, but bail set so high that no one present expected it to be met. Quietly, unostentatiously, John Benbow had stepped forward, writing his name for the sum.

Today he and Willard stood shoulder to shoulder, their macintoshes pressed together, dripping where their arms linked, their

faces bathed by the rain. With heart and mind they supported the glory of Joseph's text, the glory that would live forever, no matter where or when the enemy bullets might fall. Willard's heart was a candle burning with the oil of his faith in the prayers of this man who stood unafraid of words, fire, or water.

Preaching on the plurality of Gods, Joseph quoted from Revelation, 1:6, ". . . And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His father: to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

"But," said Joseph, "you know there are some corrupt and malicious men here who declare, as if they had discovered a very great secret, that because I say there are many Gods — this proves that he has fallen."

The pages of the *Expositor* carrying this charge stood before Willard's eyes when Joseph said, "I have contemplated the sayings of Jesus. And if it does rain, I'll preach this doctrine, for the truth shall be preached. I will preach the plurality of Gods." Like a god himself, with a voice of muted thunder in a concupiscent moment, Joseph said, "I wish to declare: in all congregations where I have preached on the subject of the Diety, it has been on the plurality of Gods. It has now been preached by the elders for fifteen years."

Point by point, Joseph supported his belief. "Paul," he demanded as if debating with the saint, "Paul, if Joseph Smith is a blasphemer, you are. Like Paul," the Prophet said to his people, "I say there are Gods many and Lords many, but to us only one, and we are to be in subjection to that one, and no man can limit the bounds or the existence of eternal time. That man makes himself a fool who thinks or says there is but one God. . . ."

Joseph continued for nearly an hour. No listener left, nor had seemed to tire, but now Willard heard Thomas Bullock, the clerk of the meeting, interrupt Joseph, saying that on account of the rain it was impossible for him to report another word.

The stormy days and nights of June had deepened the black mud of the prairies and woods until Joseph's runners had to creep through the sloughs to bring him the news from Carthage and Warsaw. Willard stayed in the Mansion with Joseph the Sunday night after the sermon. The upstairs room devoted to Joseph's personal use was cold. The oilheater had sputtered and gone out. Still the two men and a few close friends sat writing messages and dis-

cussing their situation. Outside the building, bodyguards were watching. In the barroom, on the first floor of the Mansion, other friends were waiting, listening. This building was now a hotel, and men had gathered, too, in the upstairs hall. Hyrum and John Taylor had joined Joseph and Willard. William Marks and Stephen Markham had come and had been told to wait. Then at last a messenger from Carthage was received, so caked with mud that he apologized for every step he took in Joseph's room.

"No, no," said Joseph, frowning as if to put a stop to such matters. "What news do you bring?"

"Every Mormon officer in the county, working at Carthage, is being driven from the city. The only way to prevent bloodshed, our men say, is to get the governor down here."

"I've already invited him to come," said Joseph.

The next day, one week after the abatement, Joseph sent another messenger to the state capital, with a letter urging Governor Ford to investigate the Nauvoo incident in person, to come at once.

That night other messengers reported the vows heard in Carthage, Warsaw, and Green Plains: "The Mormons have cooked their own goose!" "No wolf hunt need be held!" "They've asked for extermination, and by God, extermination it shall be until the last cursed, pitiable member of this rotten blasphemous Church is gone from state and country for good."

Though it was midnight, Joseph sent a message to Marshal Greene and one to General Dunham, ordering them to prepare for war, to use all the forces of the police and the Legion to withstand a siege.

The next morning from the platform at the foot of the Liberty Pole, across the street from the Mansion, Willard heard Joseph, as Lieutenant General Smith, declare martial law. He heard him command the troops to muster on this square at two p.m. And that afternoon Willard watched the commander in chief, dressed in full uniform, review his troops. At the close of his talk he unsheathed his sword in an imperial salute.

When Joseph came down the steps his black charger, Joe Duncan, stood ready. He rode at the head of his company. The Legion, a striking line of blue, marched up Main Street.

Willard did not take his place as chaplain. He had work to do at his desk. That night, however, he was with Joseph when a messenger brought the governor's rejection of the Mormon offer to help quell the insurrection in Hancock County.

And so, preparing to defend the city, the Legion assembled the next day, though now the food supplies from the surrounding country were cut off. Additional affidavits were gathered and dispatched to Springfield.

On June 20th, Joseph recalled the ten absent apostles, all of whom had been electioneering in different parts of the country. And as if there were time for the leaders to compose their various movements, Willard addressed Arlington Bennett. Seeming at first to believe the local storm would soon blow over, he wrote to his friend:

“Mayor’s Office, Nauvoo, June 20th, 1844.

“Dear General: . . . A multiplicity of business . . . has prevented a reply [to Arlington’s letter of April 14] until now. Your views about the nomination of General Smith for the Presidency are correct. We will gain popularity and external influence. But this is not all: we mean to elect him, and nothing shall be wanting on our part to accomplish it; and why? Because we are satisfied, fully satisfied, that this is the best or only method of saving our free institutions from a total overthrow.”

But now, despite his self-control, the frenzy of the situation began to appear in Willard’s letter.

“You will discover, by this day’s extra *Nauvoo Neighbor*, and previous papers which I shall forward with this, that we are already being surrounded by an armed mob; and if we can believe a hundredth part of their statements we have no alternative but to fight or die. All the horrors of Missouri’s murders are crowding thick upon us, and the citizens of this county declare in mass-meetings, ‘No peace till the Mormons are utterly exterminated from the earth.’ And for what?

“A band of thieves, counterfeiters, bogus-makers, gamblers, debauchers, murderers, and all that is vile, established a printing-press in this city for the purpose of carrying on all their hellish plans and overthrowing every principle of righteousness; and after publishing one number, . . . filled on every column with lies and libel the most dark and damnable it were possible for men or demons on the earth or in the shades of Gehenna — calculated to destroy every chartered right to our peaceful city, and constitutional principles of our nation, being destitute of every

vestige of truth, and without one redeeming quality, either in the paper or the charters of its publishers—”

Willard’s pen drew exaggerated lines until it came to the abatement when, according to his message, the work was accomplished in perfect order. And then to Arlington Bennett, Willard described the men, cannon, and ammunition passing over the river at Quincy; and the stations being held by the mob that were collecting at different points in the county, swearing vengeance.

“. . . And when their writs and oaths will end, God knows,” he wrote, explaining the futility of Mormon reliance upon government. And now the frenzied plea:

“If the virtuous part of the community, the state, the nation, will come to the rescue of innocence and the rights our fathers bled to purchase, that our peace and happiness may be secured to us in common with others, it is all we ask; but if they will not, and the mob goes on, we say a dishonorable life is worse than an honorable death; and we are ready for the onset; and we call upon all patriots, far and near, to lend a helping hand to put down the mob and restore peace.

“If this is not done immediately, and the mob attempts to execute their threats, you may soon have the opportunity of beholding that glorious ‘vision in the west’ you have sublimely contemplated in your letter.

“I write you at this time at the request of the Prophet, and I invite you to come to our assistance with as many volunteers as you can bring. And if the mob cannot be dispersed, and the Government will not espouse our righteous cause, you may soon, very soon, behold the second birth of our nation’s freedom; for live without the free exercise of thought, and the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of our consciences, we will not! We will die rather, and go where the wicked cease to trouble. But we firmly believe there are virtuous men and patriots enough yet left to sustain those principles which alone are worth living for. Will you come?

“Here is Oregon. Here is California. Where is your ambition? Patriotism? Your ‘separate and independent empire,’ if you sit calmly still and see the most virtuous and noble people that ever trod upon the footstool of Jehovah ground to powder by a miscreant mob and not stretch forth your potent arm for their defense in all the majesty of a God? If you do not, your turn may come next; and where will it cease?

“Let the first blow be struck upon us from this hour, and this field

is open for every honest patriot from the east to the west sea, and from the river Mississippi to the ends of the earth.

"General, will you stand neutral? Come, and you will know for yourself.

"I close in haste, with good wishes to yourself and family.

General J. A. Bennett,
Arlington House, N.Y."

W. Richards

The next afternoon two messengers from Carthage found Joseph and Willard at the Mansion. "Your honor," said a sentinel at the door, "there are messengers here from Governor Ford."

"Let them come in." Quickly, Joseph scanned the letter announcing Mr. Ford's arrival in Carthage in an effort to settle the Hancock County difficulties "short of war." A delegation from Nauvoo, guaranteed a safe interview and passage home, was requested at the county seat.

"Will you serve as one of three representatives, Willard?" Joseph still held the letter.

"Yes," said Willard, knowing that the conspirators were in Carthage swearing out all the affidavits they could accumulate. "I'll go, but I'd rather not leave you."

"Very well, then." Joseph named three others, keeping Willard at his side and appointing John Taylor as chairman of the delegation. A few minutes later, with Willard and Hyrum as his only companions, Joseph said to his brother, "I want you to take your family down the river on the boat that leaves our pier tonight. Get off at Cincinnati, where you will wait for further orders. This I give you as a command."

"I will not leave you, Joseph," said Hyrum. "Save your commands."

In despair, Joseph turned to Willard. "He stands in my way. I want him to live to avenge my blood."

"Don't," said Hyrum, "for I will stay with you. Together, we'll see this thing out."

"I prophesy that no shot from gun or cannon will be fired in this city." Joseph's expression was calm.

"Do you think peace can be restored? Do you think the governor will see our side?" Willard was staring at Joseph.

"No, and yet peace will come."

“When? Where?”

“I don’t know,” Joseph repeated. But the next moment his eye went from Willard to the window. “Out West, perhaps, in the tops of the mountains an ensign may be raised to the Lord.”

“Joseph, who will raise that flag of liberty?”

“Who can say? But there the Saints can hide themselves up against the enemy until their work rises so high, until it goes so deep, that men can laugh at those who come with guns and cannon, and with false charges. In time there will be peace.”

The hours passed. Joseph’s delegation did not return from Carthage. He, Willard, and Hyrum watched and waited through the night. Early the next morning one of the three men sent on the errand came in, his pants legs heavy with mud, his jacket stiff. He saluted. “We couldn’t get our buggy through last night. Ben Johnson pushed the carriage while I pulled, but we were stuck fast. And so we walked through the slime up to our knees. We kept falling down but finally sucked through to a lonely path. Ben went one way, I another, to come on foot. Brother Taylor is still in Carthage.”

“I can see what you’ve been through,” said Joseph. “Give me your news, man. Did you see the governor?”

“I did. But if we had stayed with the buggy, you’d have no news. A posse was out for us. We escaped because we were afoot. I gave the governor your letter. As he read it, he kept looking at me, saying, ‘That’s an infernal lie. A goddamned lie! Here’s another blasted falsehood!’

“That,” said the messenger, “was because you reminded him of your past hopelessness in facing the law, because you gave that as one reason for now taking matters into your own hands!”

“I can see nothing to do but go to Washington and lay my case before the President of the United States.” Joseph’s voice was heavy with despair. As he finished his surmise, a member of the guard announced two visitors.

“Will you see the son of Senator Calhoun?” Hyrum asked.

“Calhoun’s son? Is he here?” Joseph rose.

“He is, your honor.” Hyrum bowed.

“Bring him and his companion in.”

The visitors accepted a glass of wine. An hour later they bade Joseph goodbye. Willard had studied the face of the son whose

father had helped push Massachusetts to the decision to secede from the Union. But the strangers had gone and the Mormons were again in council.

Joseph said, "These young men have convinced me that I can expect no hope from the president of our country." Joseph sank back in his chair and asked for some refreshment. At that moment, John Taylor returned from Carthage, exhausted from his work with the delegation. With no word of apology for his mud-streaked clothes, he handed Joseph the governor's latest message.

Joseph looked up and said with grey eyes and grey face, "Gentlemen, there's no mercy here! There is no mercy here!"

Willard waited without speaking. No one interrupted this small, swift sphere of time. Joseph said, his face suddenly electrified, "I myself will lead the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. Hyrum and I are the only ones the mob wants. Hyrum has refused to go away; he says he'll stay with me, and so I'll take him along. We'll both go to the mountains."

"Joseph . . ." Willard was thoughtfully weighing these words.

Joseph raised his hand. "You must stay here, and all you others. Remain to protect the city, to assure the people that peace will come when we are out of the way. Tell them all will be well."

"But if you go West, I will go with you," Willard exclaimed as if ready at that moment to start.

"I could command you to stay."

"Do not command me, for I will go with you."

Every man in the room was on his feet. Joseph said to John Taylor, who had had no sleep the previous night, "I want you to go home and get a good night's rest. You've no other choice, you are exhausted. God bless you. We will meet again." He pressed his friend's shoulder. "Good night."

"Good night. God bless you, Joseph."

Willard crossed the street to Sarah's room, asking for a few things to take with him to the mountains. He told her to go to Jennetta, who had been ill, and break the news gently. "I'll send for every one of you as soon as I can. You mustn't worry." Hurriedly, he kissed Sally.

Frightened nearly into panic, she said, crying as she spoke,

"How can you leave us, Doctor Richards? God canno' want thi' t' go!"

"You will go to Jennetta tomorrow?"

Sally cried again, "How can you go?"

"I've got to go." Willard's loyalty to his faith kept his voice from fading entirely away. He heard a rap at the door. Joseph and Hyrum entered. The Prophet took Willard's arm.

"We'll cross the river tonight," he said. "Tomorrow we'll start West. I've told Dan Jones to take Emma down the river and up the Ohio. She can stay at Portsmouth. I've told her that she and the boys must tarry there until they hear from me."

It was midnight when the three men groped their way to Porter Rockwell's lodging. To Willard it seemed that nothing could take this boy by surprise. "Port," said Joseph, giving him the plan, "we want you to row us across the river."

Five minutes later there were four silent figures feeling their way north along the bank, trying to find Aaron Johnson's boat. Their lantern was smudged; it took them until two o'clock to get their hands on the oars. Port shoved away, but as the water lapped and gurgled against the leaky skiff, Willard took off his shoe and started to bail with it. Joseph and Hyrum whipped off their shoes, working against the water in the craft. Somehow the fugitives managed to keep her afloat. At five a.m. they walked up the Iowa bank to John Killien's house but found no one home. The sun, coming up over the distant prairie, set the river afire. The temple was silhouetted against the sky.

Willard said, "Anyone watching with a glass could see us in a minute, but let's go on."

Joseph glanced over his shoulder at the beloved mass on the distant hill. "I wanted to see it finished." He stifled a sob.

"Maybe we can find Bill Jordan," said Willard. "All the Saints on this side of the river can't be away."

Astounded, William Jordan received his visitors.

At nine o'clock two friends from Nauvoo surprised the Prophet at this house, Dr. Bernhisel, a boarder at the Mansion, and Reynolds Cahoon.

"You have news?" Joseph asked.

"From the governor," said the doctor. "Constable Bettisworth arrived from Carthage this morning to arrest you again. He and his men have gone back, but they say they'll search you out if it takes three years to do it."

"They'll have you yet," said Reynolds Cahoon. "They've sworn that the governor will send every man in the county to search for you until you're taken."

Willard looked at the envoys, his lips contemptuous. He gave Jordan another order. "Put the flour in this bag. Make that pack proof against the rain." He looked as if he were seeing the mud of the Iowa prairies.

The messengers returned to Nauvoo, and soon Joseph, Hyrum, and Willard were ready to start. They had been looking for Port with their horses. Joseph had sent him back to Nauvoo to ferry a mount for each of them over the river, and some pack animals.

Port did not arrive until one p.m. "Where are the horses?" Willard demanded from the midst of the boxes of provisions, blankets, and saddle bags covering the kitchen floor.

"I've brought you this instead." Port handed Joseph a letter from Emma.

A moment later the Prophet looked up, his face dead. "Emma says I'm accused of cowardice. Her cousin Reynolds Cahoon and Hiram Kimball are now saying that all Nauvoo will be destroyed, and 'like the fable,'—she quotes—'when the wolves came the shepherd ran from his flock.'"

Joseph's eyes filled. "If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself." He paused. No one spoke. "Hyrum," said Joseph, as if indeed Hyrum were the elder brother, "you are the oldest and should know best. As you make your bed, I will lie with you."

Hyrum took Joseph's arm. "Let's go back. Let's give ourselves up. We can see this thing out."

"We'll be butchered!"

"No, no. Let's go back and put our trust in God. I think the Lord's hand is in this whole thing. If we have to die, we'll be reconciled."

Joseph turned, his voice military. "Porter, see that the boat is ready at five-thirty this afternoon."

While still in Iowa, Willard wrote to the governor, announcing that Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith were willing to go before His Excellency at Carthage.

In Nauvoo that night, Joseph received word that he and Hyrum were to appear before Governor Ford at ten-thirty the following morning.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

As it had been midnight when Joseph, Hyrum, and Willard left the Mansion for the river two nights ago, it was midnight when without their promised guard they and their friends arrived at Hamilton's tavern in Carthage the night of June 24th.

They had started their journey that morning in a whirl of sunlight; but four miles west of Carthage, on the alert for lurking enemies, they had met a captain from Augusta, a town located in the diagonal corner of the county.

"General Smith?" the officer saluted.

Joseph returned the gesture.

"A message from Governor Ford!"

Changing color as he read, Joseph looked at Willard, Hyrum, and John Taylor. He shuddered. "It's come! The order for the state arms in our possession!" In front of the thirty or more men in his party he said to Captain Dunn, "I can't trust my officers to give them up without me. I'll have to go back."

"His Excellency is expecting you in Carthage this morning."

"You say nothing of the governor's failure to us!" Willard broke in, equally abrupt. "Where is our promised escort?"

"A courtesy we grant no common citizen," the captain canted. "Perhaps General Smith is right about the arms, though. You may return!"

While Willard wrote a message to the governor explaining the delayed arrival, Joseph said to Hyrum, "If I deliver the state arms, my blood will cry from the ground for vengeance, and it shall be said of me, 'He was murdered in cold blood.'"

"Joseph, let's face whatever comes," Hyrum remonstrated. "I think the Lord is in it."

"Well, even if we deliver up the government stands, we'll not be altogether left without weapons." Joseph stiffened. "We've got

thousands of our own." He turned to his horse, the rippling hide purple-black in the sunlight.

Presently he learned that Captain Dunn's Dragoons from Augusta had been called to stand as neutrals in case of war between the Legion and its enemies.

It was five minutes before twelve, midnight, when, on their return to Carthage, the party arrived at Hamilton's Hotel. They approached the tavern through the glimmer of torches on the public square. The thick sound of their horses' hoofs brought a scream from the encampment outlined by the flares. "Goddamn, if it ain't old Joe!"

"We've got you, by hell, we have!" A sentry made a lunge at the bridle of Joseph's black horse.

"Stand back!" ordered the captain.

"We want to look at Holy Joe, God's own prophet!"

"He's seen the last of Nauvoo and of God!" An oath described the threat as another soldier lunged. A guard held him back.

"We're going to kill every Mormon on the river!" came a shout from the massing throng. "They haven't got a gun left!"

"They've got thousands of them! We didn't get 'em all, but we'll get those sons-o'-bitches who'd turn 'em on us!" blared a man in a Warsaw uniform.

In the pale light a platoon of Carthage Greys commenced throwing their guns over their heads, bayonets piercing the ground as they fell, the ends of the breeches pointing to the stars. All motion stopped, however, when from an upstairs window in the tavern Governor Ford thrust his head through the opening and in his weak voice, rasped, "I know you want to see Mr. Smith, men! But it's far too late for that tonight. I promise you, he'll pass before the troops tomorrow morning! Return now to your quarters!"

"Hurrah for Governor Ford!"

"Hurrah for the governor!" the cries went with the troops across the square.

The words embedded themselves in Willard's heart. He would record every one of them. As the shouts again smashed over the common he wanted to reach out and shield the Prophet from the storm.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Willard prepared to walk with Joseph, Hyrum, and their friends from the hotel to the courthouse. As Willard left the crowded room at the inn, he gave Levi a brother's blessing. For as a member of the Mormon posse, Levi was also in Carthage to stand before the justice of the peace.

A few moments later, when Joseph was being interviewed by a United States officer, Constable Bettisworth pushed the surrounding group aside. He clapped his hand on Joseph's shoulder, his insolence like a promise come true. "God damn you, Joe Smith, I've got you this time! Read this!"

Joseph looked into the green eyes. He glanced at the writ, searching beyond his attorneys for Willard. "Augustine Spencer!" Joseph exclaimed.

"Augustine?" Willard's reply was like the soft thud of a ball on flesh. "He signed the warrant?"

"For treason. Because I called out the Legion to defend the city — because I declared martial law."

Hyrum Smith was arrested on a similar writ. The prisoners were retained in the courthouse while the governor went outside to quiet the troops. Their discipline had deteriorated like a pile of blocks kicked in the middle. Mr. Ford ordered the men to form a hollow square on the green. Again he promised to introduce the prisoners. Mustering the loudest tone possible to his weak voice, he cried from the table in front of the courthouse, onto which he had climbed, "Our prisoners are charged with some grave offenses, and I don't know but what they are guilty of all of them, but I tell you, men, they are in the hands of the law. And this I want you to know, the law will take its course!"

For nearly a half hour the governor harangued the soldiers, until again they started to break their ranks. And so at last, Mr. Ford jumped down from the wobbling table. He went inside to fetch his treasures.

He came out with Joseph on one arm, and with Hyrum on the other. Brigadier General Miner Deming, Commander in Chief of the State Militia, John Taylor, and Willard followed the prisoners across the green to the general's headquarters, where they were lost to sight within the tent.

Outside, the Carthage Greys broke rank. "Order! Attention!" growled their captain, Robert Smith.

Deaf to the command, the soldiers massed themselves around the headquarters tent, throwing their hats into the air.

The governor appeared. "If you don't cease your bedlam I'll put you all under arrest! In a few moments I'll present the prisoners!"

One of the hats now tossed almost hit the governor in the face; the man went free. Another group of Greys let out a succession of catcalls.

"Back to your stations on pain of death!" cried the governor, his face red.

To Willard the words sounded futile as through the tent flap he watched the Greys resume their position. A few moments later he, John Taylor, and Will Phelps marched in step with Joseph and Hyrum, who were just ahead on either side of General Deming. Off to the left, leading the way, the governor introduced his Mormon generals to the various companies. Captain Dunn of the Augusta Dragoons returned the salute. When at last the prisoners faced the Carthage Greys, the flames of hatred became almost visible. "We'll introduce ourselves to the goddamned generals in a different way!" a soldier muttered.

Joseph's expression did not change. Hyrum looked straight ahead.

By ten-thirty the march was over. The Mormons were led back to the hotel and upstairs to one of two rooms reserved for them.

Willard could hear the traitors from Nauvoo gloating down the hall over the death march. "Is our prophet fallen?" one of them sneered.

That's Will Law! Willard thought, his hands cold. But all at once, in the midst of the scoffing, Augustine's glacial laugh chilled Willard's spine. He could see the sly, turned-down lips.

With an oath, Joe Jackson predicted that Holy Joe would rue the day he had whipped him.

Augustine said, "I'll give him the horsehiding he wanted to give me for mixing with my brother Orson."

Willard went to the window, nauseated. Looking at the street below, he saw a surge of gloating men seething against each other. Raised above the crowd, a skinny finger was pointing his way. Tom Sharp's!

"And so the stout doctor has come to Carthage! We missed you in Warsaw!" the editor cried.

Schoolmaster, editor, warrior! Willard thought. You've dogged Joseph for three years! The words beat across his mind when he turned to answer a new voice in the room.

The governor's page cried to the Mormons, "Silence! The United States Deputy Marshal for Illinois wishes to see General Smith."

Under guard, Joseph left the room.

Willard took advantage of the moment to write a note to Jenetta, telling her some soldiers from another county would be sent to Nauvoo to keep the peace, and that in Carthage the prisoners were under state protection.

When Joseph's interview with the deputy marshal was over, he came back and dictated a note to Emma, assuring her that he had right on his side and that the governor had promised him the benefit of the law. He told her he was in no real danger, but he also dictated a note for Porter Rockwell, commanding him to stay in Nauvoo and under no circumstance to be taken prisoner.

"Is that all?" Willard looked up from the paper.

"Yes." And now to the Mormons who had offered to carry the note, Joseph said, "Don't let the pickets catch your wind. Follow the bypaths."

The men were hardly off before some helpers, disguised and acting as spies, brought word to Joseph from the campground. "The Laws and their friends are going through the lines boasting that though the law is too short to reach you, powder and ball will settle your account."

Late that afternoon, following the hearing of the posse before the United States marshal, Willard met Levi in the hotel. Levi had come to tell his brother goodbye. Putting his hand on Willard's arm, he said, "I'm under arrest; I've done more to break the law than you, but I go home while you stay."

Willard questioned him with his eyes.

Levi said, "Our case is postponed. Who do you think signed for our bail?"

"Not . . . ?" Willard asked. Before he could finish, Levi nodded.

"Yes!" he said, "John Benbow! He has now saved *our* lives; he's pledged \$7500."

"John Benbow?" said Willard. "Now I know the Lord's hand is in this whole design."

"What shall I tell Jennetta?" Levi asked.

"That the law will take care of us and she must not worry. Go first to her, but don't forget Sally," said Willard.

That evening, revolted by the half-cold mutton stew with its white fat congealing on the dish, Willard sent his plate back to the hotel kitchen, untouched. But once supper was over for the Mormons, David Bettisworth stalked into the dining room and shouldered Joseph. "Come with me, you and your goddamned brother! The rest of you can go to hell!" He swept back the crowd with his eye, but spotting Willard, he grinned as if he were tossing hot lead. "Where is your petition now?" he jeered.

"Where are you taking me?" Joseph demanded, seeing a mittimus waved in front of his face.

"You're to come with me, you and your damn brother!" Bettisworth crowed.

"In the name of the Almighty God, where? I've been committed to no jail!" Joseph said, as he tried to read the order. He looked as if he could feel Missouri's irons on his wrists and feet. "Who wrote this commitment?" he murmured, his hands trembling as he held the order.

Suddenly his face turned scarlet. "This is a damnable lie!" He handed the quivering sheet to Willard. "I won't go with you!"

Joseph faced Bettisworth, his lips a blue line. He turned to John Taylor and said, "Send for my attorneys. This order says I've been before the justice of the peace. It's signed, Robert Smith! Is he a justice? I know him only as the captain of the Greys!" Joseph burst into a strange laugh.

Willard took his arm. In a moment Joseph was himself. He pulled in his hips, straightened his shoulders, and looked at Hyrum, who now held the mittimus. Joseph said, as if the constable were nothing more than a fly on an outhouse seat, "Either Mr. Wood or Mr. Reid will report this to the governor. I've never been before Captain Smith, before *Justice* Smith! I demand an interview with the governor."

"You cannot take us without his consent," said Hyrum. He looked at Dan Jones, asking him to fetch the attorneys for the Mormons.

Reading the mittimus, Willard said to the crowd collecting in the dining room, "This is as false as hell!"

"Let's hear it. What does he have to say, this Justice Smith?" said John Taylor.

Willard read:

"From the people of Illinois to the jailer of Hancock County prison, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, having been arrested upon the oath of Augustine Spencer and H. O. Norton, for the crime of treason, have been brought before me as a justice for the peace . . . for the trial at the seat of justice thereof . . ."

"Let's go upstairs," Willard spoke to the constable with contempt. "Joseph and Hyrum have never seen Robert Smith when he was acting as a justice of the peace."

The way was cleared by the waving of Bettisworth's club. The prisoners were lost to the sight of the gathering herd as the door to the upstairs room closed.

Presently the lawyers who had been summoned entered the room.

Mr. Bettisworth, who was standing near Joseph, spoke up, saying, "The governor's at dinner. You can't see him now."

"But he'll see us," said Mr. Wood. "Keep your hands off my clients until I return from the interview!"

After what seemed like a long wait, the attorney came back to the hotel room. Joseph's expression fell at sight of Mr. Wood. The lawyer's voice was as grim as the sound of clanking iron. "The governor's answer is that he has no right, no power to interfere! I can't move him. I said 'Your honor, you've been an associate justice of the supreme court of this state. You wouldn't let a man go to jail without a hearing? Not on the strength of a lie?' Mr. Ford took a shot at the spittoon."

"That makes you my men!" cried the constable. "You dogs! Where are your writs of habeas corpus now? Come with me!"

"I've demanded a guard," said Mr. Wood, "and from men who don't belong to the Carthage Greys, or the Warsaw Independents, either."

In the gloom of the evening, just outside the entrance of the hotel, a ruffian made a lunge for Joseph. Commanding a company of his own men, Captain Dunn stepped forward. The rowdy fell back. The march formed. Of the twenty Mormons who had come to Carthage with Joseph, several moved into line to follow him and Hyrum the three blocks to the prison. Willard, walking immediately behind the Prophet, heard a wild jeer from Tom Sharp. Again the rabble closed in, breaking in between the soldiers who marched on the outside edge of the Mormon contingent. A dirty-faced devil lifted his fist toward Joseph. Stephen Markham repulsed the bully with his hickory cane. "Take that! And that!"

"Thanks, Steve!" Joseph half sobbed.

"What's a rascal-beater for?" Markham replied, his demand a snarl of anger.

But now Dan Jones was using his stick to beat the ugly mobsters away from Hyrum. He cut across a hideous face. Out came a yell.

"Order!" shouted Captain Dunn. "Close in!" he commanded the guard.

And Joseph muttered, "We'll observe the mittimus; let them see to the law!"

Still the crowd yelled and milled around. Tom Sharp linked arms with Aug Spencer. They pulled Joe Jackson into step. "If you don't watch out, we'll take your men away from you!" Sharp mocked.

The prison, built of red sandstone blocks, was two stories high, besides the attic. It was substantial but rough and grim-looking. The prisoners were led to the jailer's bedroom on the second floor, where a bed stood in a corner. One window faced east; two faced south. A mattress, rolled up in another corner, a dresser, a wardrobe, a small table and three chairs were the only other pieces of furniture. Up the hall from this room, at the head of the stairs, stood the criminals' cell, with the door open.

Willard had looked into the cell as he passed. "Pugh!" he said as the odor of stale rat dirt came from the dungeon, which was divided from the cell by means of an iron grill. He had caught sight of a torn and filthy straw mattress that had been kicked against the grill. The gate to the dungeon was also open.

"Thank God, they didn't put us in there," said Joseph when

Mr. Stigall, the jailer, took the men to his own chamber in the southeast corner of the second floor.

"Well," said Willard, thinking of the mattress, "the evening of the day I turned thirty-four years old, when I was in New York City on my way to England, I and my companions made our beds on some straw in the back of Mr. Fordham's big store. Yesterday I turned forty. I'm glad I didn't have to sleep in that cell last night." He nodded toward the hall. "Joseph, what a marvelous six years I've had in the Church! I wouldn't give up a breath that I've drawn in your company."

Joseph gave him a kindly smile, but he was in no mood for dramatics. He asked dryly, "Where's your notebook, Willard?"

And soon his worried friend was at the small table in the jailer's bedroom, noting every moment of the night and day in Carthage.

Willard ignored the wistful conversation of the nine men in the party. His quill was slipping rapidly over the paper when Joseph asked him if he would take down some messages for their friends in Nauvoo.

But before Joseph dictated the first line, his pallor increased. Mr. Stigall could be heard bolting the outside door, at the foot of the staircase. Joseph shuddered at the sound of iron grating on iron. And Willard stopped writing to look around.

There were no bars over the windows of this upstairs room. From the street and from the yard beneath the windows, the angry swell of mob voices rose in waves of hatred. "Will the door hold?" Willard asked, looking at John Taylor.

"Can Captain Dunn keep order?" Joseph asked Hyrum.

Willard pretended indifference. "With the governor in Carthage no one would dare break through that door," he said. "We'll be out of here in the morning. We'll take our friend to Nauvoo and let him see what we're fighting for."

"Do you think Stigall wants to keep those devils out?" said Joseph.

"Yes, I do," John Taylor replied. "He's on our side. I know it, I feel it."

"My feelings are down," Joseph returned. "I never felt less easy."

"You've been in worse pinches than this, Joseph," said Hyrum. "Put your trust in the Lord."

Joseph started as through the open window another wave of

angry cries surged into the hot room. But now he heard the shouts from the captain of the guard: "Order! Back to your places!"

His face drawing, Joseph remarked, "This morning the Greys bolted within sight of the governor!"

"Let's get on with the notes," said Willard, a clean sheet of paper on the table.

Joseph dictated a line to his captain of special policemen in Nauvoo. He then alerted the officers of the Legion to the danger in Carthage. Three other friends who had accompanied him to the jail were to act as messengers this time. Five men remained with him and Hyrum for the night: Willard, John Taylor, Dan Jones, Stephen Markham, and John Fullmer.

Joseph sent a messenger to request an interview with the governor. A vague apology for not seeing General Smith last evening came back. Governor Ford would see him at the prison at his earliest convenience.

To Willard's surprise Mr. Ford showed up. But during the hour-long conference, in which he acted as secretary, Willard observed the plunging coldness that now took shape in the governor's attitude toward the Mormons.

The charge of treason assumed the hideousness of a deadly crime. Every time Joseph tried to explain his side of the *Expositor* incident, Governor Ford's eyes narrowed. His face appeared more abruptly remote when he repeated the accusation that Joseph should have come to Carthage last week with Constable Bettisworth.

"Had I come then it would have been only to face the mob!" Joseph declared, his self-assurance a whip.

"I sent the constable for you."

"Was it to hear me speak? Was it to receive the same kind of justice I had from Captain Smith last night? He has never heard me in the capacity of a justice of the peace. The mittimus that brought me here is a lie, and that is perjury!" Joseph stared the governor in the face.

His Excellency remained unaffected by the oratory.

The explanation that Joseph had called out the Legion only for the city's defense against the mob merely brought an annoyed slap on the table.

Once more, but now with little of his guilt-edged assurance,

Joseph asked the governor for protection while he was in jail.

"My officers have pledged their honor to this end," the governor conceded. "And I don't know but what I shall take you with me tomorrow if I go to Nauvoo. Yes, I'll take you along."

When Governor Ford left Joseph, the Prophet's features were drawn; his color was like faded wood. Suddenly his eyes reflected but little hope. "Let's send to Nauvoo for some petitions of habeas corpus from our own court," he said to his friends when they found themselves alone.

Willard went to his table. Joseph said, "I want you to write an order for the attorneys to see me, Willard. Request them to demand a change of venue. If we can't get back to Nauvoo, let's try to get out of Hancock County. We'd have a better chance in Adams. Here we're nothing but mice in a trap."

"Joseph," Willard exclaimed, his whole heart in his words, "if they condemn you to be hanged for treason, I will die in your stead. The law permits a life for a life."

"I'd not let you die in my place." Joseph's eyes filled with gratitude.

"But I will," said Willard. "You didn't ask me to go to Iowa. You didn't ask me to come to Carthage. But I am here, and I will hang for you if they will not release you."

"The governor has promised to take me to Nauvoo tomorrow." Joseph spoke as if he were slapping himself on the back for courage. Maintaining his spirit, he continued, "Mr. Ford says he'll keep the troops in order. Everything will be under military command. If he doesn't take us, he'll leave us well guarded. He thinks he's got to preach to the Mormons, and it's better for me to go with him than to stay here."

"And after that," Hyrum asked, "will we be kept here for months, waiting trial?"

Joseph could not answer this reminding question. A moment later he said to John Taylor, "Sing, John. Sing to me. Get us out of this mood."

"I'll sing, and I'll pull the jail down too, if you like."

That afternoon, following dinner, which the prisoners ate downstairs with the Stigalls, Willard returned to the chamber and started

to record the events of every hour, almost, in fact, of every moment during the past few days. In the story he included Jailer Stigall's refusal this afternoon to release his prisoners for their first appearance before Captain Smith. The captain had sent the constable to demand the prisoners' presence. "There are new witnesses," Bettisworth said to Stigall. "The law is now in operation to legalize the mittimus."

"I know of no law allowing a justice of the peace to demand the presence of prisoners once committed to a jailer's charge," Stigall had replied.

After hearing this defense, Joseph had appeared more content to remain in jail.

But now at twenty minutes past four — Willard looked at his watch — with the crowd yelling on the street below and with the chamber magnifying every scream, the constable again arrived. "Governor Ford has told Robert Smith that he is captain of the Greys. I think you know what he meant."

Willard recognized in the constable's words the governor's invitation to Captain Smith to use force. He looked at Joseph. A glance flashed from eye to eye, and Willard thought his friend must now be seeing a noose hanging in Carthage.

At five-thirty, with the mittimus legalized, the Mormons were back in jail, locked in the debtor's room on the first floor. There were still five friends with Joseph and Hyrum. None, though, could make a joke or find any false cheer.

When the street finally seemed deserted except for the guard, the prisoners and their friends were moved upstairs. Willard wrote his candle into blackness.

Praying that the record could somehow be preserved, he prepared for bed in total darkness. Nearly an hour ago, when a shot had been fired outside the jail, Joseph had jumped out of the bed in the corner of the room.

"Lie down here, Brother Joseph." John Fullmer had made room between Dan Jones and himself on the floor.

"Put your head on my arm," said Joseph, stretching out on the mattress. "I want you close to me, I feel so uneasy."

Now lying down on the bed, Willard heard Joseph say, "Are you afraid to die, Dan?"

"Do you think death has any terrors when we're given to a work like ours?" Dan spoke hoarsely, but Willard could make out every word.

"Maybe we'll be in Nauvoo tomorrow night," Joseph whispered. "And perhaps some day you'll take us up the river again. How I love the *Maid*! The governor has promised—"

"Yes," said Willard from the bed, "he's promised to take you to Nauvoo."

"He wants to see our temple," said Joseph, louder now, "and to tell the people to keep the peace. He's likely to swear before Almighty God that their Prophet will not be harmed, showing me off like a prize bull. But I say maybe he won't take me. Dan, I ask you again, are you afraid to die? We know the doctor isn't."

The next morning the imprisoned men were restless and eager to hear the governor's order. The minutes passed like hours. But it was still early when Willard heard Cyrus Wheelock downstairs, showing Mr. Stigall the pass that Governor Ford had issued him to enter the jail.

Upstairs Cyrus gave an honest reply when Joseph asked for news. "I have no word from the governor, only a rumor. On the campground the Greys are saying he's going to disband the troops and leave Carthage for good."

"He can't leave us unprotected!" Willard exclaimed. "He'll have to let us go free."

"Have you forgotten Port's six months in Missouri?" Joseph was bitter. "Or my stay in Liberty jail?"

"You won't be here for six months," said Cyrus Wheelock. "Take this and don't be afraid to use it."

"That's my gun!" John Taylor was delighted to see the weapon he had given Cyrus a few days ago, when he thought of taking him to Canada after Joseph had fled across the river. "Thank God, you didn't give it up. Keep it, Joseph. Its aim's as true as the steel it's made of."

Shortly after eight a.m., Willard wrote for Joseph to Emma, saying that affairs had altered in Carthage. He assured her that the governor was continuing his courtesies. Still Joseph advised her to instruct the officers of the Legion that should the governor visit

Nauvoo he was to receive every attention, and that the people and the soldiers were to obey the state officers. In his note, Joseph warned Emma:

"Should there be a mutiny among the troops . . . a part will remain loyal and stand for the defense of the state and our rights.

"There is one principle which is eternal; it is the duty of all men to protect their lives and the lives of their household, whenever necessity requires, and no power has a right to forbid it, should the last extreme arrive, but I anticipate no such extreme, but caution is the parent of safety."

As Joseph scanned the letter, he asked Willard for his pen, and with his own hand wrote:

"P.S. — Dear Emma, I am very much resigned to my lot, knowing I am justified, and have done the best that could be done. Give my love to the children and all my friends . . . all who inquire after me; and as for treason, I know that I have not committed any, and they cannot prove one appearance of the kind, so you need not have any fears that any harm can happen to us on that score. May God bless you all. Amen."

Holding the letter for a moment, reluctant to let it go, he asked Cyrus Wheelock to go over to the courthouse to learn the latest news of the governor's plans.

When the messenger returned and gave his brief account, Joseph looked around the circle of friends. For an instant his hand went to his face, then it curled over his waist.

Cyrus said again, "Yes, the governor's going to Nauvoo. And there's word passing through the camp that all troops will be disbanded. Ford's ordered the bivouacked men to go home. He's leaving only one company mustered in, the Carthage Greys, under Frank Worrell, to guard the jail!"

This time, Cyrus had said more than he intended.

"The Greys?" For an instant Joseph lost his steadiness. There was just a flicker of a shudder before his voice changed.

He sat down in Willard's place, picked up the pen and wrote his second message:

"P.S. 20 minutes to 10. I just learn that the Governor is about to disband his troops, all but a guard to protect us and the peace, — and come himself to Nauvoo, and deliver a speech to the people . . ."

Joseph sealed the envelope. With a consoling look Cyrus took the message and left.

While Joseph was writing, Cyrus now went so far as to tell the others in the room that Tom Sharp and Levi Williams were going the rounds, asking all who would stand by them to gather at noon, today, near Warsaw, while the governor was in Nauvoo.

Joseph had risen from the table. Hearing the last words, he stood for a moment just where he was. Then, moving as if trained, regardless of audience reaction, he went to the bed and pulled out the sixshooter. Putting the mattress back, he weighed the gun in his hand. He put it on the table and went to the far side of the bed. He now brought out the single-barreled pistol that John Fullmer had given him. "You may need this," he said to Hyrum.

"I hate to use a gun."

"So do I, but you may have to. Take it."

Little by little the Mormons remaining in the jail were deprived of all contact with the outside. In the grey hours of the sultry afternoon Joseph sent John Fullmer out for some wine. Mr. Stigall himself brought the bottle with the report that Mr. Fullmer had been stopped in the street and told to get out of town.

With grim lips, Joseph, Hyrum, Willard, and John Taylor, the four Mormons remaining in the jailer's bedroom, each took a sip from the bottle and returned it to the jailer.

"Keep it," said Willard, "we're through with it."

Joseph turned to John. "Sing that song again, will you, John?"

John had just a few minutes before finished chanting all fourteen stanzas of the hymn, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief."

"I don't feel like singing, Joseph."

"You'll feel better once you begin, and so will I."

With the deepening of the afternoon, the clouds lowered. In the intense heat a flash of lightning brought a sudden gust of wind, a roar of thunder. Willard, standing at a south window, glanced outside. He felt as if the whole world had been struck. Instead of another flash of lightning, though, he saw from one to two hundred men, their faces painted yellow and streaked with black, running toward the jail, bellowing and screaming. The Greys broke rank and ran to the door. Frank Worrell opened it.

The first man to reach it burst through. "Come on," he cried, "Come on! There's room for everyone!"

Joseph, Hyrum, and John sprang to the bedroom door. Steve Markham had tried to whittle the jamb so the latch would hold. But it was still loose and up the stairs the madmen were racing.

Pushing on the door, the prisoners threw their full weight against it. But now they heard a fiends' hell of shrieks and yells from the ground beneath the windows. Into the bedroom the fire came from the hall, spattering ceiling and walls around the men who were throwing their weight against the door, which had given slightly.

Hyrum jumped back, reaching the middle of the floor. A bullet spun through the panel, hitting him in the face. At the same instant a shot from outside struck his back. He fell, face up, gasping, "I'm a dead man."

"Oh dear, poor brother Hyrum!" Joseph leaned over him before leaping back to the door. He opened it a crack and fired into the hall.

Six times he snapped his pistol. Three shots fired, three were blank. In the entry a man screamed. Willard saw the victim fall backward down the stairs. He heard another of the wounded cry out in agony.

The mob on the stairway stampeded. The muzzles of some of their guns came through the crack in the door, against which Joseph was once more pushing with all his strength. John Taylor was striking at the barrels with his cane, redirecting their fire.

Willard stood back of Joseph, trying with another cane to parry the guns. But now with pandemonium sweeping the room, John retreated. Willard remained at the door, beating off the muzzles, first in one direction, then in another. He turned when John screamed. A bullet from the window had found him just as he was going to leap out. For a moment his body hung over the sill. "You'll fall into the arms of the mob!" Willard cried. But when another shot from the outside struck him, John fell back into the room.

Willard yelled when he saw a bullet from the hall hit John's hand, and then another strike his thigh, splattering flesh and blood over the floor. But the shock brought John to his senses, and he crawled under the bed.

Joseph, seeing the guns in the upstairs hall multiplying, ran to the window.

Gunfire crackled. Willard could see the flame. At the same instant he heard the sickening sound of lead on flesh. He crossed the room in almost a single leap, but Joseph's heels had gone out of the window. And into the space went Willard's head and shoulders. He leaned over the sill. "Joseph!" he cried, unwilling to withdraw until he saw that his friend was dead.

Willard's blood went cold. His jaw jerked. Some fiends had seized Joseph where he lay on his side, pulling him up against the curb of the well, firing into the seated body. Willard sickened, unmoving, unminding any fire that might be directed his way, until, all at once, he became aware of a strange and hideous silence in the hall.

They don't want me as much as they want to see Joseph dead. Willard squirmed. And now he heard the infernal cries from down there: "He's dead. Old Joe is dead!"

Still Willard thought the murderers would be back for him; he felt it; he knew it. His ear was smarting. He put up his hand and discovered a tiny piece of the lobe gone. On his fingers he found blood. These devils will finish me! He remembered the attic, but he heard John groaning.

Thank God, he's alive. He's got to live, he's got to. "Wait," Willard whispered, looking under the bed. "Wait. I can hide you. When the mob comes back for me you'll live to tell the tale."

"Don't leave me! Take me with you!" John worked his lips.

"I'll be back!" Willard lumbered through the hall to see whether the cell was clear of the enemy. Back at the bed, he heard John still moaning.

"Take me with you. Don't leave me."

Willard dragged him across the room, trailing streaks of blood. He got John past the stairhead and into the large cell, and then over to the dungeon and past the iron gate. As he covered his friend with the filthy mattress, he tried to shield the gaping wound in his hip with his underclothing. "This is a hard way to treat you, John," he said, "but I want you to live."

John groaned. Willard said, "They'll be back for me. I want you to live to tell the story."

And now he ran to the door leading to the hall. He paused when he heard the mob on the stairs. His breath all but stopped as he stood ready to face the murderers—and then silence fell. A moment's space and he heard a cry from the street, "The Mormons are coming! The Mormons are coming!"

"The mob has turned," Willard gasped. The hideous shrieks that had a few seconds ago announced his probable death were fading, growing less and less in volume.

Is the Legion coming? Willard's mind stung back to life.

But now the silence that fell upon the jail was filled with an unnamable terror. But there was no mistake. Out there the rhythm of running feet held, growing only fainter and fainter. At last there was no sound inside the building or out until, finally, Willard opened the door and stepped into the hall. He saw Mr. Stigall emerge from the kitchen, where he and his family had been cowering.

The jailer came up to help Willard carry John from the cell into the upstairs hall and stretch him out on the floor beside the banister. "Go for a surgeon," said Willard, for John was still breathing. Trying to clean him up, Willard found John's watch. "Smashed to pi," he whispered, "but it saved your life. This must be what hurled you back into the room."

The hands had stopped at sixteen minutes and twenty-six seconds past five. Willard looked at his own watch. "Five-thirty! How fast it all happened," he cried softly, as if John, whose eyes were closed, could hear.

At eight o'clock Willard still had no cart to take the bodies to Hamilton's Hotel, the tavern he had left yesterday; or to take his friend who had been all but butchered by the surgeon when he was probing for the bullets. Willard sat down to write a note to Nauvoo.

"Carthage Jail, 8:05 p.m.,
June 27, 1844

"Joseph and Hyrum are dead. Taylor wounded, not very badly —"

Willard winced. That was hard to write, and he did it only because John had ordered the pretense. Leanora and all his other wives must be spared for a day or two the news of his real condition. Gulping, Willard continued:

"... I am well. Our guard was forced, as we believe, by a band of Missourians from 100 to 200. The job was done in an instant, and the party fled towards Nauvoo instantly. This is as I believe it. The citizens here are afraid of the Mormons attacking them. I promise them no!

W. Richards.
John Taylor."

John signed the letter in a shaky hand but as proof that he could do it.

Willard had to trust two Carthage Greys with the message. He saw them off, not knowing whether his advice and promise would ever reach his own city. To himself he repeated the line: *I promise them no*. He whispered, "The Mormons must not attack, they must not."

He prayed that his word would be supported. If General Dunham can keep the Legion home, the Church might yet fulfill the trust that God placed in a boy, Willard thought in anguish, as he stood at the window, looking onto the deserted city. It seemed that all Carthage had fled to the cry, "The Mormons are coming!"

The Mormons must not fight, he again vowed. But when at last he sat holding John's head and shoulders while the cart jolted away from the prison, he found the streets as empty as if the plague itself had struck.

By midnight Willard had also returned to the hotel with the bodies. He heard the governor's voice in the hall, and he went out to demand an interview.

In Willard's room the governor said, "I wouldn't let your letter go through. I've brought the messengers back. I met them four miles this side of your city. Why, the whole town would have been on the warpath. I've got to have time to get the county records out of here. I've got to give the people of Carthage a chance to get away. You can send word to your friends in the morning."

Willard could not speak in answer to this cowardice. He went to the table to write another note:

"12 o'clock at night, 27th June,
Carthage, Hamilton's Tavern,

"To Mrs. Emma Smith and Major-General Dunham, &c.:

"The Governor has just arrived; says all things shall be inquired into, and all right measures taken.

"I say to all the citizens of Nauvoo, my brethren, be still, and know that *God reigns. Don't rush out of the city* — don't rush to Carthage — stay at home, and be prepared for an attack from Missouri mobbers. The Governor will render every assistance possible — has sent orders for troops. Joseph and Hyrum are dead. We will prepare to move the bodies as soon as possible.

"The people of the county are greatly excited, and fear the Mormons will come out and take vengeance. I have pledged my word the Mormons will stay at home as soon as they can be informed, and no violence will be on their part, and say to my brethren in Nauvoo, in the name of the Lord, be still, be patient, only let such friends as choose come here to see the bodies. Mr. Taylor's wounds are dressed and not serious. I am sound.

Willard Richards,
John Taylor
Samuel H. Smith."

Another name had been added. Joseph's youngest brother had come into the hotel, ravaged almost beyond recognition. Only a few hours ago he had heard in his near-by home at Plymouth that Joseph and Hyrum were imprisoned. While riding to Carthage he had been discovered just outside the city. With rocks and missiles he had been chased off the road, and then de horsed and led to a bog. When Willard had taken him into the room where his brothers lay, Samuel had almost fainted. Still he added his signature to the letter.

And now the governor came again to Willard's room. "I'm packed and ready to go," he said, "and I don't intend to stop until I reach Quincy."

Willard simply looked at him.

The governor said, "I'd like to send a note with yours to Nauvoo." He wrote:

"Defend yourselves until protection can be furnished necessary, June 27th, 1844."

He handed the line to Willard.

As Willard read it, he bit his lip. "I have been trying to keep our men from rising," he said. "What do you think this will do to the spirit I'm keeping at bay?"

"Send the note," said the governor.

A leaf-covered cart arrived at the Mansion at high noon the next day. Willard had spread some thickly leafed branches over the bodies to keep the sun from them. He had watched Samuel follow the vehicle on horseback, his head so bowed that Willard wondered whether he could remain mounted. Nearing the city the grieving apostle had shaded his eyes to see marching around the bend on Mulholland Street a throng of men, waving their hands in lamentation.

That afternoon from the steps of the Mansion, Willard addressed the throng of mourners who had collected in the street. He said to this vast crowd, "I will not inflame your hearts with a description of the gunfire where we stood parrying the muskets. I will not tell you the feelings of my heart when Brother Taylor was thrown back from the window to lie on the floor bleeding from a wound in his thigh as big as my hand.

"Nor will I try to describe my feelings when I saw Brother Joseph leap from the window, falling with the words, 'O Lord, my God!'

"There was no fellowship in the hearts of the fiends who murdered him. Bayonets flashed. The ruffians completed their work with more shots. Perhaps, as Brother Hyrum said, 'The Lord was in it. Joseph's blood has not been spilled in vain. But I want you to keep the peace until the Twelve return. Know, all people who have gathered here, that the voice of authority will reside in the city council until the Twelve come home. While Elder Taylor lies ill at Hamilton's Tavern, Brother Phelps, General Dunham, and others will assist me with the affairs of the Church. And mind you well, this authority has been given to us through the voice of the Lord.

"Brother Phelps, will you now dismiss us with prayer?"

The next day thousands of friends passed through the Mansion. Among these mourners were Rhoda, Jennetta, and Sarah. Emma stood at the head of the caskets, shrouded in black. She had fainted at sight of the bodies when they were first brought home. She was now as silent as the man she mourned.

Mock caskets were buried in view of the public. The bodies of Hyrum and of his brother, who had carried the burden with which he had been trusted, even to the sealing of the testament with his blood, were put away in secret, where no enemy could disturb them after death.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

One day in late July, Willard rose from behind the desk in his office at the brick store, to face George Miller. One of two presiding bishops in the Church, Brother Miller stood with his hands over the back of his chair as if clutching a gun's quick trigger. Facing Willard, ignoring his companion, Will Phelps, who was writing at the desk, George said, "The mob's got enough bullets poured to wipe this place out. I think only an idiot would refuse to send the governor some resolutions against the murderers!"

The old complaint, the old request! Wearily, Willard observed the angry overhang of the bishop's lower lip. He mopped the sweat from the round of flesh beneath his chin. The door to his office was closed, but the windows were open, and the humidity from the river steamed into the room like a hot and never-ending bath.

All through July Willard had been meeting similar demands, and also numerous inquiries from without the Church as well as from within, concerning the Mormon plan for revenge. He was aware of both the mob's strength and—as opposed to it—the superior might of the Nauvoo Legion. He knew the panic created in the breast of the enemy by the Mormon military power.

Before Willard could stop the outburst, George Miller said, "Why shouldn't I send my resolutions in? I'd like to clean Sharp's nest out before they clean us. Let's not make pigeons of ourselves, Brother Richards!" George raised a finger to indicate the direction of Morley Settlement where, below Warsaw, the Mormons were being harried, where the enemy seemed never to stop preying with their trumped up charges of theft, and with their kidnaping and devastation of farm and home. "They're burning us out down there! And here—well, do *you* like their agents' infesting this place like a bunch of night crawlers?"

In George's petulance Willard heard the cry of all the voices he had denied throughout the month, clamoring against the pledge

he had given at Carthage the night of the murders — and to a dozen officials of state and county since: The Mormons will not rise; they will not seek vengeance through armed might. He had repeated the promise a thousand times.

Before Joseph's grave was dry Willard had written to the Twelve through Brigham Young, in Boston, denouncing the "hellish butchery" at Carthage, and the exhibition where he, Joseph, Hyrum, and the others had been paraded before the troops by the governor "like elephants." He told his friends how, when the shooting at the jail was over and done with, the people had fled, leaving Carthage and Warsaw without inhabitants because they were afraid the Mormons would burn them out and kill them. But in this letter when Willard recalled the apostles, while still in the molten heat of the jail's fire, he had also said, "Let the elders keep cool, vengeance is in the heavens." And at the end of the message he had repeated his statement: "Vengeance rests with heaven."

But all such talk as "hellish butchery" was now past. To the Church assembled in Nauvoo, though he and everyone else knew of the threats of death against the Twelve, and the threats of destruction against the city, he had declared that enmity would play itself out. Studying George Miller, Willard was aware of the panic and bitterness that the trained skill of the Legion inspired in the county. But so also was he aware of his own special mission during the brief charged span of his leadership.

He had seen the eternal light in the white-hot moment when the murderers fled Carthage jail while he waited for their bullets at the stairhead, trying to shield John Taylor with his own life. And then — he had often thought of it since — Sharp and his men had bolted even as he had stood hoping that if they killed him they would search the rooms no further, hoping that if God willed, John would live.

In the midst of the bellowing cries and running footsteps, a convulsion of grief had twisted Willard's heart. He had looked at his hands — stained with John's blood. Again he had found the tip of his ear smarting, his neck seared. And he had known by what a small flexure his life had been spared.

Why? Why? he had asked when, long ago, he had seen himself foreordained to his apostleship, and suddenly at the jail he had known why. He had all at once seen the part that he was to play as

an apostle in his particular calling. He had realized that he stood all but alone among the Church officers in the chief authority; he had seen his destiny. He had known what he must do in this ugly hour of passion and mistrust. With the twisting of his grief, he had seen the answer to the question that he had once asked: why, why?

The words from his message to Nauvoo, written when John lay on the floor beside the banister, came to him as he faced George Miller: "I promise them no." The Mormons must not attack, he had said in his letter, his father's fathers' restraint a ready tool in his hand.

The blood of all three of his companions had then darkened his palms as with tears of red. His fingers were barely dry when he had taken up his pen and from the deep sense of his personal election had written to Nauvoo the news that he had promised the citizens of Carthage the Mormons would not rise.

He now remembered how John had itched for retaliation. With supernatural strength, the wounded man had risen when the surgeon was working on him and the coroner was examining the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum. John had cried, "Coroner, I want to swear my life against that man!" Whether John had meant Tom Sharp, Robert Smith, or Frank Worrell, Willard did not know. It then made no difference. John could not prevail in calling out the Legion.

Willard had not blamed him for his feelings, for his friend had suffered the penalty of the guns' fire. Gliding over the prairie grass in a sleigh because he could not endure the jolting of the litter bearers who had tried to carry him from Carthage to Nauvoo, John had arrived on July 2nd. He had been lying near death almost ever since, his wounds for a time gangrenous. But feverish as he was, he had served as adviser and counselor to Willard, co-signing letters, epistles, and messages — and thus approving Willard's work.

All through July, Willard had been telling the governor's emissaries from Quincy, and newspaper men from over the states, that the Mormons would not seek vengeance by killing. They expected justice from the courts, they expected redress; but if the governor failed them, there was a higher power, Willard kept saying. And as he had promised his friends, so he still believed.

He, the youngest in the Quorum, now looked at George Miller, and with a tired gesture put his handkerchief in his pocket. During his hour of light at the stairhead, invested by the darkness of the murders, Willard had seen his mission. During the whole tragic

span since, he had been holding men off on the question of retaliation. "The blood of martyrs does not cry from the ground to *men* for vengeance," he repeated to George, his face drawn.

"If not men, who?" the second presiding bishop demanded.

His voice gaining strength, Willard replied, "Read your Bible. Go to the Revelator and find out. You've heard me tell the Church that enmity will play itself out. You heard me tell the people from the steps of the Mansion that I had pledged my honor and my life for their good conduct, that I had promised the enemy they would keep the peace. And I do not intend to let you stir things up with your resolutions to the governor against the murderers."

With complete confidence in his message, Willard said to George, "Read your Bible and learn that vengeance is the Lord's. If the mob had enough lead poured to level every house in this city, I'd stick to my word!"

"The governor's not doing one damn thing for us!" George whirled back; Willard's quiet manner was an outrage.

His voice controlled, Willard said, "I know the show of right down there is likely from the teeth out. The governor's now talking about taking stern measures with *both* sides, while murderers go free!" Suddenly Willard flushed; he had caught George's fire. "On that score," he said, "my blood burns as hot as yours. Still I refuse your resolutions."

The bishop's eyes changed light. Slapping his lean thigh, he appraised Willard's ponderous bulk. "You are slow, Brother Richards, almost as slow as the governor." A fox in his pupils, George said, "Give me a leader for this Church. The Council of Fifty, perhaps. Would they let our warrants go unserved while assassins slip through the governor's fingers?"

"George!" The bishop had touched another sore spot. Willard knew that Tom Sharp and Levi Williams had crossed to Missouri when the Mormon writs of arrest had been sent to Warsaw. Still Willard held onto the reins. "Sharp's given himself up," he said, deciding to let the bishop in on the news. "He wouldn't come to Nauvoo for examination, but he's gone to Quincy. We've sent our own man down there for the hearing."

"Who, may I ask?"

"Yes, I'll tell you; you're a bishop. It's Orson Spencer."

"Orson Spencer! Will he testify against his own brother? Are you sure Aug was at the jail?" George demanded.

"I *signed* against him! I named him among the attackers! His face was painted yellow and black, but I caught sight of his eyes. I'd know his swagger anywhere — and I'd trust Orson." Willard saw the schoolmaster, chancellor of the university, alderman, acting mayor. He loved him. But thinking of Augustine, he said to George, "Ambition and greed separate brothers. Lust makes strange bed-fellows. We're naming no leader till the Twelve come in. Besides, that's a matter for the whole Church to decide. Why don't you stand in your own lot, George? Why don't you tend your sheep?"

"Sheep! We *are* sheep! What's our strength for, to *baa* at the enemy's heel or to meet him head on?"

Willard pointed toward the temple hill. "The Lord has said, 'I'll give you yet a little time to build my House.' That's what our strength is for. Now go out and drum up for tithes and labor for that House."

Will Phelps rose and for the first time entered the conversation. He could not put down his pen for all these interviews, but now the temporary editor of the *Times and Seasons* spoke up. "Go out and support the fishing company the doctor's been organizing so we can eat."

"Go out and cast on the Mississippi, George, but cast for food, not for enemies or presidents. Be patient."

"Patient?" With a disgusted look at Willard's dropsical form, George fled. Just before he slammed the door, he turned, crying, "Oh certainly, fat men for patience!"

With a wry look at his figure, Willard said to Will, poet and scribe as well as editor, "Let me see that letter from Sidney Rigdon, will you?"

He's likely to be here any day," Will Phelps returned.

"Asking to be named the leader of the Church," Willard remarked. "He's bound to. What do you say if we go down to Sarah's for a bite to eat before the next combustion and asquittulation bursts over our heads?" With this whimsy, Willard took Will's arm, and they walked toward the Plantation House. "I'll be yours for the night's work with some grease if not grace," he laughed.

On August 3rd, Sidney arrived, his desire to be the new president obvious in every greeting. As yet there were only four apostles in Nauvoo. Besides Willard and John, who was still lying abed, Parley and George A. had come home.

George A. had arrived one night last week, making his way through the midnight streets from the upper landing, unmindful of assassins' bullets. He did not know how quickly an agent could detect the footfall of an apostle these days.

The city council soon provided him with a bodyguard. Willard had warned the Twelve to watch out for kidnapers if they transferred to a ferry boat at Warsaw.

He was now chatting at John's bedside with Parley and George A. Sidney was expected at any moment to keep an appointment with the Twelve. With a goad of anxiety twisting his heart, Willard said, "Do you think Brigham will get here in time to meet Sidney before he goes before the Church?"

"I've asked the Lord to bring him in," said George.

"I've asked the Lord to give us some favorable returns from tomorrow's polls," said Parley.

And as if passing out information instead of relieving his feelings, Willard said, "The life of our city depends upon the legislators we choose tomorrow to send to Springfield!"

"And upon the county sheriff we elect," said John.

Already Tom Sharp's political committee, a thousand strong, with members from Carthage, Green Plains, and other parts of the county, had petitioned the governor for the repeal of the Nauvoo charters. Already — with an ominous hue that might close in — a few Mormon homes had been burned on the outskirts of the city. But between now and January, when the vote on the charters would be taken, Nauvoo must keep the peace. The county, the Mormons prayed, would send men to Springfield who would argue well for the documents that gave the city its right to exist as such. But as if to offset any peace, the fiery Sidney was going through the streets with strange stories, clamoring for the guardianship of the Church, spending his oratory in absurd boasting, but boasting that took the ear of the people. They themselves seemed almost beyond a reckoning thought.

"Will Brigham come home before Sidney addresses the Church in an official meeting?" Willard repeated. "He claims the power to

call the people together. And he's shouting that way back in Kirtland days, when the Church was first organized, he was named by Joseph as his successor. He claims the first place."

"We can't let him speak before Brigham comes in," said George A.

"I'll work out a compromise, God willing!" Revolted by Sidney's soap box oratory on the street corners, Willard struck his knee with his fist. The night Sidney came to Nauvoo he had declaimed himself hoarse, quoting the Lord as saying He would hiss for the fly from the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria, and thereby destroy His enemies. "The time is near at hand," Sidney had informed his clustering listeners, "when I shall see one hundred tons of metal per second thrown at the enemies of God, and blood up to the horses' bridles. I expect to walk into the palace of Queen Victoria and lead her out by the nose, when none will have the power to say, 'Why do ye so?' and if it were not for two or three things which I know, this people would be utterly destroyed, and not a soul left to tell the tale. Who does God mean by the Savior of His people, the destroyer of His enemies?" Sidney had pounded his chest.

This was a story Willard could hardly laugh away, but one which made Parley exclaim as the group waited for Sidney to appear, "Thank heaven, I'm not a man the Lord prophesies about!" Nevertheless, like Willard, Parley could not forget the mischief Sidney was stirring up in adding to the furor of the county. The enemy had said the Mormons should not vote, and if they did, their ballot box would be destroyed on the way to Carthage, together with the messengers who carried it.

The apostles' speculations were cut short by a rap on the door. Sidney came in without apology for his tardiness. Two hours was not too much for these men to cool their heels on his account, he seemed to say.

John offered no reproof. But at the question Willard put, "Why are you afraid to wait until Brigham comes home before you call the Church together?" Sidney started to pace the floor, to orate with his hands, and burst into flames with his tongue.

"Why, why should I wait? You haven't asked me where I've been. I'll tell you. With my lawyer. He says you people are used up." The fire of Sidney's expression retreated into the calculating

green shade of a cat's eyes. With a crafty look, he said, "You are the cause of the continued plots against the Church. You're wanted for crimes I know nothing of. There's a price on your heads. You've shut me out, standing between me and Joseph. But now you're wanted, while I go free. There's a stink and a noise wherever you appear, while I—well, you've heard the people hailing me home! Yes, you are used up."

"Do you think so?" Willard tried to smile Sidney out of countenance.

"Yes, I do! And I've asked, 'What is the fat doctor doing to save the Church?'"

"And you have answered, 'Nothing!'" Willard now stared him in the eye. Coolly, he said, "So you've no reason to fear Brigham's return. The people worship you. Your lawyer advises you. But when these stores are gone where will you stand? Have you no strength from within? I'd not like to think you had none of the endurance of leadership, Sidney, for I have faith in you. Can you not believe me? I've seen you stand in your lot."

At this Sidney fumed.

Willard said calmly, "The wrong light stirs men's hearts to the wrong path. You know what happened at the polls in Missouri, where blood was spilled over the Mormon vote. And there you were the first on our side to use the word extermination against the other. Tomorrow we have another election. We've been threatened, forbidden to vote. You can't expect the people's attention tomorrow. Let's all calm ourselves by finding out whether we can expect to retain our charters. Think of the leadership you can offer if our existence in Nauvoo is guaranteed!"

"Will you *cease*?" Sidney cried. "How long do you think I'll listen to that talk? Yes, I'll wait. I'll wait until Sunday. Brig will then have had as fair a chance to get here as I had."

"We'll meet you in fair debate," said John Taylor from his bed. "If Brigham does not get back and Parley represents the Twelve, we'll have our chance."

"We're satisfied," said Willard. "We'll meet you before the Church two days after the election."

"Until the eighth, then. You have my notice and my word."

As Sidney walked out, Willard looked at his fellow apostles, sighing like a winded horse.

"I hope to God Brigham gets here!" said Parley.

Arriving the night of August sixth, Brigham and his party missed the election, but they met in John's room the morning of the seventh, with time to prepare their appeal for the leadership of the Church — and with time to exchange confidences over the shock that that the news of Joseph's death had brought.

Brigham said, "I lay on the bed at Sister Vose's, where Wilford and I met. I wept, unashamed."

"And as I sat in a chair beside him, I veiled my face," Wilford said.

Willard could see the steep slope of Beacon Hill and the tall terraced house on Myrtle Street. He said, "You'll weep again when you hear that we buried Joseph's brother Samuel last week."

"Samuel?" Brigham looked incredulous.

Willard's emotion was now evident. He told the story of Samuel's being waylaid on the outskirts of Carthage. "And he just hadn't the spirit to recover, that's the truth of the matter. Mother Smith now sits alone, her husband a victim of the Missouri persecutions — her three sons, of the work at Carthage. Of seven boys, she has William left. *William!*" Willard's tone twisted.

John brought the men back to the immediate problem. "Have you heard the election returns?" He looked at Brigham.

"Yes. They should keep Springfield from using us up. With our friends in the legislature, our charters should be saved."

"We had a time getting our ballots counted," said Willard. "Our messengers went through the swamps. But now, mark my word, the editor down the river will begin to smell our blood as he did Joseph's. The flames of the settlements may rise higher than ever."

"Well, let us think of the meeting in the grove tomorrow," said Parley.

When Willard and Brigham arrived at the platform below the temple the next afternoon — Sunday — Willard said, "The people look ready to yawn in our faces."

Sidney had kept them a long time in the morning session. Speaking from a wagon box, he had all but carried the crowd away with

his oratory. And when he asked the Church to make him their guardian, he might have received their vote, then and there. But the eyes of the Twelve had been upon him, with the reminder of his promise.

Willard and Brigham now mounted the stand. Soon the other apostles joined them. Willard sat down at the table, looking over the disgruntled crowd. The brethren had panted up the hill in the August heat, with women clinging to their arms. Through the trees the sun poured, blistering shoulders and heads. "At least," Willard whispered to Wilford, his fellow scribe, "they've come. No one can later say that Brigham did not have witnesses."

Once the preliminary service was over, Brigham rose. "Attention all!" His clear voice reached the last fringe of men.

"There is one thing I must know," he began, "and that is what God has to say about our leader. And I *have* the keys and the means of obtaining His mind on the subject."

Soon he was explaining the reason the Twelve possessed the keys while Sidney did not. All eyes were upon him when he said, "Joseph conferred the keys upon the apostles. I know there are those here who seek the lives of the Twelve, but we shall ordain others. And if we confer the priesthood upon them, and we are killed, the fullness will remain . . .

"How often has Joseph told the Twelve, 'I've laid the foundation; you must build thereon, for upon your shoulders the kingdom rests!'"

Willard sat with but one vision in mind, the conferring of the endowments upon the lowly and the humble as well as upon the fathers of the Church, once the temple was finished. But Brigham was saying, "Heretofore you have had a Prophet as the mouth of the Lord to speak to you, but he has sealed his testimony with his blood. And now for the first time you are called to walk by faith, not by sight."

Willard was thinking of the seal of the testament as Brigham said, ". . . Do you, or do you not want someone to guard, to guide and lead you through this world into the kingdom of God? All who want some person, a spokesman or a guardian, signify it by raising the right hand."

Willard saw only the listening faces.

Brigham said: "When I came to this stand I had peculiar feel-

ings and impressions. The people seemed to say, We want a shepherd to guide and lead us through the world. I ask, What *do* the people want? I feel as though I wanted the privilege to weep and mourn for thirty days; and then to rise up, shake myself and tell the brethren what the Lord wants of them . . .

"You cannot fill the office of a prophet, a seer and a revelator; God must do this. You are like children without a father and sheep without a shepherd. You must not appoint any man at our head; if you should, the Twelve would have to ordain him. You cannot appoint a man . . . but if you do want any other man or men to lead you, take them and we will go our way to build up the kingdom in all the world."

The afternoon shadows were long, but the listeners stood in silence. And the sun now lay below the tops of the trees beyond the river, coming through the dusty foliage in level golden beams. Still the people showed no impatience. Their eyes named the president of the Twelve. And Willard, used to writing hour after hour, felt no cramp in his hand.

In the rising glow Brigham said, "I know who are Joseph's friends and who are his enemies. I have spared no pains to learn my lesson in the kingdom in this world and in the eternal worlds; and if it were not so I could go and live in peace; but for the gospel, and for your sakes, I shall stand in my place of calling."

Suddenly it seemed as if Brigham's face, his features, and even his voice, assumed the lineaments and likeness of Joseph. To Willard it seemed as if the spirit of the Prophet had fallen upon this man who stood before the Church, moving women to tears, men to silence.

And with the mantle of Joseph upon him, Brigham said: "Now if you want Sidney Rigdon or anybody else to lead you, you are welcome, but I tell you in the the name of the Lord, that no man can put another between the Twelve and the Prophet Joseph. Why, because Joseph was their file leader, and he has committed into their hands the keys of the kingdom in this last dispensation. Now don't put so much as a thread between the priesthood and God."

Willard's pen moved on and on. He seemed to be hearing in a dream. But now he paused in his hasty writing.

Brigham was looking around. And then at last he said, "We

have a head, and that head is the Apostleship. They can manage the affairs of the Church and direct all things aright.

"Now all this does not lessen the character of President Rigdon; let him magnify his calling, and Joseph will want him beyond the veil. Let him be careful what he does lest that thread which binds us together is cut asunder . . ."

Sidney being given a second chance to plead for himself could say little. And so Brigham rose for his final word: "Let Brother Rigdon keep the instructions . . . let him raise up a mighty kingdom in Pittsburgh, and we will lift up his hands to Almighty God. If it is necessary, my neck is ready for the knife . . . I am determined to build up the Kingdom of God, and by and by there will be a gleanings of grapes, and it may be said, 'To your tents, O Israel.'"

Brigham asked if it was the will of the brethren that they be tithed to finish the temple, now built but little beyond the first story.

The voices rose: "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah; amen and amen and amen to the *Lamb!*"

Extending his hand for silence, Brigham asked the Church if it was their will that Brother Rigdon stand at their head as leader, guide, and spokesman.

Willard looked up. Not a voice was heard, not a hand was raised.

"Do you wish to sustain the Twelve as the First Presidency?" Brigham asked. "Here are the apostles, here are the Bible, the *Book of Mormon*, the *Doctrine and Covenants*. These are written on the tablet of my heart.

"Now, all those favoring the Twelve to stand in their place of calling, may show their will by holding up the right hand."

A sea of hands welled up, and Willard knew that as one of the Twelve, he faced a narrow road, rockstrewn and dark, yet shining with eternal light. Flashing through his mind as clearly as though the event were taking place in front of him, he saw Jennetta, Sarah, and Nanny following him while he walked his lonely path; not one of the beloved women was at his side.

But now the vision changed. Like vines at the wayside the women had taken their places. He himself was following Brigham, who stood at the head of the Twelve. And yet, though he walked with the apostles, Willard saw himself again looking back over his

shoulder. He heard Jennetta calling. Her voice grew faint, it barely reached his ear.

He rose from the writers' table. He had been sitting so long that one knee crumpled. He braced himself against the chair and closed his record book. Pocketing his pen, he shook Brigham's hand. "I wish Jennetta could have heard you speak. She's frail, Brigham. She could not have stood."

"We'll bless her for the recovery of her health," the leader said. "She will yet learn to march with the Saints."

"You did well, Brigham. The spirit of God was with you, and the Church knew it. Good night for now."

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

As Willard dropped down the hill, a dull headache slowed his steps. Entering his house, he found Jennetta at work over the kitchen stove. Her English companions, Susan Bayless and Ann Braddock, had been to meeting.

Jennetta put her arms about Willard, enjoying the treat of having him alone for a moment. But as he found her mouth with his lips, she whispered with some anxiety, "Your face is hot."

"It's nothing."

"Have you been in meeting all this time?"

Heber John was clamoring, "Pa, Pa." Rhoda Ann looked up from the rag carpet by the open window. As she crept across the floor, Willard gathered her to his shoulder.

"I can see you're pleased," Jennetta said. "Cousin Brigham won?"

Willard nodded. "It wasn't easy. Thank God he got here in time! Had Sidney won — how can I say it, Jennetta? Had he taken the palm, the Church would have dashed itself to pieces through his folly! The Twelve has had its struggles, but it now stands at the head, with Brigham as our leader, and with the devil tied for the moment."

Willard looked at Jennetta, wishing she would respond to her own call. He knew she understood his consecration. But every time he spoke of Sally's house she turned her face aside. Not long ago — when he had mentioned the fact that the laborers had spared the vines and fruit trees that he had set out down there — Jennetta's eyes had clouded. He felt as though he had put his hand between her and the sun.

Since that rocking chiasmic day a year and a half ago, when he married Sarah and Nanny in the little temple at the brick store, Willard could count the times that Sarah had been asked into this house. And Jennetta faced the day, once the great temple was

finished, when she would have to stand with all his wives before the Lord. He intended to take as many more into his family as he wished. He had told her all would be united as equals in the eternal bond, and that she would have to accept them, for she understood the meaning of priesthood.

During the autumn of 1843 he had taken her to that small temple where through Joseph she had received her endowments, an honor bestowed only upon the most special women. Yet this evening when he described the will of the people to tithe themselves to complete the great temple, he saw her fingers tighten over the cooking spoon. He set Rhoda Ann down and put his hand on Jennetta's cap, his fingers on her lovely hair. He turned her face to him and said as if to take her mind from the marriage sealings, "We can go ahead now with all the public buildings, my dear."

"Yes," she said absently.

"Since we voted in our friends two days ago, we think Nauvoo will retain her charters. We can become the great city that Joseph planned. Yet when I think of all the public works, Jennetta, I see only the temple. It stands barely to the top of the first story. Some people are saying we'll never finish it, but you know we will. You should have heard the people vote to tithe themselves to complete it. The hallelujah shout rose three times over. Wouldn't you like to be one of the ministering sisters when we begin to endow the Church as a whole?"

She refused his overtures. He saw a shadow pass her lip.

When Susan Bayless and Ann Braddock came home, he found in them the same cheerfulness they had offered during the dark days of his English mission. Jennetta had told him that though they treated her like the mistress of the house, it was they who really carried the keys.

When she merely tasted her dinner, Willard showed concern. Frequently of late he had sent for Levi to ask his advice about her health. A week ago, brother had said, "It's you I'm worried about. The strain is telling on you, the shock in the jail, your awful fight against time. You pull its tail like it was a young calf. Why can't you be content to do one man's work?" Levi had peered at him. Jennetta herself had looked up to comment on Willard's shortness of breath.

On the day following the meeting when Brigham assumed the mantle, Willard walked to the Taylor home. This day Brigham expected to organize the Twelve as the head of the Church.

He looked around the circle and said, "I need not remind you that in his hour of leadership, Willard made of himself a perfect keystone. When our people thirsted for vengeance and so without knowing it thirsted for their own destruction, and so also for the destruction of the Church itself, Willard put his hand against that wheel. In England I used to hear him say, 'I ask only for more wisdom.' I think in our hour of darkness God answered his prayer. Like Paul, Willard did gain more wisdom. We were saved from annihilation." Brigham nodded with penetrating significance. Before the meeting was over, he had named Heber C. Kimball his first counselor, and Willard Richards his second counselor in the new position of authority.

Willard's special assignment in the readjustment program was the same as the one Joseph had given him. He felt pleased that nothing was considered of greater importance than the history. Acknowledging the appointment, he said, "We're engaged upon a work that will be equal to the Bible. And I'll take up the events exactly where Joseph and I left off."

He would use for the historian's office a room in Sally's house if he could ever get the dwelling finished. "I'd like to name Brother Thomas Bullock as my deputy," he said.

"Willard will require an assistant, just as Joseph required many scribes," Brigham remarked. And Willard saw Thomas Bullock with his mind and hand as neat and clear as his round smooth-haired head. He was just the man to help collect and file the scattered materials. He could take dictation and assist with the writing.

At home, when Jennetta saw the all too real approach of Willard's inevitable removal into his larger field, she asked one afternoon in early September, "When do you expect to move into your office at Sarah's?"

"Almost any day. When Brother Bullock gathers all the materials there. Oh, my darling!" Willard was alarmed over Jennetta's sudden pallor. "I'm not going to neglect you. When you understand the meaning of priesthood even better than you do now, you'll

be no more willing to live apart from plural marriage than without sunshine and air."

Willard felt as close to her these days as were the autumn clouds to the hills. He declared again that he would not let her be lonely. He said, "When we go to the temple with the other wives, once it's finished, you won't wish me to brush the dust from your eyelids. Brighten your vision yourself, my dear."

"I shan't say one word against your going to Sarah's," she replied in a strange, quiet voice.

A few days later, as Levi had feared, Willard collapsed with one of his attacks. Jennetta nursed him tenderly when the pain in his chest and arm became an excruciating torment.

While he was down, events important to the Church came and went without his direction. He took no part in the meeting in which the High Council reached the decision to cut Sidney Rigdon off from the Church. Sidney was attempting to work up a following. Nothing less than excommunication would do; but for a man of his importance, nothing less than a Church vote would suffice for the decision.

When only ten people voted against the excommunication, Brigham said that evening in council at Willard's bedside, "We can wash our feet against him at last. Once more we've proofed ourselves up against the gnawing of little people."

"But we must remain vigilant," said Heber. "Others will come along holding the devil by the hand."

Willard was still lying abed when two companies of soldiers arrived in Nauvoo to watch the city. He smiled with condescension, picturing these contingents of Mr. Ford guarding Nauvoo against the violence of the county. He told himself that Mr. Ford must have forgotten that he had promised to send a commanding officer for the encampment. The Twelve had said there was no one to give orders, and the soldiers were lolling on the prairie like fish on dry land, expiring from their own heat.

In October when a summons came for Willard to appear in Carthage to serve as a witness against the murderers at the jail, he said to Brigham, who again sat at his bedside, "I would not go if I could.

I think the grand jury know the Smiths were murdered, don't they?"

"Willard, you may have to go next April. We know the case will be postponed until the next session."

"And we know the murderers will never be convicted. Why should I step into their trap?"

"True! There's a price for every one of us. We're wanted now for adultery. And the Governor of Ohio wants me for the Kirtland debts; you, too, Willard."

"Let's pray that they'll leave us alone until the temple is finished. That's all I ask."

On December 8th, Willard gave every spy in Nauvoo an opportunity to prove the existence of plural marriage in his life. But the spies did not look behind the shaded windows of Sarah's house. They merely lurked on the corners of the city at night. They were equally blind to the dream, to the goal, to the interpretation of life that the Twelve were working for. They simply hung around at night, freezing their toes, chilling their teeth, clutching their hidden guns.

And within the house on Cherry and Water Streets, there was a feeling of abundance and cheer. To be sure, the Longstroth women could turn a turnip into a dish fit for a king, provided they could lay their hands on one slice of fish or meat, or on a square of cheese.

Mother Ann Gill had come to Nauvoo with Stephen and the children, Nanny, Alice, George, and "Wee Willie." When Willard had to be away from Sarah, she went to her father's place. Or at times one of the sisters came down the hill to stay with her. Stephen had built a temporary house on the hill near Levi Richards, the Havens, and the Spencers.

But on January 2nd, Sarah gave a dinner in her own right. She turned out a sumptuous meal in honor of eight brethren and their wives who had been baptized into the Church in Preston. Of course her mother and sisters helped her, for all told, that afternoon and evening, there were thirty-five guests at the successive tables. And as if that were not enough, Sally smilingly served Brothers Brigham, Heber, and John Taylor, when they arrived to spend the evening in the historian's office. A hostess in her own right, she invited them to take dinner before they went to work.

With his many activities keeping Willard on the flat, Jennetta commenced visiting her English friends who were now in Nauvoo, sometimes for a week end, and occasionally for a whole week at a time.

One day in January, Willard walked part way with her to Brigham's house, where she intended to spend the afternoon with Mary Ann Angell Young. He parted with Jennetta at Sylvia Lyon's house. They had stopped for a little chat and a glass of wine. They promised some day to make a longer call. Willard felt pleased to see Jennetta so well thought of.

In her reserved way, she said goodbye to him. "I'll be all right to go on to the Youngs' alone." She had noticed Willard's sudden shortness of breath.

At home, he spent the afternoon in bed. Ann King Fox, a young woman from Gloucester, two years older than Jennetta, kept Willard an hour's company, sitting in his room, sewing. Watching her capable fingers turn out the cap on which she was working, he smiled, happily reminded of his mission in her part of Britain. He could feel the freshness of the winds of Gloucester sweeping over the hills and down through the green valleys, with their hedgerows.

In Ann Fox he discovered something that reminded him of his successful journey when he came upon Brigham and Wilford at Brother Kingston's, and of the triumph of his travels, when alone, that took him almost into Wales.

Arriving home, finding Ann in Willard's room, Jennetta suddenly realized that the circle to stand before the Lord in the temple, upon its completion, was to be enlarged. Ann looked up, saying, "The doctor was once in Gloucester. He could walk there all day without a single palpitation of the heart."

"I wish he felt that good now." Jennetta fluffed her husband's pillow. "I'm going to bring you some dumplings, some little lads." She kept her voice under control, her smile even. But she was quiet when she took supper in the kitchen with Rhoda Ann and Heber John.

The following week, despite the friends of the Mormons who had been elected to the state legislature last August, Carthage and

Warsaw won a victory over Nauvoo, in Springfield. With her city charters repealed, Nauvoo was shorn of her resplendent powers. The city council was reduced to the limited authority of any other city council in the United States. By no possible interpretation, did her court any longer possess the right to go behind the writs issued by another legal body.

The Twelve, seeing these special powers withdrawn, made an effort to appeal to higher courts. Still, the Quorum now decided that no breath used to exhort the laborers to complete the temple as fast as possible could be lost. They told the Church that no tithes gathered could be better spent than in hurrying the building along so that the endowments could be commenced while the Twelve were available.

The apostles remained in semi-hiding. But when in April a United States marshal arrived in Nauvoo with a warrant of arrest for Brigham, he slipped away for a time into a home where his whereabouts were known only to the most trusted friends. Some of the Twelve left the city for missions to various parts of the United States. The whole country was now organized into Church districts which required supervision. And Wilford Woodruff fled to England so the former work of the Twelve there should not be lost. Wisdom was demanded to keep that mission from losing influence. During an emergency, no one made a better leader than Wilford.

Willard continued his special work, sometimes writing the history at Bishop Hunter's, then at Bishop Woolley's. He found a welcome at both homes, as did the apostles with whom he frequently read the account, correcting his copy and accepting suggestions from Brigham, Heber, and John. Bodyguards, messengers, assistants, with Thomas Bullock as Willard's special deputy, remained on call.

While in hiding Willard spent little time with either Sarah or Jennetta. Still, in March he once more risked going up to the Longstroths' to take Sarah and Nanny to the Seventies' Hall, to sit for Mr. Foster, a visiting photographer.

Jennetta had long promised her parents a picture of herself and Willard, with the little boy they had known in England. When her turn came, she had one picture taken of just herself, Willard, and John. She made up for this, however, with another one which included Rhoda Ann.

Having to follow Sarah and Nanny, try as she would when she

sat, Jennetta could not erase the expression on her face which said of Willard, He is mine. She put her arm over his shoulder, and their son's hand in his father's.

In England when Willard had had the handsome picture of himself as an apostle made, his cravat had turned askew. He now appeared neatly groomed; but when Jennetta saw the daguerreotype she read in her husband's lined countenance the shock of his illness, of his hour with Joseph at Carthage, and of the threats facing him today with the other apostles. Yet she rejoiced in the tintype; she could at last keep her promise to her mother and father.

Willard also proudly took Jennetta to a visiting artist for her portrait in oil. Mr. Majors, too, had set up a studio in the Seventies' Hall. Before he completed the handsome painting, for which she dressed in her loveliest gown, Jennetta fell ill with pleurisy.

Willard frequently drove or walked from his place of hiding to visit her. Before daylight on May 24th, he arrived from the Hunters' on his way to the temple. This morning the capstone of the thirtieth, or last, column supporting the outside walls would be laid.

Reaching Jennetta's house in the darkness, Willard grieved because she could not go with him. He recalled that she had missed other special services, those in England when he had been made a counselor in the presidency; and then, too, when he was ordained an apostle. If only she were not ill! In their prearranged fashion, he rapped softly on the door, took out his key, and crossed the kitchen to her bedroom.

"Willard?"

"Yes, my dear." He put his hand on her forehead. "You feel cooler. Your fever's down," he said gently.

"Yes, I feel better," she whispered. "The witches o' Pendle Hill have ridden away."

"Nettee, Nettee!" His reproof revealed his love. "Just the same, if I can't have you with me, you keep your bed today."

In the kitchen he cautioned Ann Braddock, now serving as nurse, to continue dosing Sister Richards with her composition tea. Presently, to Susan Bayless, who had set a dish of porridge on the table, he said, "Many thanks, dear Sister." As he left the house he called into the bedroom, "I'll see you this evening, Jennetta."

The sun was rising like a huge red moon when Willard met Heber on the hill below the temple. Together they climbed the temporary staircase and went out upon the tower at the top of the second story level. They rejoiced in the spiritual consummation of the day. Westward, beyond the river, the hills of Iowa rolled. Standing on the tower in silence, Willard contemplated that possible road to peace.

At April conference he had called out in meeting the names of the first hundred men chosen to pioneer the emigration in case the worst possible situation developed. Beneath the burgeoning trees none of the hundred men had offered the first objection to his task. Yet the Twelve had continued to work at Nauvoo. They had done their best to persuade the hands to finish all the public buildings that had been started.

Although the Masonic Lodge at Nauvoo had been declared clandestine during Joseph's life, the temple rose to the third story, one of the finest in the West. The Quorum agreed that Joseph would have been pleased. He had constantly threshed at the workers to build the halls as if they were to last five hundred years. He had made the men tear down the Seventies' Hall, and start over again on a substantial basis. From the tower, Willard proudly scanned the Music Hall, where he had twice taken Jennetta and the children to William Pitt's concerts.

Pitt's band of Britishers had been converted in a body, and had remained together during every trial. Looking out over the handsome city, Willard saw Jennetta dressed in her finest at the musical. And he saw her now at home in bed. He recalled the delightful visits she had a few weeks ago paid the Kays on the prairie, her fellow countrymen from Thornley, near Walkerfold. Thinking of the temple ceremonies, Willard knew that once the endowment rooms were ready for the ceremonies, he would, at their request, adopt the Kays into his spiritual family.

Willard wished Jennetta could share this lovely hour, the view of the sunrise, the river, and the buildings. And now the streets themselves became a river of life. In the midst of the multitude he discovered the Longstroths, Mother, Father, Wee Willie on Father's arm, and George clinging to Alice. Sarah and Nanny stood beside their sister. And soon Willard saw sister Rhoda and brother Phinnie with his family.

Here, too, were the Spencers and the Havens from the hill. Albert Rockwood had dressed in his blue uniform; but because the city charters had been withdrawn, the soldiers were not marching today. Willard said to Heber, "No matter what has happened, this is a great hour!"

"I would to God Joseph could have a breath of it!"

"I'm glad he doesn't know how Lyman Wight, his Wild Ram of the Mountains, came butting into Nauvoo last September, to destroy these columns. How could Lyman try that?" Willard shook his head over the apostate.

"Many are called, but few are chosen." Heber contemptuously dismissed the traitor, glad his plot had been thwarted. The day following the attempt, Brigham had broken ground for an arsenal, diagonally opposite the temple.

"I hope we can complete the armory!" Heber exclaimed.

But now the band struck up the especially composed Capstone March. Brigham appeared on the tower, ready to grasp the beetle. Regardless of the officers combing the city with warrants for the Twelve, he showed himself to the multitude.

Not one drum or fife was muted. Willard thrilled as a workman spread the cement for the capital. Brigham rammed the two-ton stone into place, squaring it to the line. He made a brief address.

Like thunder in the heavens, the multitude answered with the hallelujah cry.

Then while the Britishers played the closing anthem, the apostles stole away.

After a day of writing in the room reserved for him at Bishop Hunter's Willard walked up the hill to keep his promise to Jennetta. "What's happened?" he asked Ann Braddock, finding his wife worse.

The next day her fever ran wild. Willard's anxiety turned to alarm. He sent word to Sarah and the Hunters that he would not be down to either office until Jennetta was well.

He stayed with her for six weeks, undressing only twice, when she implored him to go upstairs to his own room. He prepared for bed, but could not sleep. Ravaged as he was, and despite the presence of the English companions, he served as Jennetta's nearest nurse. He lifted her in his arms, carrying her from bed to sofa, and back

again. He fed her when she was too weak to handle her fork or spoon.

His friends often blessed her, Heber and Brigham especially. One day in late June, Sister Liptrot returned. She herself had been ill with no one to assist her. Her husband had died last September. But Susannah had not lost her devotion to her lamb. She expected to confine her with her fourth baby.

Examining her patient, the midwife found definite signs of life in the unborn child. "Oh!" she said, "my lass, exert your faith and will to live! The wean is facin' up."

Jennetta's strength increased. Willard felt encouraged. He brought some elders in to bless her on the evening of July 8th. She brightened and showed interest in what was going on in the city, asking Lucy Clayton, her nurse at that moment, if she were going to the party at the Music Hall the next day.

William's plural wife shook her head, looking strangely at Willard when Jennetta said she would like to go with the doctor.

He glanced at his wife's thin wrists and face, smiling tenderly. But while he was bending over her, her eyes suddenly changed. She asked him if cousin Brigham expected to be carried to the party. Willard sickened. He took her hand. She did not know him. He sent for Brigham and Heber.

They came at once, and anointed her with oil. They laid their hands upon her head. Jennetta breathed a little easier. Willard watched her through the night.

The next morning Heber appeared during the first light of day. He knelt beside her bed. Rising from his prayers he offered the signs of the priesthood, which with a faint smile Jennetta returned. "Oh, how can I die, with so much faith used for me?" she murmured.

Soon all the Twelve present in Nauvoo came. As they formed a circle around her bed, she looked at Willard and said, "I love you. How I love you!"

All the Quorum except Heber left. He was standing near Willard when at fifteen minutes past ten that morning, Jennetta stopped breathing.

Willard asked the English nurses to continue bathing her. Jennetta had requested that he hold onto her until she had been cold a long time. Oddly she remained warm. The women chafed her

limbs. They washed her again and again until in the dim lamplight that night they hoped against hope that she would wake up in this world. At two in the morning, the condition of her body changed. Willard said with a pang, "She is most certainly gone."

At daylight he took Heber John to see his mother. "Oh, Pa," he cried, "Can we bury her in the garden? I can't bear it, if we don't."

Willard patted his son's head and assured him they would do as Ma had asked. "That's just where she wanted to lie if she couldn't get well, isn't it, son?"

Heber John put his head on his father's arm, a man in holding back his sobs.

Willard ordered a brick vault constructed southwest of Jennetta's bedroom window. He held no public funeral. His life was in jeopardy. He placed the casket on the south porch, where Heber Kimball prayed. Brigham spoke. Indeed more friends came than Willard expected.

Sister Rhoda had been with Jennetta in death if not in life. She had helped robe her sister-in-law in the special white burial clothing of the endowment ceremony. Rhoda Ann had taken the wedding ring and guard from her mother's finger. Watching her, Willard kept in his heart the circle of one September 24th in Preston, at the mayor's office. He felt the essence of the lovely luminous spirit that was his forever and ever.

But when, after the funeral service was almost over, and Rhoda Ann threw a dahlia on the lowered box, saying, "Ma will fetch it to my little brother," Willard could no longer restrain his tears.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

On the evening of November 29, 1845, the snow was falling over Nauvoo, converting the city into a silent myth, its faintly yellow windows showing shaded lights through the muffling white cloud. Willard and Heber emerged from the temple, having just changed from their white priestly robes into street clothes. Brigham had uttered the prayer for the dedication of the endowment rooms, finished with the loving care that one would stitch into the funeral clothing of a child.

Willard reached for his handkerchief. "Steve Douglas promised us until spring to get out of here." He wiped the mist from his eyes as he and Heber walked slowly away from the temple. "That would have given us time to endow all the faithful and make a comfortable get-away."

"We both know spring'll never bless us in this place." Heber's sorrow also muted the victory of the dedication.

"I'll never forget Brigham's prayer this afternoon," said Willard. "With every breath I drew, I thanked God for giving us the 'little time' He promised to keep our appointment with Him."

"When Frank Worrell was killed and the government soldiers came to Nauvoo, I began to wonder how the Lord would keep that promise." Roughly, Heber drew a bandana from his pocket. "I didn't know whether we'd ever see this day."

"We had to see it," Willard said with deep feeling. Though Joseph was gone, Nauvoo had lived to finish the rooms that were the marrow of the Church — as the thought of them had been the palm of Joseph's existence.

"We'll soon be taking the faithful through," Willard said on an up-note. "Then if the Twelve are forced out ahead of the others, we'll not go away without having kept our promise to the Lord. We'll endow some that they may endow others."

"If only the hands will get the rooms arranged before we're

mobbed into leaving all this behind, we'll be all right." Heber glanced over his shoulder at the temple.

"We'll never leave the spirit behind," Willard said philosophically. "The gift goes with us. Once we've endowed the most trusted men and women, and once we've had our wives sealed to us, let the deputies come to our doors if it is God's will. Nauvoo will have been accomplished. We'll go away in the night before we'll submit to arrest."

"Yes." Heber's reply showed no cowardice.

"But to think of leaving this place is like living through Carthage all over again." Willard wiped his eyes.

"Watch out!" Heber grabbed his friend's arm. The walk was slippery. Willard had been in bed half the time since Jenetta's death. Yet he had gotten up to attend to the business whenever possible, forcing himself into activities for which he had not the physical strength.

After he recovered his footing, he mentioned the day that Frank Worrell had died, when J. B. Backenstos, the new sheriff of Hancock County, and a friend of the Mormons, together with Port Rockwell, had stumbled into his sickroom, breaking the news of the fracas that had ended Worrell's life.

Willard now saw the unrest preceding this event. It had heightened through the summer. In August the mob had been busy, burning from two or three houses to a whole village during a single night. The Twelve had been dispatching messengers to various towns advising the leaders to sell the property and bring the families and grain to the city. Prayers had been offered, asking God to grant His servants wisdom to manage the affairs so as to keep the mob off till the Saints could accomplish what He required at their hands with the temple and the Nauvoo House. And one day the Twelve had also asked for wisdom to manage the affairs in regard to the western emigration.

Walking down the hill with Heber after the dedication of the endowment rooms, Willard saw clearly the events that had made both him and his friend weep tears of relief and gratitude for the achievement of this generation. The autumn had been a storm of flame and of Satan's winds. A few days after the prayers for wisdom were offered, the Twelve had again met in Willard's room to discuss the announcement of another "wolf hunt" on the prairie near

Morley Settlement. Five Mormons had previously been captured by the mob, with Sharp and Williams as leaders. And the Twelve had resorted to prayer, asking God to confound their enemies, to make them spend their anger upon each other, lusting until, like Joseph's Biblical snakes, they would swallow one another.

But instead of playing themselves out, the mob had set up an armed camp on the prairie. The arson had continued. Even while the new sheriff, Jake Backenstos, and the governor were writing back and forth to decide upon a course of action that would maintain the peace, the Mormons had received a note from the Church officers at Macedonia, saying their village was to meet its fate that night. Relentlessly, the mob had forewarned the stake president.

Upon receiving the notice, Brigham had called the Twelve together. During the discussion of what they called the hellish assault, some objections had been offered to his suggestion that the Church should prevent it through armed force.

"I'll face the consequences for sending a company," he replied, "but I'll no longer submit to this continual violence without a protest that counts for more than a bad word."

"But the Legion is disfranchised," Parley Pratt objected. "Our charters are gone!"

"Our officers are still in uniform. Let them act," Brigham shot back. "I will no longer lie down to the outrage of these burnings unless it be to lie in the path of the fire itself."

As clerk of the Twelve, Willard signed the note which Brigham had dictated:

"Colonel Backenstos, if you think it best, you will instruct General Rich [of the Nauvoo Legion] to send a posse of twenty-five to thirty armed men without delay in wagons to Macedonia this p.m.

"Brigham Young,
per Willard Richards, Clerk."

The Mormon messengers had been waylaid by the officers of the mob camp near Carthage. Brigham, Willard, and a half-dozen others had soon been wanted for treason. New writs had been sworn out against them. Nothing had seemed so bad, though, as the story that the sheriff brought to the Twelve on the afternoon of September 16th, when Jake Backenstos and Port Rockwell stumbled into Willard's room gasping, "Frank Worrell is dead!"

"He fell from his horse on the prairie, a bullet through his heart!" Port had indulged in some bitter oaths. Fiddling with the ends of his dusty black braids, he had recounted his side of the incident. The sheriff had taken him with a posse to Warsaw to arrest the leaders of the mob, or at least to put an end to the torches. "Jake planned on the governor's support, but on the edge of town we looked into the guns of an armed mob," said Port.

"I retreated," Backenstos continued, then standing at attention, "to strengthen my position. My men were followed and fired upon."

"He ordered us to shoot," Port broke in.

"I raised my own gun," said the sheriff, "and Worrell dropped."

Then at last the Twelve had known that hands could no longer be spared to timber the spacious second floor of the Nauvoo House. The gong had sounded. If the temple was to be finished before the Twelve were captured or tarred and feathered out of the city, every hour must count.

In October, the governor had replied to the conflict by ordering a federal army to Nauvoo. General Hardin had camped with four hundred men on the prairie within sound of the temple bell, and within sight of the banners flown from the spire as signals to the officers of the Legion. From his room, where he had lain abed ill, Willard had looked east to see the different colors: blue, white, and orange.

This time the soldiers on the prairie had lacked no command. Besides the general and his aides, legal authority was vested in the rendezvous. As Willard walked down the hill he saw the day that the one-time friend of the Mormons, Stephen A. Douglas, had ridden from the camp into the city with the general and his staff to keep an appointment with Brigham and the Twelve.

All of the apostles had gone directly to John Taylor's house. Not so the soldiers marching into town early that morning. Under the command of the general they had stopped at the temple, where they had demanded admittance to search for men wanted for horsetheft in connection with the stealings that had been turning Warsaw's part of the river into a huge, uneasy corral. "Besides which," the general had said, "in Nauvoo there are men wanted for making bogus money, and also for *adultery*." He had coughed as he

stood in the doorway of the temple. "How do we know where you've hidden the criminals?"

This visit was only the beginning of the search. The detachment stopped at the Masonic Temple, leaving there no foot of space unjeered at or unscanned by the state's agents.

At the Mansion, when three or four soldiers had poked their swords into a manure heap in the barnyard which, with its seventy-five handsome horses, had once been a source of pride to Joseph, another soldier smirked, "What are you doing there? You don't think even a Mormon would hide a friend in a pile like that, do you?" He guffawed.

In the meeting, the general had received the promise of the Twelve to remove the Church from the State of Illinois during the coming spring. Brigham tried to convince his former friend, Judge Douglas, of his sincerity. "We'll go West," he said, "if not to California to some hiding place in the Great Basin, where God's wrath will pass us by when he smites the enemy."

The judge, small and dapper, as always, had hiccupped.

Brigham had replied with scorn. "We've been deprived of our Constitutional rights before. We were robbed of our lands in Missouri. Give us a chance to sell our properties here. I'll sign for our people. We will not plant again in Illinois. If we cannot eat, we cannot live. We'll be compelled by our own act to go away. I ask only that you give us until spring to emigrate. And a chance to sell our public buildings," he added.

"The request is granted." General Hardin gave Brigham a formal bow.

"Until the mud is out of the ground, then, when we can get out of here without hardships so severe that the less able-bodied will succumb to the trail."

Hardin had cut Brigham short. "Until the mud is out of the ground."

The papers had been drawn up. Judge Douglas had witnessed the proceedings, giving it legal status with his own signature. When as clerk of the Twelve Willard signed the note he felt as if he had long foreseen this tragic step. In their hour of grief over the prospect of leaving their homes, the apostles later expressed to a man their intention to keep the official word.

The Twelve now called the Church together. In a drizzling storm of half-snow, half-rain, Brigham went to the platform to explain the necessity for the removal. He related the story of his promise to keep the fertile fields barren during the coming season. Again he exacted a vote from the workers to finish the temple with all possible haste so the Church could be endowed before the prairie ahead should become the abiding place for the Camp of Israel. Nor was this all he asked.

Standing bareheaded in the rain, his coat meeting over his full figure by the merest margin, he extended his hand and said, "There are many poor in our midst, men from other states and other countries who've not yet gotten on their feet. The Church has been helping these people. We'll go on helping them. Yet we could not get enough wagons to carry the poor away if every house in Nauvoo was turned into a foundry and carpentry. Every house must become a workshop, but still there will be the poor. We love them. We want to help them. Still the burden is too great for a few to carry. And I want a solemn pledge and covenant that those who can, will assist those who cannot, to emigrate with the Church. Show me your hands, you who will take upon yourselves the promise to share and to give, and to march on as you are called out."

The hands went up, even among the poorest of the poor.

Willard wiped from his face the moisture of the storm as he recorded the overwhelming vote.

Brigham said he would list the things needed on the plains in the removal to the Great Basin. He promised specifications for the caravan that would form a line half way across Iowa before it was completed. He blessed his people, saying he would state every item required in the journey to feed, clothe, and house in tents and wagons one family. A man would then do his own multiplying for the number of people for whom he would be responsible. "And meanwhile," he prompted in his address, "let's finish the House of the Lord!"

Besides the Nauvoo House, all other public buildings had then stood silent and incomplete. The temple alone had resounded to the ring of the hammer, the hiss of the saw. The city had turned overnight into a forge, a foundry, and a workshop. Men had lathed hubs and greased axles. They had fashioned wagonboxes, fitted spokes

into rims, and bound the outer edges with iron fellies. Women had sewn canvas tops and ends for wagons and tents.

When Heber had seen the last of the government troops march away, or drive over the prairie in federal coaches, he called at Willard's room to describe the dust of the devil wagons. "Thank God they've gone! That dirty little snot-nosed Douglas! Again we'll be robbed of our Constitutional right, our vested interest in property. You'll see. Douglas ulcerates the very ground where he camps. And I think you know, Willard, the kind of ulcers I mean. Our friend? Did you see his smile when we signed that paper?"

"Never mind," Willard replied. "We've got his promise and Hardin's to stay until spring. We'll have time to prepare for the move that had to come. We'll finish the House of the Lord. With the Church endowed, we'll raise an ensign of liberty in the tops of the mountains that can wave the world to peace."

And now on this snowy evening, after the dedication on November 29th, as Willard parted with Heber at his own door he brought to a close the conversation in which he had mentioned a few of the thoughts that had been running through his mind.

Within the next ten days the endowment rooms were ready for the first ceremonies. Again the Twelve were beset by a feeling of feverish haste rather than by the spirit of tranquillity. The promises of the government officers and lawyers had not deterred the depredations of the mob. Though it was early winter, and though the exiled people would have no shelters other than their canvas tents and wagons on the prairie, they were not given until spring to emigrate. Governor Ford was at last advising the officers of the law to leave the apostles alone, lest the people have no one to lead them away. But the governor had not been unfair to the mob. And now in December the fangs of the leaders at Carthage and Warsaw were again bared.

No law could imprison the murderers at Carthage. For lack of witnesses they had been acquitted of the crime itself, and of all responsibility in connection with the rushing of the Jail. Still, the talk in Hancock County concerning the arrest of the Twelve for sponsoring counterfeit money grew louder and more insistent as the winter wore on. It did not matter that the charge was totally without foundation. The mob, murmuring and growling, was in no mood

either to honor the governor's advice or the pledge made in his name that the Mormons might remain until spring broke. Any Mormon leader walking unprotected about Nauvoo at night could count his life cheap. The apostles went nowhere at any time without a reinforced bodyguard.

Alternating the hours given to the endowments, they spent long evenings in the temple studying Captain John C. Fremont's journal on the Great Basin. They considered in detail his maps of the region, presented by Senator Douglas to Orson Hyde in Washington as the only award of justice to the Mormons, as a hint to get out of the country. The program to move over the river and onto the slopes of Iowa was now accelerated in time to the rhythmic flames of the mob's violence outside Nauvoo.

Captains of *hundreds* were appointed by the Twelve, in connection with the Council of Fifty, to lead the people away. Names were chosen to make up the companies. Brigham, however, was denied the right to say whose wagons could be used for whose group, that the Twelve might choose strong men unencumbered by large families to pioneer the trek. The Church refused to vote him this privilege. And now through the lack of cooperation here the Twelve got a glimpse of what lay ahead.

At times Brigham's lungs almost burst while he exhorted men to cease their idleness, to stop their petty pilfering and swearing, and to take upon themselves the aspects of children of the Lord about to be driven from their homes into the soul-cramping cold. "If you want God to bless you on your journey, earn His blessing now. It is cold out there. You leave your warm homes at your peril. You need God's help."

But like frightened children incapable of heeding a parent's word, a few grown men stood paralyzed, trying to keep the Twelve in sight. Others, too thick-skinned to sense their danger, lolled about the streets. But others forged, hammered, and sawed, while to the ring of iron and the crack of wood, women stitched canvas and fashioned proper clothing for the journey; and babies ripened for birth; and men and women wed when the temple doors swung open.

The Twelve felt forced to name men according to their order in the priesthood to receive their temple endowments. Every responsible person in the city asked for the first turn. But at last the

recorder and his assistants completed the lists. Willard read the names in the Church assemblies; and the first ordeal necessary to maintain discipline again opened a window on what was to come once this city was left behind.

Nevertheless, people went to the holy building in the order of their turn. As Willard named his clerks and deputies to keep his record books up-to-date, he felt the weight of his load. More frequently now than last fall, or a year ago, he had to lie abed. Only during the in-between moments of health and freedom from duty, could he fulfill his personal life.

He spent nights and days on his work, postponing the moment when he could take the women of his choice to the endowment rooms, and later to the marriage altar. He believed that as Adam is head of the human race, so is every man the head of his children and his children's children. By chance, or purpose, he chose a lass from each geographical district in which he had labored in England to join his circle. Susan Bayless of Herefordshire, alone held out.

She said she could not yet make up her mind. Willard gave her time. As he looked at those who had at various intervals kept his home comfortable during the hours of sickness and health, he counseled his group with loving kindness.

Several families, wishing to cast their lot with Willard as an apostle, asked to be adopted by him. As a spiritual father, he welcomed the Kays, who looked forward to a noble existence with him in the celestial world. By the same token, Willard would enlarge his family of wives, taking each in a spiritual love in the fullest sense of the word.

He could not shield on the prairie all the women he expected to marry. In the covered wagons the leaders must keep their families small. Stephen and Ann Gill Longstroth, themselves wishing to be adopted by Willard, offered a temporary home in St. Louis to Jane Hall and Ann Braddock.

Jacob Peart, a convert from Cumberland, offered to take Mary Thompson, a border lass, to the same city. Mary, young and possessed of a clear brunette beauty, told Willard, her husband-to-be, that she would gladly accept the invitation to live with the Pearts until he could give her a home in the new gathering place. Ann Fox also expected to tarry with the Pearts; while Susannah Liptrot

would live with brother Levi and sister Rhoda in Nauvoo until they started west some time next summer.

Willard had won Amelia Peirson's consent to marry him. Still he must work for others in the temple before he could arrange his own affairs. At times when Amelia was sewing in his house, or parching corn and helping to pack the great clothing and household boxes, she would glance at her uncle, her forehead puckered. He was in such bad health these days, she wondered how he could start the journey in the cold and the snow.

He loved her touch when she brought him a basin of broth, or gruel, while he lay abed, nursing a bad cough. He was reminded of the time when she had once washed his hair, brushing it dry, making him feel like a king.

Sarah was still at her father's, caring for Rhoda Ann Jennetta — Willard had added the last name — and Heber John.

Samuel and Franklin gave all the time they could spare to their uncle's packing. Each young man expected soon to leave for a mission to England, but each hoped first to see his Uncle Willard at least across the Mississippi.

On December 12th, a brother from the carriage association called at Willard's house. The next day, he again lay abed, ill. On the 14th, he felt worse, yet he dictated some letters for the Church during the week. One important message went to Washington D.C., requesting territorial government for whatever location the Mormons should colonize.

And then again he turned to his personal affairs, writing to Sarah with his own hand:

"Recorder's office
Friday, Dec. 19, 1845
4 P.M.

"Miss Sarah Longstroth.

"Sister Sarah.

"I have not been able to write since you left till now. I have been very sick. Am now a little better but have not been out of my room for about a week. I have heard by the bye that Rhoda A. Jennettee has been well, but you have been sick since you left. You must return on Monday, with my little daughter, and take care of her here and you will be well very quick. I hear your mother is better, shall expect that visit before Christmas, and your sisters to take care of her. I regret to hear that

Nanny and the little ones are sick again, but they shall recover. Alice must keep well. The endowments are going forward rapidly. Be ye all-so ready, that when the call cometh, ye may be chosen and go. Tell your mother to get well quickly.

"I want to see my little girl. Give her a kiss for Papa. The Lord willing, I shall send a carriage for you on Monday morning. We are all Pretty well except Jane, she is better. My best wishes to you all. God bless you,

"Willard R.

"P.S. write this eve — let me know how you are, and R. A. Jennettee, &c."

As Willard closed the postscript he smiled over the "*all-so ready*," for he expected to marry Alice, too. Then the dentist, Dr. Neibaur, came to "plug" his teeth. Willard had also been trying to arrange with the shoemaker to have his whole family fitted. And he had been urging Mr. Majors to complete the life sized portraits of Heber John and Rhoda Ann.

Ann Fox, near Jennetta's age, sat for the artist, wearing the handsome jewelry from Walkerfold, and holding Jennetta's *Book of Mormon*, while he added the last touches to the painting.

Meanwhile, Willard altered Jennetta's grave, ordering two large grey stones cut, one to cover the plank over the vault, one to lie under the casket. Each read:

Jennetta Richards
born at Walkerfold England
August 21st 1817
Married to Willard Richards
September 24 1838
Died July 9th 1845

In the midst of attending to the numerous details for the journey, such as having a coat fitted and a ream of paper bound into four books for his journals, marked "W. Richards," he dictated history during every possible moment.

On December 10th he had taken sister Rhoda and his niece, Eliza Peirson, to the temple for their endowments, and to have Rhoda sealed to Joseph Smith. But now at last, three days after his letter to Sarah, he met her in the temple. Then, too, Amelia Peirson was sealed to him. He had asked her and Sarah to face with him the prairies of Iowa.

Thomas Bullock had sketched for the Twelve Captain Fremont's topographical map of the Great Basin. This immense area, or upper California, as it was called, looked exceedingly inviting to the Twelve. If Washington refused their pleas to colonize in the name of the United States either *lower* California, Oregon, or Vancouver's Island, the place nobody else wanted on the shore of the Great Salt Lake might prove an excellent garden spot.

On January 24th, Willard took his beloved Nanny, and also Ann Fox King, born in Stanley, Gloucestershire, February 17, 1815, to receive the ordinances and to become his wives.

Mary Thompson and Jane Hall, also an English girl, received their endowments and married Willard. Susannah Lee Liptrot and Ann Read Braddock knelt with him at the altar in the sealing room on February 6th.

Willard continued his adoptions. Besides the Pearts and the Kays, Father and Mother Longstroth became members of his family. Ellen Parkinton, a young English girl, twelve years old, was sealed to him as his adopted daughter. Thomas Bullock and his wife, Henrietta; Lucy Carrington, Wilmer Benson, and George D. Watt and his wife, Mary, also became his spiritual children.

The last few days Willard spent in Nauvoo offered no leisure for anything but the business of the Church. The Twelve, shadowed by constant threats against their lives, felt a terrible urgency to join the camp already formed on Sugar Creek, four miles from Montrose, Iowa, the city opposite Nauvoo. On February 13th, Willard attempted to cross the river, but found it too high, swift, and full of round, pocked chunks of ice.

On the fifteenth William Kay drove a wagon of Willard's down the hill to the ferry, while Samuel and Franklin each drove one to the river. Willard himself took his white-topped carriage to the flatboat. The canvas of each vehicle was coated with wax to fend off the storms. The clouds had gathered even now. As the ferry tossed and turned in the sharp maneuvering, Sarah, Amelia, Heber John, Rhoda Ann Jennetta, and Ellen wondered what lay ahead. On the other side of the river, the cold increased in the quickly dimming light. The family crowded together on the three seats of the white-top.

The first company, the hundred men and their families, whose names Willard had called out during the last April conference, had already crossed, some as early as February 4th. Nearly six hundred people had spread their tents in the snow on Sugar Creek.

Seeing his wagons safely over the river, Willard found Brigham at the foot of a high bluff, shouting orders, pushing, shoving — his shirtsleeves rolled up, his pants spattered with mire — trying to get some of the more helpless wagons up the taxing pitch. The deep mud under the thick and heavy snow blocked every vehicle. Oxen slipped. One carriage rolled back, but at last all of that day's train reached the brow. Willard told Brigham that he was fully ready to bed down on the creek some few miles ahead.

On February 24th, the mud lay frozen beneath the snow. The thermometer stood at two degrees below zero when the first child was born in the encampment on Sugar Creek. Patty Sessions, the midwife, reported the case.

That day Amelia, with her fingers warmed at the tiny stove in Willard's tent, played her accordion and sang a little tune to the children, half-humming the words, "Farewell, Nauvoo, farewell. Suffering shall cease when we are chastened to God's will. Farewell, Nauvoo, farewell."

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

While the Mormon exiles were still camped on Sugar Creek, the snow fell boot deep. One man died of exposure, several babies were born, and the dream of Willard Richards' heart was denied: The Church was afraid to let the Twelve move ahead with a company of pioneers to seek out a hiding place for the people in the tops of the mountains.

While families came near perishing in the steel-hard cold that struck through canvas tents and flannel clothing to lay men and women low, to take life, and to greet the newborn, no meeting was held in which the Church was willing to sustain Brigham Young as president of the scattered camps. No means were voted to outfit a hundred men to go ahead and explore the Great Basin for a suitable refuge, or even the wilderness that was Oregon or Vancouver's Island. Nor was there any permission granted the Twelve to go ahead of the body of the Church.

Terror-stricken before they had left their homes, the families now lost track of the grand goal because they were afraid to have the apostles out of their sight. Gaunt-eyed, driven from their homes in the face of the blizzard, crossing the river on a bridge of ice during the last weeks of February, the poor could hardly bear to separate into their respective companies.

Willard said to his Quorum one evening when it met in his wagon, where he lay ill, that the large families were hitching a drag to the feet of the Twelve.

Brigham replied, "They'll pull us down. They'll hinder us from following the rivers and crossing the wastes. We can't even get to the Des Moines!"

"The women, the infirm, the sick — *they* measure the miles," Heber grumbled, his breath freezing as he spoke while seated near the canvas wall.

From his bed, Willard added, "We have to wait for *them* to

blow the horn for the wagons to be packed and the oxen yoked."

"The worse the confusion, the more my forehead wrinkles to stop this hindering, this love gift to the devil. But we'll conquer the problem; we'll find the means!" Brigham's smooth-shaven chin suddenly set as though cast in bronze.

"With God's help, we'll get this people out of danger and into the promised land." Willard seized his quill from the portable desk by his bed, and rolled the pen between thumb and finger.

"If the people would only let us out of earshot, we'd go over the mountains this summer to look around and plant. Then we could come back and tell the poor what to do." Heber squirmed in his folding chair.

"If they'd make me president of these camps, they'd not hold us back." Brigham's lips thinned. "They wait too long on that point."

Again Willard rolled his quill. Though he had to dictate from his bed, as historian he would enter the events of the Camp of Israel in his journal. Like Moroni of old, he would keep the word. Through snow and rain he would guard the records of the Church, brought out in the wagon that carried his tents. He kept his eye on the chest containing the history that he and Joseph, with the help of numerous clerks and assistants, had composed, and that he had continued after the Prophet's last days.

The next afternoon Brigham stood in his wagon beside the snow-banked stream, scolding the shivering multitude. He drummed at those who refused council. "Though you have not yet made me the leader of your camps, if you do, when we get out from the settlements where my orders can be executed, you who are deaf will see justice done. I should be perfectly willing to see your throats cut. Some of you may say, 'If that is your feeling, Brigham, we'll lay you aside some time.' Well, do it if you can. I'd rather die by the hands of the meanest of all men — *false brethren* — than to live among thieves." He turned his head from side to side, with a cold eye for the crowd.

But as Willard recorded the sermon, Brigham's voice changed. His breath still freezing, he addressed the captains of companies. "I want you to report to the Twelve those who are most destitute. I'll divide among them the corn and oats I've brought for horsefeed. I tell you all, there's no need of stealing. If one suffers, we'll all suffer. This great I and little you, I cannot abide. If the guard

considers the Twelve as privileged characters they must so consider the high council; and if the high council, then also the high priests; and we shall all be privileged characters. If I want to pass the guard, like others I'll ask him for the word, and when I return I'll give the countersign."

Soon Brigham explained that wherever the Twelve should be located in the wilderness ahead, the keys of the kingdom would be found. He said, "We shall reach our decisions with the help of a traveling high council, subject to the vote of that part of the Church which can meet with this body."

Then on March 1st, when the weather had moderated slightly, he cried to a train of five hundred wagons, "Roll on! Roll on, wagons of Israel!"

As the companies headed west, Willard's wagon sucked at the black mush which was the soil of Iowa now that the snow had begun to melt. The hollow sound of wet earth mucking the wheels, the hoofs of the oxen, and the feet of William Kay, walking at the yoke, slapped at the historian's ears. Days later, when the frost had left the ground from a still deeper level, the ooze increased. For weeks on end, all his wagons pulled and mired by turn.

The leaders took hope for solving the problems of the camp as a whole when at last, on March 27th, Brigham was voted in as president of the exodus. That day Willard was appointed postmaster. Grimly he nodded as he stood with the Church in the mud in front of Brigham's wagon, knowing what it would mean to keep the letters and messages safe in their passage from camp to camp. He quickened to the thought of the ride of the men who would deliver their cargo between the headquarters camp in the wilderness and Nauvoo; between the camp and the eastern branches of the Church, and between his tent and all the various camps on the rivers and hills in Iowa. Also there was England with which to communicate.

Now in mid-April, Headquarters was still only two days from Nauvoo by horseback; but by wagon it was six weeks of misery into Iowa. Thirteen hundred carriages and covered wagons were strung along the trail. The Twelve were camped at Hickory Grove, on the divide between the east and the west forks of the Chariton River.

Willard said to Heber, "The people *still* cling to us. I think

they'd like to harness their mules to our coats." Yet he felt sorry for the pitiable starved faces into which he looked when trying to divide the rations. The worse the rain and mud became, the thinner the boots and the more ragged the clothes wore. And now among the ill-fed people, tempers sharpened and quarrels stiffened when the Twelve were not present to maintain discipline.

When wheat was to be had mills could at times not grind because the streams were so swollen. Nor could the creeks be forded. Then as the rains increased, the roads became swamps of black glue. Southern Iowa became a lake of ooze, rendering the trail altogether impassable.

Late on the afternoon of April 13th, watching Brigham's carriage double-team down the slippery bank toward the ford at Hickory Grove, Willard called, "I'll see you this evening!" He caught his breath over the heaviest wagon, though it was tri-yoked with oxen for the pull up the rise. As usual these days, the clouds were electric blue, with ragged skirts, and he thought, I wish I could cross now. He glanced over his shoulder at his family and the post office tents. Both had yet to be struck. And before the first chest of papers was loaded into the wagons, a splash of rain hit the back of his hand like a wad of wet cotton. The wind whipped up, driving wet. A towering maple swayed, leaning toward its mud-sodden slope. The gale turned. The maple snapped like the pop of a gun. April-leafed and in bloom, it fell.

A woman screamed. A half-dozen men ran to extricate her and her children from a crushed tent. By the hand of God, they were found unhurt.

By evening the storm had subsided, but the ford was now a torrent high enough to flood a wagon bed. After supper Willard said good night to his wives, Sarah and Amelia, and to the children, telling them they would join Brother Brigham's wagons the next day. He went to the post office tent and sat down in a heavy flannel shirt and jacket, some warm pants and crocheted slippers to bring his journal up to date. Yawning, he felt grateful that, after weeks of lying abed ill in one camp after another, he was able to sit up to hold his pen.

He wrote into the night, turning to some correspondence for his Quorum. The rain seeped through the spaces left by the slowly flak-

ing wax on the dull white canvas. Suddenly the walls fluttered; the end-flaps waved dizzily. As they parted he saw a silver streak split the dark sky. The thunder boiled.

He secured the flaps and sat down to finish copying a letter addressed to Jesse Little, Brigham's brother-in-law, once of Aurelius, New York, but now head of the eastern branches of the Church. President Little had been given a memorial from the Twelve to present to President James K. Polk, in Washington. Our last hope of obtaining succor from our native land, Willard thought, his pen moving over the page, the steady strokes killing the sound of the storm in his ears.

If only the people had been willing to turn their wagons over to Brigham in Nauvoo, as asked, we'd not be in such desperate need of the government's help. In the flickering light, Willard's pen rested in midair. Brigham might have named those who were to come with the Twelve. The trail through Iowa would not now be so heavy with wagons where women as well as children are hungry, where the well-to-do think us hard because we insist that they share, and share again.

In the memorial, the Twelve had asked the government to grant the Church the right to colonize in its name some area in California, Oregon, or Vancouver's Island. They had asked, too, for means to do the colonizing. Willard ran his fingers through his greying curls, remembering Heber's toast at a meeting in Nauvoo to Brigham as the next governor of California. Willard had cheered Heber as vice-governor. I pray that Brother Little will get a favorable answer from President Polk, Willard thought. Why don't we hear from him?

From the depths of his heart, the question came as he looked across the tent at the special chest, lifted as usual on blocks to keep it above any possible flood waters. He almost felt Joseph's hand on his shoulder. In that iron-bound box lay the sheafs of manuscript on which he and the Prophet had worked. Willard took up his pen to go on with the letter to Jesse Little.

My soul, he thought a few minutes later, that crash could be from the devil himself. Willard smelled the rain; he tasted it, and he felt the slap of his ears as they struck back with a sharp echo. A bolt of lightning hit the ground not a hundred feet away. The earth trembled. Again the thunder stamped through the sky. The

lantern flickered and fell on its side, dousing. In the darkness a rivulet crossed his foot. He coughed, shuddering from the pain in his lungs, the congestion which had kept him in bed during half the three months of the encampments in the snow, rain, and mud.

The lightning again showed the canvas fluttering like a summer leaf. The ridgepole creaked, and in the new darkness the wet wall back of the desk swept in, wiping his forehead. Above the roar of the rain Willard listened for the shredding of this clammy covering. Thank God I locked the chest containing the history! He put out his hand, groping for his journal and letter.

Before he had a chance to find them, another crash of thunder and a burst of rain sent him to his knees in the dark, to prop up the canvas side with his back. He felt for the right position. The post office could be washed down the slope and into the flooding stream. He had seen creeks rise six feet in half an hour.

He had no chance to search further for the writing. The entire tent seemed to be going. He crept outside, groping for the ropes, but sank into a mudhole, where he lay flat on his back while the rain stung his face. Righting himself to a kneeling position he jerked the guy rope with all his strength.

In answer to his cry, a guard splashed through the night, shouting, "Hellooo, hellooo! Doctor Richards, where are you?"

"Hellooo," came the guiding answer.

By the flicker of his own feeble lantern, the guard was soon on his knees, his fingers sifting the mud for a ten pin. "I've found it; I've found it. Sure as thunder, I have!" His broken whispers were a prayer of anxiety. He shouted into the night, calling for more help. But now the other side of the tent began to sag.

Willard, too, had been praying. He had never prayed harder than in this moment that was imperiling all he held most sacred. The children of men come and go, he thought, as he knelt and the water rose, but the Word remains. Dear God, don't let me lose the records.

Willard leaned back on his haunches, the flood around his thighs. He pulled on the rope while the guard and the assistants, who had just arrived, tried to drive the pins into the mud, seeking bottom for the points before the heads were submerged.

Despite the strain Willard felt on his arms, he suddenly saw the storm as insignificant. Violent storms the camp had been meeting

ever since the river had frozen over, forming a bridge of ice, ever since the snow around the tents at Sugar Creek had piled against the walls. He remembered that the days had been kind when the thermometer climbed to twenty-five degrees; but then when the frost disappeared and the mud formed, three miles had sometimes been the progress of the camp.

Only when the sun had shone and men had been ardent, when oxen and horses had fed, had Headquarters been able to move ten or twelve miles. Willard could not forget that now instead of approaching the mountains, instead of being well organized, the various camps formed merely a ragged column. Nor could he forget, even in this moment of acute distress, that the Church had again refused to vote the Twelve the privilege of proceeding to the Great Basin with a company of young men.

Willard knew as he kept the tent ropes taut that the Twelve was still a witness to unfulfilled plans. Disorganization had not yet been replaced by the order visualized during the temple meetings at Nauvoo. He worked with the half fallen tent, praying for the preservation of the history and the letters — his particular charge on this trek to Israel's hiding place. And now, not daring to move from his knees till the tent was made secure, with his back drenched and his lungs boiling, he again thought, The children of men come and go, but God sees that the records of the kingdom are saved.

The affirmation was as comforting as a warm bed, and all at once he saw his family in the dark and weeping tent, waiting out the storm. Sarah was expecting a child. Was she trembling? Was Amelia worrying over Ellen, Rhoda Ann, and Heber John? Willard became aware of a desire to stroke the slender wrist of his sensitive six-year-old son. He wanted to put his hand on the forehead of each beloved soul in that family tent.

He remembered how Amelia, her fingers all but frozen, had pressed the keys of her accordion, singing as his wagons rolled away from Nauvoo: "A city cradled by the Father of Waters, a city risen through the spirit of God, built by the hand of man, of man; a temple, a temple to the Lord; farewell, Nauvoo; farewell, Nauvoo."

Once more the thunder shuddered. Willard pulled on the rope, recalling the gentle crying of the children in the snow on Sugar Creek, and the sweet voice of Sarah in her comforting Lancashire tongue, "Noo, lad; noo, lass, tak' th' peace." And again Willard

heard Amelia in another hour, turning hopelessness to hope with her singing:

"The wilderness calls to the sons of Joseph; the fire of hatred has driven us forth; we seek the mountains afar, afar; lead, lead, ah kindly light; lead, kindly light."

While the wagons had rolled on in early March, she had sung: "The Lord will hear the appeal of our hearts when we are chastened to His will; suffering then shall cease, shall cease; rise, rise, ah hope of my breast; rise, hope of my breast." And now beneath the blue fangs striking the sky, and in the unsheathed rain, Willard recalled the crash of the tree this afternoon. It had missed its quarry by a breath, by one small breath, and, he thought, rising, The Lord is with us!

"God bless you," he said to the guards as he shook hands all around, his fingers numb. Twelve pins had been found in the mud and driven home to some kind of bottom. The storm sobbed — a child's shudder to Willard.

"May the Lord bless you, Doctor Richards," the man first to come to the rescue said. "Get those wet clothes off, sir. I suppose you've got what you need to warm yourself up!" The guard slapped his thigh.

"I've got all I need, thank you," the doctor replied.

Inside the tent, another guard lighted Willard's lantern. Soon the doctor lifted the lid of the cherished chest and made his journal safe. The light, when falling a half-hour ago, had covered the small leather-bound book and the original letter to Jesse Little. With awed hands Willard picked up the work. He wiped the sodden paper and the notebook, and put them away. The copy of the message to Washington was nowhere to be seen; the quill was gone. He closed his eyes for a second, and then went to his family tent to see that all was well.

In the morning his bones ached. His lungs felt like red-ant stings. He lay abed until Albert Rockwood came to fold up his outfit.

For the next ten days, while the headquarters company moved slowly down the divide between the west fork of the Chariton River and the east fork of the Grand, Willard lay stretched out in his

wagon. When the train came within three miles of the latter stream, the scouts found a tributary in such flood that it could not be crossed. "The Muddy," Heber named the creek, realizing that camp would have to be made.

An hour later the Twelve learned from a scout who had gone ahead that actually this was the best camping place this side of the Grand. The council decided the location would make an excellent farming site, and that here some of the Church might tarry. As Willard got down from his carriage, dressed and feeling better, he said to Colonel Albert Rockwood, "Cousin, I wonder if you'll get my shovel and reach the seed bags? I want to plant the first hill of corn and potatoes in this place!"

Willard threw off his coat. Soon the dirt, dry enough at this moment to work, flew from his spade.

As the days followed and no word came from Brother Little, confirming Congress' willingness to commission the Mormons to colonize some location on the west coast, Brigham and the Twelve lamented the government's insensibility to the wrongs the Mormons had suffered, to the callousness against the effort of the mob to apprehend the Twelve. Fearsome rumors of men armed with indictments to take the apostles were occasionally brought from near-by Missouri to Headquarters. In council, Willard said to his brothers, "How can any people skinned of everything they possess, except their love of God, exist through such an ordeal of starvation and flight? Do you really think Old Boggs — ex-Governor Boggs — is organizing a government move against us?"

Brigham grunted, "Have you ever seen the devil idle?"

Willard thought of the men of the camps, splitting rails for any settlers they could find who would pay for labor with provisions; and of the families who were sending crockery, feather beds, silk dresses, and satin waistcoats into Missouri. The border was only a few miles to the south of the Mormon trail. The Saints had bartered their goods for food. Men disguised themselves to work in the unfriendly state for whatever they could get. Even in Headquarters the hunger was becoming intense. The Twelve had shared a year's provisions, until their wagons, pulling through the miry swamps, were light. The apostles begged the prosperous to follow their example.

But now a certain disease was spreading through the camps.

The Council of Health had devised a name. Willard feared that the "black canker" might become an epidemic. The patient, stricken with a bilious colic, suffered from chills and fever. A vitiated mucous membrane lined his stomach and bowels. Worst of all, his toes turned dark, and as a result of the disturbed circulation, the black stain moved farther up the legs. The whole nervous system became involved.

Willard nursed his anxieties over the health of the camp while Brigham, Heber, George A., John Taylor, and Orson and Parley Pratt pondered the disorganization among the now eighteen hundred wagons. God alone knew how many people were on the march as the month of May approached. The best of the camps had not penetrated the hub-deep, oozing trails more than one hundred and fifty miles beyond Nauvoo. The whole Quorum worried over still other impoverished families huddled on the west bank of the Mississippi, pleading for means to be moved forward. The mob had driven them out of Nauvoo at the point of guns, torches, and the lash.

Orson Hyde had dedicated the temple in April, then finished even to the carved angel on the spire. To the tolling of the bell in celebration, the mob had replied with new persecution. Not content with driving the first emigrants into the snow last February, when only a canvas protected them from the cold, the enemy could not wait to get rid of the last Mormon on the Mississippi. Organized mob action had never let up. And many sick and feeble Saints now lay huddled on the bank of the elbowing river.

The Twelve also fretted over not having sent a company of mountaineers to the Great Basin. The Church had finally voted to support this plan, but the means to outfit the company that could plant the wheat and corn for those who would arrive later, had not yet been volunteered. Permission might as well not have been given.

One evening on Muddy Creek, when the Council met in the post office tent, Parley Pratt said that if he could take his family with him, he would act as leader of the mountaineers; that is, if the rest of the Twelve were not permitted to cross.

Brigham replied, "If you take your family, all the other men will want to take theirs. And then how much better off will the mountain company be than the camp as a whole?"

"If you'll promise, then, to care for my family, I still will go!" Parley fended off the rebuke.

Brigham burst out, "Situate your family where they can take care of themselves!"

Willard did not blame Brigham for his spleen. The camp as a whole, it was now evident, could never reach the Great Basin this summer in time to plant. The Twelve would do well to see that the Church was not scattered in Iowa.

Willard said, "Let us again ask God to bless Jesse Little in his appeal to President Polk."

"If he gets the permission we seek," Brigham replied, "we can keep the people fed and the wagons repaired, and we can live in peace wherever the Lord designs our temple to stand."

"To find that place, we've got to convince the people," said Willard, "that they must obey counsel, and let us act as we see fit!"

But the next morning, when the horn sounded for the Sabbath assembly in the marquee at Garden Grove, as this farming center had been named, only three rows of men gathered below the stand. The sky was heavy, the weather cold for May 2nd, but Brigham was so angry over the meager turnout that he could hardly wait for the choir to finish their song before rising to speak. The opening prayer had not settled his feelings. "Why are you so few?" he coldly demanded.

"We have set out to find a land. I am not used to turning back. Some of you have gone away, driving toward Nauvoo, but I have my face turned to the hills beyond the sunset. I will yet see the place where we will build a House to the Lord in the tops of the mountains; where we will raise a Liberty Pole and fly our flag.

"If you want to come with me, stop saying that the Twelve have stripped the people. I want it published to the nations that it's the people who have stripped the Twelve. We've given away our food, our raiment, our wagons and teams. My coat that would scarce reach round me a year ago now laps twelve inches, and it's with much ado that I can keep from lying down to await the resurrection.

"It was the spirit of grumbling and of being heedless of counsel that took Joseph to his grave," Brigham chided, and Willard mentally endorsed every word of the scolding.

"The same spirit exists here," Brigham clapped his hands to-

gether. "And I would rather go back and preach to the nations, and gather a few, than to hear wherever I go, 'Do not leave us, do not go on without us!' I can no longer bear your whining. You beg us to stay wherever you stay. You bind our feet and tie our hands. And you who step aside from counsel, and from your covenant to serve the whole camp, will be like the troubled sea, continually casting up mire and dirt."

Willard wrote as Brigham continued: "I tell you again that if you do not wish to die enhungered, some of you must stay here to plant and harvest. We will not leave you unblessed by the priesthood. We will ordain a presidency to take care of this place. And here we will build some log houses and lay out two large farms. I want to hear the sound of the cross, the maul, the wedge. The trees must be cut, the fields fenced, and the seed corn planted. And I want to know that when the Twelve move on, the work will continue.

"And this will not be the only garden spot. We will find a second place and appoint some to stay in the houses that we will build. And some will plant that others coming forward may be fed. As the latter move in, the first there will move on. And the Twelve will be freed from your importuning, so we can search out the spot where the Lord will hide Israel while His indignation shall pass by. After this meeting is done, we will take the names of one hundred volunteers for the mountaineer company to go with us. And if there are not enough we'll appoint the rest. I tell you, God admits of no arguments, and I want none.

"I've seen around the camps enough beans and corn scattered to feed a multitude. I've seen plates of bread kicking about and nothing but waste all the day long. Such things are sinful. Had this people hearkened to counsel we could now have on hand provisions enough to feed two thousand persons for six weeks. I want you to approximate back into the favor of the Lord by upholding your covenants. I've not forgotten the solemn pledge you made before we left Nauvoo to share with the poor and to do all in your power to help everyone along."

Brigham raised his arm toward the stragglers as the tent gradually filled. "I want to tell *you*," he said without flinching, "that unless this people become more united in spirit and cease to pray against counsel, times will be harder than they are now. Come,

brethren, will you hearken to our advice? If you will, manifest it by raising the right hand."

Willard saw every hand go up.

The next day the ringing of axes sounded to him as joyous as would have William Pitt's band. Pitt and his Britishers, in their uniforms of red and green, had eased the way of the travelers in Iowa by giving concerts in the settlements passed along the way. They had brought money into the scanty coffers, and new life into the hearts of the people. The band itself was a symbol of union and of glory to the Lord. The sound of axes ringing in the woods was music in Willard's ears.

By afternoon the large field at Garden Grove — some twenty-five miles beyond Hickory Grove — was fenced along the west boundary. But when Willard went from the post office to his family tent he found Amelia ill. Seeing her suffering from a bilious spell complicated by congestion of the lungs, he sank to his knees beside her bed. Yesterday, while the meeting was in progress in the marquee, Brother Thomas — dead from consumption — had been buried. Today, Sister Fidelia Green had died of black canker, her stomach and bowels coated with the vitiated membrane, her toes and legs dark and completely numb.

Carefully Willard examined his young wife's feet. Sarah looked on with frightened eyes. She turned to the three children clinging to her skirts. "Brother Stout's small lad is sick abed with bowel complaint," she said, appalled.

"Sarah, take your mind off those witches of Pendle Hill." Willard sounded sharp. "Remember Brother Brigham and the Twelve, and the keys that we hold for the power of healing. You know in Nauvoo I blessed your mother and Wee Willie. They were so far gone that no one thought they'd rise. But they're now in St. Louis, waiting to join the gathering."

Willard turned to Amelia, listening to her dry, harsh cough. Her face was flushed, her tongue coated. He held her wrist, counting the rapid pulse. "Sarah," he said thoughtfully, "will you make a poultice for her chest? And some composition tea?"

Presently from the kettle beneath the tripod within the tent — the rain was beating a dismal tattoo on the roof — Sarah brought some Indian mush combined with slippery elm, flaxseed, and ginger, smoothed together for a poultice.

"Thank you, again," Amelia whispered a few moments later, propping herself up on her elbow to take a sip of the herb tea.

Willard sent for Brigham. A blessing would be of far more importance than any of these concoctions.

The next day Willard went fishing, hoping to bring in some fresh food. The creek was too high. Neither could this stream be forded. And the camp lingered. On May 9th, Hosea Stout's small boy died. On the twelfth one of the brethren passed away. Again Willard went down to the creek with hook and line. This time he brought Amelia a fine trout.

"How good it does taste," she said from her bed, in a hoarse whisper.

Two days later she sat up in the carriage all day. The morning was fair, the sun warm, the camp had rolled on. Late that afternoon another cloudburst fell, a dark river pouring from the sky. That night no camp was made by the Richards family. Willard, his two wives and his children went supperless to bed. He spent the first half of the night keeping the curtains closed in both carriage and wagon, going from one to another, until he became thoroughly chilled. Through the night he encouraged Amelia. But the next morning he was sick, and that day he sat up ill, as the carriage moved on.

By evening Headquarters Company had arrived at Mt. Pisgah, a garden spot discovered by Parley Pratt as an ideal place for a second farming location. The apostles stood looking into the setting sun. Willard said its rays would take them to the promised land.

The Twelve tarried in this place until the first log houses, with dirt floors and thatched roofs, were built, and a stake of the Church was organized. Again the leaders surveyed the fields and supervised the fencing and planting.

Willard once more took the minutes of an earnest sermon when Brigham told his people that if any man wished to depart from this place and start a farm of his own, he would be disfellowshipped. Brigham said that those who went away would dry up and wither like a dead branch, fit only to be cast into the fire.

He commanded the brethren to bring their donations to the tithing-office tent for the benefit of the poor. Again he said the Church must realize that the Twelve should go ahead. Once more

he asked for means to fit out a mountain company. He stressed the need to plant some valley in the Great Basin before it was too late to gather a harvest this fall.

But on the first day of June, when he and Willard went down to the creek to examine the Indian trail for the road west, they saw ahead an unfurrowed line of black mud, so sticky that, as they well knew, the soft infolding, bubbling ruts would sink every felly. Stock would flounder and have to be dragged out. Wagon boxes would brush bottom in the sinkholes. "God be with us!" Brigham breathed.

"Amen," Willard answered, reminding his cousin of the fact that out of the past fifteen days the sun had shone but three.

And still the companies designed to go ahead were called out. The captains of *hundreds*, *fifties*, and *tens* cleared their rolls for the onward push. The people remaining at Mt. Pisgah were given their instructions, and on June 2nd, Headquarters moved on.

On the fourteenth, the Twelve caught sight of the grey bluffs above the east bank of the Missouri. The wagons formed a ring on the hill above the river. The apostles gathered near John Taylor's wagon to survey the scene. From the bluff, tall, full-branched hickory trees, buckeye, oak, and maple flared against the sky. Willard turned his field glasses to the north, and saw many small ravines cutting down toward the bank, through the rolling hazel-covered mounds. On the other side of the river the bluffs enclosed a small plateau.

Looking downstream, Willard discerned on the river's edge a bottom broad enough for an encampment. "I'll take my family down there," he said.

"Will it be a good place for the post office?" Brigham asked, scanning with his spy glass the landing. He debated with the Twelve whether they should go down.

Willard reminded his brethren that as yet, in all the bags of mail delivered by messengers, riding horseback from Nauvoo, he had received no word from Jesse Little.

Brigham mentioned the rumor that Major James Mitchell, the agent at the Indian town, eight miles below this point, had written to Colonel S. W. Kearny at Fort Leavenworth, one hundred miles farther down the Missouri, to send troops to scatter the Mormons.

During the discussion on the hill, Brigham said, "If we camp

down there," he indicated the steep steps, "we'd be in a splendid position to make our escape, in case some officers should try to arrest us."

Night and day, the Quorum was beset by the suspicion that they were hunted. The Twelve had seen too much of mobocracy to feel safe anywhere. Ex-Governor Boggs was even now passing west through Missouri, spreading tales about the Mormons. The tented circles were still too close to Missouri's borders for the comfort of the leaders. Glancing at Willard, Brigham said, "It's two years to the month since you rode to Carthage with Joseph and Hyrum, Willard. You and John. Shall we camp on the bottoms?"

The decision was made. But there the apostles found the river a swirling current of strength, loaded with floodwood. The mosquitoes flew in swarms, humming in the evening like a struck drum. And so the Twelve moved back to the hill above, among the thousand tents already pitched. Campfires dotted the ground when the rain did not fall. Even through the month of June the days continued heavy, with frequent downpours.

Still, the mountaineers had not been fitted out with the necessary rations to go to the Great Basin. Nor had any word been received from Brother Little. The Twelve felt desperately anxious lest they themselves should be unable to start West this summer. In one of their council meetings in John's wagon, they considered the ever-increasing circles of tents. "How can we leave the people?" Brigham asked his fellow apostles. But when he addressed the Church in the bowery on Mosquito Creek, he said:

"I've been waiting in vain to receive the donations of food, clothing, wagons, teams, oxen, and the milch cows needed for the mountaineers!"

The people milled about, their uneasy consciences furrowing their faces.

His voice urgent, Brigham again asked for volunteers who would gather through renewed efforts the means for the pioneers to go to the mountains. "Call upon the Lord. Fall upon your knees. Work your hands to the bone, but bring together what they need. Now I want to see the hands of those men who will go West this summer, leaving their families to take care of themselves while they fill this mission."

Willard looked around for the count. Only two score hands went up.

Brigham lashed out, "If this Church is blown to the four winds, if it never be gathered again, remember I have told you how and when and where to gather to. And if you do not go now, remember and bear me witness in the day of judgment that when God tells a man what to do, He admits of no argument; and I want no argument. If a company will go," he added, "I'll warrant them safety."

Willard saw the hands increase. But as the days followed, the means for the men to start did not appear at the tithing office. Then on June 27th, a rumor came into Headquarters that from Fort Leavenworth the government was sending forces to take the Twelve and to stop the migration of the Saints through the Indian lands beyond the Missouri.

That same day Willard, Brigham, and Heber went to the Indian town to call on Major Mitchell, the government agent. The band went along to give a free concert. Already they had played at several of the villages; for some of the Mormons had known no better than to carry off the tokens to the Great Spirit that the Indians had laid beside their dead. Brigham had offered a fat ox in repayment for one such incident, and had explained to the chiefs that only in ignorance had the violation been committed.

And now today, when the presidency and their ladies drove south over the prairie to the town, they soon learned that the Mormons were not to be driven away from the Pottawattomie lands. While dining with Major Mitchell they heard that no such letter as was reported had been received from Fort Leavenworth. Nor had the major written to the fort, as had been rumored, asking to have the migration stopped. He told Brigham that since he had become acquainted with him, he considered this call an honor.

The next afternoon another messenger rode into camp bringing extraordinary news to the Twelve, assembled in the post office for meeting. Another gale was raging. Tents were falling. The rider had to shout to be heard. "The United States is at war with Mexico!"

"What?" John and Heber replied in one voice.

"We're at war! And if the Mormons refuse to fight, they'll be considered an enemy of their country!"

"I don't believe a word of the story," Brigham snapped. "This is something scotched up to prevent our moving on. I think our

Quorum should cross the river in the morning." He looked around.

"I agree," said Willard. "I for one will not be taken. Again I remember Carthage!"

That very night Brigham started to pack his wagons. The next day, with his own hands, Willard followed Brigham's example in loading his boxes. Brigham got his family across the river. But a storm came up when Willard and Heber had moved their wagons only onto the bank near the slough. In the rain they dug a well ten feet deep, to find water fit to drink. The receding flood waters had left ponds of yellow scum which had produced a miasma of rank odors from the rotting willows and logs. Gnats, mosquitoes, and flies drifted through the air, their hum as noisy as the whine of the wind working up a storm. And the revolting stench continued.

Late that afternoon, when Brigham had recrossed the river to meet the Twelve in council, a messenger arrived from Mt. Pisgah, bringing news of the Mormon artillery, fifteen miles east of the bluffs above the river. But with the roads and bridges out, the wagons could come no nearer for the present.

The messenger said that Wilford Woodruff had arrived at Mt. Pisgah from England, and that Jesse Little had ridden to camp with him, bringing a message from Washington.

The Twelve suddenly lost their desire to cross the Missouri and flee into the wilderness. The ferry boat had just been launched. Flight would have been easy. But at this moment Wilford himself appeared. He confirmed the report that a United States Army captain was hastening to the Mormon camps to enlist a battalion of soldiers.

"Why does the army want our men?" Brigham half shouted. "In Nauvoo they busted the Legion. I have again changed my mind. Let the Twelve cross the river in the morning. I'll not be arrested before we've had time to consider the meaning of this demand. I'll never be arrested if, with God's help, I can avoid it."

The next morning showers hindered the crossing of the apostles. And now a runner brought word that Captain James Allen was on the hill above the camp. The Twelve agreed to meet him at ten o'clock in the morning. "It's best to face the officers," Brigham said, his face grey.

"Yes," Heber replied.

"I agree," said Willard.

Orson Pratt's "Amen" became a unanimous response.

On July 1st, in John Taylor's tent, Captain Allen, a representative of the United States Government, exchanged greetings with the leaders of the Church. He brought a letter from Colonel Kearny asking for from three hundred to five hundred men to march to California in the Army of the West.

A discussion ensued over this message from Fort Leavenworth, dated June 19th, following which Brigham said to an orderly, "Blow the horn for the Church to assemble."

While the crowd gathered in the bowery, Brigham took advantage of the supreme moment to bargain with the captain. He said if the Mormons were to serve their country, the government must give consent for a temporary Mormon occupation of the Indian lands in this area, on both sides of the Missouri. The governor of Iowa had ignored the Mormon request for this right, a necessity to meet the Indians' questions concerning the encampment.

"I will assume the responsibility of giving this permission." Captain Allen saluted his aide. "You are my witness."

At 11 o'clock the Church came together. Orson Hyde mentioned the poor lying near the Mississippi, banished without the means for crossing Iowa. He reminded men of their solemn covenants made in Nauvoo last winter to help the Church forward, and he said, "This enlistment is your opportunity. It is an act of God!"

Brigham supported Orson's word. "I want you to distinguish between this move on the part of the government and its attitude during the past. This is a benevolent gesture, designed to relieve our suffering. Your wages can be used by the Church as a whole, but I promise that as long as I have a crust to eat, your women and children will not go hungry. I'm willing to stake my right hand that if the young men live up to their covenants while on the march, they will return in safety to their families. I think, now, it would be prudent for you to enlist."

A murmur of disbelief passed through the crowd.

Brigham said, "Had the call to arms come when we were in the States and we had not been noticed, we should have felt neglected. Now that it is here, let us show the loyalty to our country we boast about."

Presently he and Willard went down among the men. Twelve

youths offered their services to Captain Allen. Willard wrote their names.

The apostles were now in their glory. Action was the order of the day, neither pausing, fleeing, nor hiding. A committee was organized to go to the thirty-odd camps between Council Bluffs and Garden Grove, enlisting all volunteers. Willard started with Heber and Brigham for Mt. Pisgah.

Near Mosquito Creek, Willard met his brother Levi, who had just driven up the hill. With Levi were sister Rhoda and some of Willard's wives. And in the wagon of Brother Van Cott, a friend from western Massachusetts, Willard greeted Eliza Ann Peirson. Being exiled from Nauvoo, these families had been forced to join the camp. Willard promised Eliza a happy reunion with Amelia.

Levi told Willard that Phineas was on his way West. "I hope you find him. He can't be far behind me, he and sister Wealthy and their boys, Joseph and Henry. And our niece Maria, and her husband. Her baby was born during a flood; the tent collapsed around her, and she had to flee to her father's wagon with her infant."

Willard frowned in sympathy, but in a moment he said, "Joseph would make an excellent musician for the army. I'll keep my eye open for brother's wagons, and my ear for the sound of Joseph's fife."

The evening Willard, Heber, and Brigham enjoyed a camp supper with Phineas and sister Wealthy. She looked wrinkled with age and care, but she rose to the spirit of her fathers. The family was seated at the folding table when Willard asked for Joseph.

Sister Wealthy lifted her head. "He and Henry are all I have left now." Her voice trembled.

Willard looked steadfastly at her. Brigham and Heber remained silent.

"You ask a great deal, brother Willard. But when did you not? Once there were questions from your lips that I could not answer. But this one? Yes. I say yes." She bowed her head.

Phineas tried to comfort her. "Don't worry, Ma." But his own voice shook, and Willard suspected that he must be thinking of the boy who had been buried at Haun's Mill, in the bloody well.

He said, "Don't worry, either of you. Cousin Brigham's promised that no man in the battalion will hear as many bullets fired as I heard whistling about my head at Carthage jail. We've got to

stick together in this, as in other matters. When has our family failed the Church? We hear from Brother Woodruff that Franklin and Samuel have taken hold of the work in England as if they'd never been anything but missionaries."

Wealthy lifted her hand to silence this talk about her other sons.

"Uncle Willard," Joseph said in his young voice, "you know I want to do my part. I can hardly wait to be mustered in. Put my name on your roll!"

Many reunions took place during the next few days. The presidency of the Twelve found Jesse Little at Mt. Pisgah. Instead of bringing any word sanctioning a Mormon colonization in the name of the United States he confirmed the news of the five hundred Mormon soldiers' being wanted for the army. "And," said Jesse, self-assured, as always, "brother Brigham, I think we have cause for rejoicing."

Brigham's eyes met the shrewd glance. With a canny gesture, he pounded his knee and drew a quick breath.

"I'm bringing the friend I wrote you about — Colonel Thomas L. Kane, of Philadelphia," said Jesse.

"Yes?" Brigham looked delighted.

"He went with me to Washington. His father's a judge. He's an attorney. He introduced me to his best friends in the capital — senators, congressmen, heads of committees. He's a small man, but of excellent appearance and manner, unlike the lot of those hucksters in the capital."

"Where is the colonel?" Willard asked.

"He's coming up the Missouri by boat. We parted in St. Louis, when I left him for Nauvoo."

The Twelve rejoiced over Colonel Kane's influence in helping Jesse to meet the President of the United States. Still President Polk had offered no word of praise for the Mormon endeavor to colonize some section of the West. "But," said Jesse, "he considers the call of the battalion a gift of the government, a recognition and a trust. And I don't know but what I agree."

"Well," said Willard with an approving glance from Brigham, "maybe so. You said the President is allowing our men to earn some twenty thousand dollars, didn't you? And thus we can prove our

loyalty? We can show the world that our young men have got the grit to meet the hardships demanded."

"Will they have to march all the way to California?" Heber asked. "May God be with them!" he exploded, as if the trek through Iowa had been torment enough for any Saint.

At Council Bluffs, Colonel Kane himself was introduced to the apostles. He saw the ranks gradually fill up as the young men were mustered in to the tune of fife and drum.

On the late afternoon of July 19th, the bowery became the center of all the near-by camps. If women's hearts were breaking, the wives and mothers, and the girls the men were leaving behind them, did not show it. They had dressed in their finest calicoes, without a bracelet, broach, or earring. All these had been bartered for food. The young men now dancing their farewells would soon be bartering their services and their clothing-money for food for the Camp of Israel. Brigham had said that messengers would be sent to Fort Leavenworth and to advance camps along the line of march to collect the wages of the men.

At the farewell dance, looking on, standing for a few moments beside Willard, were Phineas, Wealthy, and small Henry, holding his mother's hand. "There's Joseph," he cried, pointing to his handsome brother in the midst of the throng. Amelia, Sarah, Susan Bayless, and sister Rhoda now joined the watchers, reveling at sight of the girls and their partners dancing a schottische on the hardened turf.

The next day the smiles of the watchers were still evident when, to the martial music of the drummers and fifers, Willard stood under the bowery with his brothers Levi and Phineas, his wives, and his sister and sister-in-law. But now tears filled Wealthy's eyes. In the band that headed the long line, her son marched out from Redemption Hill, playing his fife. She crowded the mist back as the dust of the trail to Leavenworth surrounded the column.

No soldier walked in uniform; none had been necessary to enlistment. And none of the men carried blankets. Few had muskets. Equipment would be issued at Indian Town, eight miles down the river.

Beyond the hill the sun beat down on the bare heads of the boys. But, as Willard knew, the night on the river would be cold and damp. Still, the nearly five hundred loyal-hearted youths had half a

day to make the march to the town. Willard said to Phineas, "I calculate we've plenty of time yet to muster the last of the men wanted."

He turned to Wealthy. "God bless Joseph," he said, as if he could still hear her fifer. "And God bless you, sister and brother, for letting him go!" Willard's voice caught. He looked at Sarah, standing with her hand over her breast, her first child on the way to this world.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

The weather turned cool before the Mormon Battalion had been gone a month. Still death hung low over the river. From the west side, Willard sent word to the Saints at Council Point and Council Bluffs, the two chief settlements on the east bank, not to continue their dancing so late at night as to disturb the sick, or the bereaved, grieving for their dead.

In September the Mormon camps were dispersed over the hills and valleys along both sides of the river. To the east they were numerous, and on the west one group had advanced as far as the Elkhorn River, thirty-five miles beyond the Missouri.

Already the first funds had been gathered from the battalion. Most of the soldiers' wives had expressed a willingness to pool their husbands' wages for the good of the families left behind, and also for the good of the Church. That is, they would pool all the money brought to Headquarters. Sums ranging from one to five thousand dollars were coming in. Most of this was sent by Bishop Whitney to St. Louis to buy provisions for the winter.

The blessing of the money was indeed an olive leaf for the Church. When a few women held out against the plan it became Willard's duty to rebuke them. He told a certain group that if they would not let the bishops handle their returns for their own good, their names should go down on the record as such, and under these circumstances the Church would not hold itself responsible for their or their children's welfare.

Brigham reasoned with the men in the camps that none was free to act for himself or his family during the crisis ahead. "Those who choose to go away are free to do so," said the leader, stressing the fact. "But if you do go, you cannot return in fellowship without repenting. And the chances are," he said, "if you thus set aside your covenants, you will die like mud, parched and cracked, before you beg for forgiveness."

With a third of the population sick from such ailments as canker, scurvy, ague, or lung fever, Willard preached the gosepl of faith to stay the devil's attempt to dissolve the Church. He warned that with the green-hued mists rising from the river in the morning, laden with bane as from an open sewer, and with the settling of the dew in the evening, death breathed from heavy nostrils.

The land indeed seemed ruled by the ill-smelling clumps of willows, sprung up during flood time but withered now from the very poison of their decay in the yellow scum around their roots. The burial plots filled almost as constantly as the lower chamber of an hour-glass fills. The question confronting the Twelve was whether to bring the camps together for the winter or to leave them dispersed. The leaders lost their hard, determined voices when the circle agreed that not even the mountaineers could reach the Great Basin this summer. Seed time for 1846 was over.

One day in September a messenger rode into Headquarters, at Cutler's Park, on the west bank, reporting to the Twelve that Daniel Spencer's wife had passed away, and also his brother Hyrum.

The next morning Willard, Brigham, and Heber crossed the river. "Heaven knows where the Spencers have unrolled their tents," said Brigham, as the carriage plodded north over a now well-rutted trail.

With his spy glass, Willard scanned the unhewn groves of buckeye and cottonwood, and the "roughs" of hazel and brush. The travelers had already passed several camps, but no one could tell them exactly where the Spencer company had baited their cattle.

At nightfall the three friends put up with a brother in a log house. Stretched out on the floor on a buffalo robe, Willard enjoyed the smell of new sawdust and sap. But he was disappointed in not finding his boyhood friend, nor Hyrum Spencer's widow. Still the trip through the camps was not lost.

The presidency of the Twelve gathered a new idea of conditions. Brigham exhorted the leaders of each group to insist upon cleanliness and the use of lime around the cooking areas and in the out-houses that he commanded to be built. Insistently he preached the wisdom of coming together in two or three settlements for the winter.

The next afternoon, with the return of the apostles to Redemption Hill, Willard received news of illness in his brother Phineas'

camp. He bade Brigham and Heber farewell, and rode horseback to search out his kinsmen. Franklin's wife Jane appeared to be dying. Her three-year-old daughter lay insensible, her tongue coated, her hands hot.

Willard blessed them both. He urged Jane to exert her faith to live to greet her husband upon his return from England. "We'll yet build a House to the Lord in the West," he coaxed. "It will withstand every storm, and we'll be free when the enemy is scourged. You can get well, sister, you must."

Jane had been left in Willard's and Phineas' care. She gradually recovered, but on September 13th her child died. The three apostles appointed to fill a short mission to England to save a bad situation there, would carry the news to Franklin. His first son had died at birth half-way across Iowa.

John Taylor and Parley Pratt had drawn lots to see which of them should go abroad to bring to America certain scientific instruments for the trek west: barometers, altimeters, sextants. The lot had fallen to John. But with conditions disturbed in the British mission, the Twelve decided that both John and Parley should go, and with them Orson Hyde, as also Orson Spencer. As the new president, Brother Spencer was to save the more than fifteen thousand British Saints from becoming scattered.

The seven remaining members of the Twelve—two of their Quorum had apostatized—decided all but to command the Saints on the Missouri to move close together. The apostles themselves would leave their pleasant surroundings, with the excellent springs at Cutler's Park, to help build a settlement on the small plateau beneath the bluff above the west bank.

There a temporary city rose like the rank upshoot of a boy's growth. During October and November, Willard saw more than five hundred houses built with log sides and puncheoned, sod-covered roofs; and at least two hundred additional dwellings started. Most of the houses contained rock or sod fireplaces. Some people built whole houses of sod. Others dug caves in the bluffs. To the north, a fortification against hostile Indians was constructed, with a stockade planned to close the west rim. On "Misery Bottom," or the willowed banks, the cattle browsed.

Willard helped to divide Winter Quarters into twenty-two wards,

with a bishop and his counselors over each. A municipal council, combined with the stake high council, helped to govern the settlement. A council house must await completion of the homes. But when frost threatened the wild hay, the crops came first. Not another house was touched until all the hay was cut and stacked some three or four miles west of the settlement.

And as to the homes for the Twelve, Willard's was one of the last to be commenced. He planned an octagon-shaped house with an arm extended from one side to serve as a temporary council room, historian's office, and post office.

Before the first log had been dragged into town and set upon its dirt foundation, he found Eliza Peirson in his tent one afternoon with prickling legs. Soon they went numb; her toes turned dark. From this poor shelter, Willard drove Eliza to Levi's log house, two blocks north of the common, near the turnip patch. Here sister Rhoda could look after the patient.

From the rag carpet spread over the earth floor of Levi's house, his small son, Levi Willard, looked up to see why his aunt was being carried to the bed.

For four days, Eliza grew continually worse. Willard poulticed her from head to foot. He gave her composition tea of sulphur, bloodroot, and spirits to purify her system. He warmed her with courses of cayenne and lobelia. Sister Rhoda attended the semi-conscious girl faithfully. When she did not mend, Willard killed a chicken and plucked it, and later fed the broth to Eliza with a spoon. But on October 13th, he ordered her grave dug in the fast-filling cemetery north of Turnip Hill.

At times the diggers could not keep up with the deaths. While waiting, mothers fanned away the flies from the bodies of their dead children.

A week after Eliza went, Willard welcomed John Benbow to Winter Quarters, but the apostle regarded with sorrow his friend's wife, the woman who had presided over a manor in England. She had not lost her faith, though a wilderness death appeared inevitable.

In mid-November Willard looked forward to having his home completed. One of his most exacting duties was the handling of the mail. Hundreds of letters were going to, and being received from the battalion each month. He was constantly writing long official messages to the trustees in charge of affairs at Nauvoo, and to

the stakes in the East, as well as his personal letters. It would be much easier to pass the incoming batttalion mail over a counter than to stand on the square calling out the names of the waiting women; and then to cross the river to meet the anxious expressions of the people there. It would be much easier to write on a stable desk. Still his octagon house was not completed.

One cold morning in November Willard chided Sarah because she again tried to squirm out of writing to Nanny. Through his monthly correspondence with the Longstroths and the Pearts, Willard kept in touch with his wives in St. Louis. He was ever mindful of his large family. "I swear, Sarah," he said, while in their wagon, "if you don't send to Mother and Father something from your own hand, or to Nanny, I'll not write to them either. Then where'd we be? Crying, 'For shame,' upon each other."

Sally reluctantly composed herself in the wagon, pen in hand.

"Winter Quarters. Camp of Israel

November 13th, 1846,"

she wrote. And then:

"Sister. *Nancy*.

as I have a good Chans to send to you tomorrow morning and knowing that a few lines from a sister would be exeptable, I thought I would Scratch over a few lines, that you might know I am yet in the Land of the living. I have no excuses to make for my Long Silents, and can onley say I am ashaimed of my own treatment to you and Mother. I will hask to be forgiven, for you know it is a Natcherl failing in me, to neglect my friends when habsent.

"I am Siting in hower big Wagen with the botom of a flower-barel for my Writing desk, my hould plad Shole thrown over my shoulders, the Down over my feet, and hear am trying too Scribble to you I get hout of pahshents with trying to write for I never Can find Langwidge too express my Self and felings. this makes the task hard. My helth has not ben very Good of lait. I have sufered a grate deal with my hould Complaint. paine in my Side and brest. yet genralely Speaking my helth as ben better Sins I started this Jorney, then for years past, with the Exceptions of now for a few days past. whe recived your Letters from St. Luis two or three weeks ago I was glad to hear you was dooing So well. yet was Somewhat disapointed that you could not be with us this winter. I will Still live in hopes for I Antisepait Seeing you hearley in the spring. be Shoor and get you a. Good Cooock Stove plentey of Good tin ware for your table and you will find when you get hear. that they will had to your Domestick comfort more then aney thing hels that you can get. pack all

your clothing in tite lite boxes for I think it a very foolish Idea to pack clothing in bags. Mother hasks what Shal I bring you Sarah. tell her if She can get me a Good Easey hould Grand Mothers Rocking Chair it will pleas me better than aney thing hels She can get. you know I always was an old Grand Mother. and wanted a good easey Bed and Chair. you say you will com by water. So of Corse. you will pass hould Rockeport. Just cast your Eye that way and give hower old Neghbours a cole [glance] just for my sake. if nothingmore. I what to know the News about matters and things in and about Rockeport.

"Brother Mos [Moss] Drive in Camp last night I have not Seean him yet we Expected the Cows in today but they heve not com Down to hower yard As yet. he brought a Letter from you to the Dr. which he has received. I just put my hed hout of the wagen and See Brother Mos and Brother George Whitker and Laidey Standing in the Streat.

"it is a boutifel sight to Sit in my wagen and See the Laides and Gentleman Promonaing in the Street. meeting with thair friends and acquaintences on evrey hand. I declair — I almost begroge them of their plaiser. for Poor Salley may Sit hear day after day. and week after week. and thair is never an old aquaintens to spring and meet her poor nerves Sool to chear. but I will still flatter myself with futcher hopes of meeting you hear long.

"We live in hower tent yet. the Dr sais this day weeck I will Sit in my New house. the Lord willings, and Saiton kant inder it is genralely coled the Doctors Tabernackel. hower nearest Neighbour is Brother Cayne.

"Monday morning I expect the mails will start in a few minets. and as I am Could and Chiley I shal say but Little this morning. the Dr will Scarsley write too you this time as he is very bisey wrighting for the Church. you Say you have ben tould that this was the cose of my not writing. this is fals. I have ben whell wipt every time he has write to you. for being so neglectit in not answering your letters. I should not have wrote know if he had not postavely saad that he would not keep up Cor-respondants with you any longer if I did not write too. It as boon nothing more than pewer carlessness hon my hown part. for which I hope too be forgiven by yourself and mother. I will close for my side pains me very bad this morning. My love to Father Mother George Ann and my little black eyed Wiley. respects to Jane Hall. your Cows have come they loock very well I am tould

"when you write pleas back your Letters to me, Whether they are inclosed in others, or not. Mis Sarah Longstroth and you will do a sister a grate faiver

"I remain your Sister

"Sarah Longstroth

"write evrey chans you get."

With a flourish under her name, as finely lined as her beautiful penmanship, Sarah brought her letter to a close. Despite the cold, she had kept her hand steady. Patiently she was looking forward to the birth of her child. But before this event brightened Willard's home, another note of darkness overshadowed it.

Toward the end of November, when the mail and the wages came in from the battalion, one letter brought the news of Joseph Richards' death on an island in the Arkansas River.

The sick detachment had been sent to winter near Pueblo. While on the march to Leavenworth Joseph had slept for two nights on the river bank without a blanket. Rations had not been issued as expected at Indian Town. He then marched west from Leavenworth under indescribable conditions of hardship and thirst. Still he never complained; he always said he was fit for the day's work. But he was nevertheless sent to Pueblo, where Caratat Rowe and his wife took care of him. She had enlisted as a laundress. She wrote that Joseph had offered no complaint, not even to his last moment. The day he died she held a cup of broth to his lips. Joseph expired in her husband's arms.

In Winter Quarters the thermometer fell to minus thirteen degrees. Illness spread. On a snow-whitened day in January, Sister Benbow was buried. And yet in Willard's home hope existed. Susannah was mothering Sarah. Amelia was petting the children, keeping them as warm as possible in the eight-sided room, with its small cross-barred windows in two faces, and with a smoke-hole at the peak of the "Octagon." A bed occupied each of six walls for the three women and the children.

Willard placed his bed along one wall of the extension, next to the outside door of the inner room of the wing, one of two compartments. In the front room of the wing, he set up the post office with a counter. And under a window he arranged a long table for a desk, with chairs for his two clerks, Thomas Bullock and Robert Campbell. Boards were set up as benches when the council met. Frequently Willard ate his supper with the Twelve in his office, his wives waiting upon the men from the main room of the Octagon. Until the council house could be finished, the "doctor's tabernacle" served as the community center.

In this room at different times in January, Brigham presented

to various councils a revelation that he had received from the Lord. When his voice failed to impress the Church on the details for survival during the journey ahead, and when the voice of the Twelve did little better, he asked the Lord Himself to speak. In the silence of the night Brigham heard the answer. He spoke the Word aloud while Willard recorded it.

Then on a night when men's breath went white in the post office, when the thermometer stood at twenty below zero, Willard first offered publicly the "Word and the Will of the Lord." He looked at his friends in the high council, realizing that the admonitions had been spoken before. But now, he seemed to say, they came through the voice that lay always behind the breath of the wind.

Without the approval of the various quorums, even this Word would, apparently be ineffectual in the hands of the leaders. Seemingly, they could not force men to act. Willard read:

". . . This shall be our covenant—that we will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord.

"Let each company provide themselves with all the teams, wagons, provisions, clothing, and other necessities for the journey, that they can.

"When the companies are organized let them go with their might, to prepare for those who are to tarry.

"Let each company . . . decide how many can go next spring; then choose out a sufficient number of able-bodied and expert men, to take teams, seeds, and farming utensils, to go as pioneers to prepare for putting in spring crops.

"Let each company bear an equal proportion . . . in taking the poor, the widow, the fatherless, and the families of those who have gone into the army, that their . . . cries come not up into the ears of the Lord against this people . . .

"Let every man use all his influence and property to remove this people to the place where the Lord shall locate a stake of Zion . . ."

So went the long revelation:

". . . Go thy way and do as I have told you, and fear not thine enemies; for they shall not have power to stop thy work.

"Zion shall be redeemed in mine own due time.

"And if any man shall seek to build up himself, and seeketh not my counsel, he shall have no power, and his folly shall be made manifest.

"Seek ye; and keep all your pledges one with another; and covet not that which is thy brother's . . .

"I am he who led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; and my arm is stretched out in the last days, to save my people Israel . . .

"Cease to contend one with another; cease to speak evil one of another. Cease drunkenness . . .

"If thou art merry, praise the Lord with singing, with music, with dancing, and with a prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

"If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God with supplication, that your souls may be joyful."

Willard read even to the 41st and 42nd verses:

"Now, therefore, hearken, O ye people of my church; and ye elders listen together; you have received my kingdom.

"Be diligent in keeping all my commandments, lest judgments come upon you and your faith fail you, and our enemies triumph over you. So no more at present. Amen and Amen."

In the light of the candle, Willard looked up. In the silence that followed the pronouncement of the revelation, he wondered what its effect had been.

Steve Markham cupped his hands. "Its execution — our obedience to this revelation — will be the means of our salvation." His quiet manner guaranteed his earnestness.

Will Clayton, his mouth severe, as usual, said, "Nothing has ever been more timely. I'm satisfied that this is the voice of the Spirit."

Without a dissent, the council voted to sustain the message.

Willard lay abed, sick, when he read the commandment to the Seventies. Six of their number proved their acceptance of this covenant of brotherly love by offering to lay the floor of the council house free.

In the cold dawn that followed the reading, their axes rang. Their saws buzzed through a pile of milled timber. And when night fell, the group had fulfilled their promise. On January 23rd, the twenty-four by thirty-two foot hall was crowded with worshipers for the dedication and a dance. It was late afternoon, and Brigham knelt among his people, presenting the council house to God. And now the band played a march. Brigham, Heber, Wilford, Orson, and their ladies led the happy procession.

When the Britishers paused in order to change their tune, Brigham said to his people, "I'll show you how to go forth in the dance in a manner that will please the Lord. Mind that you take your joy in conduct acceptable to Him."

A half-hour later Willard and Amelia said good night to the crowd. They crossed the common in the frosty air of early evening. At the Octagon, Sarah greeted them. "I've b' waithin' for thi'." And Willard knew from her voice why she had been waiting. He knew that she was a little frightened, and taking her inside, he blessed her.

Early in the morning of January 25th, he heard the lusty cry of his son. "Oh, Sally," he said in answer to her smile when Susannah put the boy in her arms, "he's none the worse for the hardships of the journey. What a lad you've given me, beloved!"

When the boy was two days old, Brigham and Heber blessed him, giving him the name Willard Brigham.

After the coming of a new life to this odd-shaped cabin, spring itself hovered in. The season of merry making in the council house ended abruptly. For now the camp faced a period of arduous preparation for the journey ahead. Amazing order prevailed in comparison to what had happened on the Mississippi. The "Word and the Will of the Lord" proved exceedingly effective.

As usual, Willard sat late at his desk during the bustle of preparation, as he always had before any great move. On March 24th, he addressed one of his letters to St. Louis, with the heading, Winter Quarters:

"Mr. Jacob Peart
Beloved Brother:

"Yours of the 11th inst., was received yesterday and I hasten to answer your enquiries. You ask for any advice or counsel that may come in my heart. . . . I will proceed to tell you. . . .

"In a few days I start with my brethren, the Twelve, and as many more as can get ready, as pioneers, to find the place where a stake of Zion shall be located over the mountains, leaving all our families at this place with the anticipation of returning here to winter and taking our families over one year hence. A few families may follow us this spring, after grass starts, such as have teams and provisions plenty to last them one year and a half, or from 300 to 500 pounds of bread-stuff per soul; but few can do this, and none can depend upon the labors of the pioneers. If you can thus fit yourself, you are at liberty to go on this spring, but according to your statement, I think it doubtful, and in that event, I would recommend you to come here as early as you can and join my boys in making a large field on the river bank, where there is no turf, and (the soil) is easily tilled, and I want every one of the boys to plant

at least twenty-five acres of corn, and as many beans, pumpkins, squashes, onions, cabbages, turnips, parsnips, carrots, spring rye, wheat, buckwheat, barley, oats, etc., as they can, and I think they will be able to live one year without buying, and have a morsel for the old gentleman when he returns from the mountains. All this can be done, and more too, with the blessings of providence.

"I think it wisdom for you to come as soon as you can, with a dozen pigs, if you can find a choice breed — none of your long nose runts that can cut nothing but the wind — but such as can feed on weeds and grass till corn grows."

Willard smiled over this, and then went on to tell Jacob to bring peas, barley, oats and the choicest kind of potatoes that he could get, for potatoes themselves were very scarce in this region. And "white beans," he said, "would be well also, if not to plant, to eat."

"Should the potatoes do well, they might yield 500 bushels, which would be worth more next fall than a year's labor.

"When you arrive at the ferry opposite this (city) stop and enquire of my family, or William Kay, who will have charge of them, and learn where my farm is, which will probably be on the east bank; if so, timber will be handy, and you can go to work and put in your crops in company with the others; and when in, you can soon put up a comfortable house on the same land, and feel yourself at home till I return. . . . It is not probable that my farm will be more than a mile or two from my house, and you can visit at your leisure. The farming company will be organized and a record will be kept of every man's labor, and one will not live on the toils of another. . . . Don't think you cannot plow, plant and sow; you can do it as well as preach the gospel or make a wagon hub, and the earlier you get here the better for your crop; and if the Lord blesses us with a good season, you shall never need go to Missouri to work for a bushel of corn again. . . .

"Come and help make a garden this spring that I may, with your help, eat the fruits thereof, and my heart will bless you. Take good care of *Mary* [Thompson] till I see you, and you shall be blessed, and she must be good. Yes, but I don't suppose she is anything but good. I would write her, but morn is approaching, and I am exhausted, and she must forgive me this time. God bless you all, and God bless her. Amen. My family has been somewhat afflicted of late, but they are better. Our new water mill is now running and grinds about twelve bushels per hour. It is a first rate article, and can do the business of two such camps.

"In the gospel of Jesus, I am yours forever.

"Willard Richards."

Expecting to leave the city immediately after the general conference of the Church, on April 6th, he wrote to Joseph Smith's mother, saying:

"Camp of Israel,
Winter Quarters,
April 4, 1847

"Mrs. Lucy Smith,
Beloved mother in Israel.

"Our thoughts, our feelings, our desires and our prayers to our Heavenly Father, in the name of Jesus, are often drawn out in your behalf, and we can truly say, unceasingly; . . . He [Joseph] with his brother Hyrum, have sealed their testimony with their blood, and while we strive to emulate their virtues, we are constantly reminded of their aged mother, whom we feel free to call our mother, knowing the many privations, hardships, toils, fatigues, and weariness, which she has been called to endure, in connection with her beloved Joseph and other children, in establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

"For a long time we have not known where you are, or what was your situation, neither do we now know, but from some recent intimations we are led to suspect you are in or about Nauvoo, so that possibly this communication may reach you, and as we are speedily to depart from this place . . . and go westward over the mountains, as we shall be led by the spirit of the Lord, to find a location for a stake of Zion, we felt that we would not take our leave without addressing a line to mother Smith, to let her know that her children in the Gospel have not forgotten her. . . .

"There are now thousands, and thousands upon thousands, who are looking to us continually to open up a way for a shelter from the storm . . . and if our dear Mother Smith should at any time wish to come where the Saints are located, and she will make it manifest to us, there is no sacrifice we will count too great to bring her forward, and we ever have been, now are and shall continue to be ready to divide with her the last loaf; and if she chooses not to be with us, and we could know where she is, we would gladly administer to her wants, to the fullest extent that our Heavenly Father would give unto us.

". . . We feel to rejoice continually, in view of the rich blessings of our Redeemer's Kingdom, and say, peace be to Mother Smith, may her last days be her best days, may her heart be satisfied, may she be upheld in all her trials, having all her wants supplied, and go home like a shock

of corn fully ripe, in its season, at the appointed time, and may the choicest blessings of Heaven and earth abide with you forever, is the prayer of your beloved children, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

“For the Council of the Twelve
Brigham Young, President
Willard Richards, Clerk.”

Before the Twelve made their final departure, Parley Pratt arrived from England with the long desired scientific instruments. Orson rejoiced over his brother's return. He expected to take the daily latitude, longitude, altitude, and other technical measurements on the journey.

After hearing the word that Parley brought, Willard had again to write various letters of instruction. He asked George Watt — on a mission to England — to fetch upon his return the type and machinery for a printing press to be used first at Winter Quarters, and later in the West.

But now at last, on April 16th, with Albert Rockwood and Stephen Markham as captains of *hundreds*, though there were only one hundred and forty-eight people in the party, the order to roll on was given to the Pioneer Company.

The voices of women rose in the carriage where three wives and two children sat. Brigham had once said that he believed a woman was generally ruled by her children, but if any woman tried to rule him, she had better not let him catch her at it.

He was now to catch one at it for a long time. Clara Decker Young had persuaded him to take her West. Her mother, Harriet Wheeler Page Decker Young, wife of Brigham's brother, Lorenzo, had packed her duds, as had Ellen Sanders Kimball, Heber's wife. Brigham had given in to Clara with a smile. He was still sorrowing for the wife he had lost in the sickness that infested Winter Quarters during February and March. Then, too, Franklin Richards' second wife, Elizabeth, had died.

But now facing West, the women sang three hymns for the pioneers during the first half-mile of their journey. And Willard remembered his wives in the Octagon, Amelia, Sally, with her baby, and Susannah, who was to mother the whole group, including Heber John, Rhoda Ann Jennetta, and Ellen Parkinson.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

On Saturday evening, May 29th, the Pioneer Company of the emigrating Saints drove their wagons into the ring formation at Scott's Bluff, on the north bank of the Platte River, some five hundred and thirty miles beyond Winter Quarters. The air was cool, the heat from the camp fires welcome, even in this dry hollow. Willard felt hungry. The pot smelled good, but rations seemed never enough, not even with the buffalo, the Lord's cattle, still patching the prairie.

Sitting around the fire after the blessing had been asked, he caught Green Flake's Negroid eyes almost licking the kettle. The black, one of three brought out by some Mississippians who had gathered with the Church at Winter Quarters, had done a good job with the bull whacker; he worked well with shovel and axe.

Involuntarily Willard glanced at his own wagon, a link in the close-knit chain surrounding the small band of men. He saw the bags of wheat, corn, potatoes, and turnips — for seed. Not one would be opened before the first plowing in whatever spot was finally selected for the gathering of Israel.

Willard saw Captain Fremont's topographical guide to the Great Basin, where the map gave the Great Salt Lake an eighty-mile stretch running north and south beneath the Wasatch Mountains. And Willard imagined the angle between plain and mountain almost as sharp as the inside corner of a T-square.

He saw the deep canyons breaking through the wall near the southern end of the lake — the Salt Lake Valley; he saw Weber Canyon cutting in some thirty miles to the north; beyond which — another forty miles, or so — Cache Valley lay in an arm of the Bear, where the river approached the lake after winding around the north end of the range.

Cache Valley, mountain men declared, possessed a fertile soil. Brigham had often spoken of it as a possible hiding place. But then

in the minds of the Twelve persisted the vision of the Salt Lake Valley, the plain separating the mountain wall and the southern extremity of the lake.

Seated on a folding stool near the fire at Scott's Bluff, swallowing his gruel, Willard again saw his stuffed sacks of grain and vegetables. We can go hungry here; we can all but starve; the bottomless pit inside Green Flake can shout for food, but no man may eat from the stores for tomorrow and tomorrow's morrow.

Where shall we put down the plow now that we've given up all thought of Vancouver's Island and Oregon, where in the Great Basin, Willard wondered. He calculated that God would touch Brigham's eyes once the pioneers approached the Wasatch. Years ago Joseph predicted the eventual removal of the Saints to the Rocky Mountains. I think he's watching us now. He hears our prayers. We'll know where to plant, and where to cross over, whether to go through the canyon near the south shore, or down the Weber — or even into Cache.

The next morning the company assembled in front of Brigham's carriage for fast meeting. Willard administered the sacrament for the Lord's Day. Toward evening, with the apostles and a few close friends, he climbed a cedar sprinkled bluff above the green of ash and cottonwood lining the river bed.

Atop the height he extended his hand. "Over yonder I see a place like an altar site, hidden from the travelers across the river."

"Strange how many travelers there are!" Ezra Benson, bearded, tall, and slender, with a hand for managing, scanned the dust-thick track on the south bank. He had been ordained an apostle.

"At this point we're within shouting distance of the Oregonites, the bands from Missouri," said Willard. "We'll hide ourselves well this evening."

"I calculate we can't keep from joining up with them much longer." With his glass Brigham studied the dry buttes north of the river. The castellated bluffs, thickening and reaching forth long fingers, would soon be impossible to circle. He and Heber had usually scouted the way ahead for the company, winding in and out of the weird sandy formations on horseback, returning to fetch the long train forward. They had seventy-three wagons to guide, besides the cows, extra oxen, and horses.

Willard agreed with Brigham's remarks, even though on the south bank small trains were now passing, phantom-like, almost frequently. But in the clearing shielded by the cedars and rocks, he knelt with his friends on the earth, the prickly pear and grasshoppers of the plain spreading as thick as ants.

Overhead, white clouds were flying as if pushed south by the blue mass rising out of the Black Hills. The heat on the bluff was offset by the faint swish of cheatgrass, drying in the bleaching air. But in the little temple of sand and drying grass, Willard was "mouth."

He beseeched the Lord to direct the footsteps of President Brigham Young when he merged the tracks of the Mormon wagon wheels with those of the Oregonites. Willard asked God to remember the brethren in the army, their families, the few Saints in Nauvoo, the many in England, and the multitude on the Missouri, waiting to travel the wheelmarks of the van. He then asked God to be ever mindful of the families of the Pioneer Company, the women and children hoping for a successful return of the leaders this autumn.

Willard asked God to take the company to the tops of the mountains in time to plant, that those who remained through the winter might eat; that they might harvest seed as well as food, in order to plant another year. The vista for the faithful, Willard suggested, was of time without beginning or end, except as God directed this small beginning at the hands of the few.

While the Twelve were returning to the ring of wagons, a shower suddenly thundered across the plain. With the arrival of the presidency all lightness of manner stopped within the canvas encirclement. The company realized what the Quorum had been about. Men respected the need of special prayer. They had often enough been told of their own weaknesses. Still they had a difficult time meeting the discipline, and they were always glad when Brigham came down hard on the other fellow. He had scolded when some men refused the poor cuts of the butchered meat as a "stink offering of the devil," instead of accepting it as a blessing from God.

When the Twelve returned to camp, men ceased their loud talk. And now during the last dampness of the storm, Chimney Rock, forty miles to the rear, stood tall in a lunar mist, while to the West, in the rough and rising distance, the first hills presented them-

selves like purple clouds in a rainbow from the moon, as was suggested by William Clayton, clerk of the camp.

That night when the horn blew for prayer, and men knelt in their wagons, the only ones in the company not bowing their heads were Steve Markham's watchmen, those taking the first six hours of the guard. Twelve other men would replace the stand at midnight.

Jokingly, when he left Colonel Markham, Willard said that a mule's bray was worth more than a lion's eye as a sentry against the enemy: animals, Indians, or whites. Less than a hundred miles out of Winter Quarters he had lost his best horse to the Pawnees. Jesse Little, having returned from Washington just in time to start west with the pioneers, had also lost his best mount.

At the nooning on Monday, the scouts found the trail more definitely boxing in on account of the ledges. Brigham said to Willard and Heber, "I think we'll cross soon now."

"We'll keep our eye skinned for the ford," said Heber. "Laramie must be just ahead."

"Anyway, there's plenty of country over there—" Willard nodded toward the south bank — "for everyone to get a breath of fresh air, isn't there, rattlesnakes and all!"

Late that afternoon, according to the roadometer — a hand-fashioned set of cogged wheels operating upon each other in connection with the revolving of a wagon wheel — the company had traveled exactly fourteen miles, and, as expected at Fort Laramie, had found the ford. The river looked a good three hundred feet wide.

After supper four of the Twelve crossed the Platte in their leather skiff, the "Revenue Cutter." A flatboat, or raft, at the landing, now interested them as a possible ferry for all of the oncoming Saints. The apostles walked up to the stockade, a series of adobe buildings on a rise.

Near the door they found Jim Bordeaux, factor, and some of his traders sauntering out to meet the Mormons.

The greetings over, Brigham asked, "How much do you want for that boat?"

Instead of replying, the bourgeois said as if the remark had something to do with the deal, "A friend of yours passed this way last week."

"A friend?" Willard had been contemplating the remains of a

dead Indian child wrapped in skins and deposited in an ash tree outside the stockade. The trunk was peeled to prevent the wolves from disturbing the dead. Jarred from his reverie he recalled with strange intuition a friend who had been working against the Mormons in Washington, and who had started the rumors of government agents sent out to destroy the migration, to arrest the Twelve and disperse the Church. "You couldn't mean ex-Governor Boggs?" Willard asked, his thumbs twitching.

"But I do mean Monsieur Boggs!" Softly Bordeaux laughed in his throat.

"What does he say?" Brigham demanded, like the swing of an axe.

"He warned me against you," came the liquid reply. "Against all Mormons; said you'd steal my horses; or if you paid, you'd do it with *bogus*. And—" Bordeaux drew the side of his hand across his throat—"he said *that*!"

"He was lying," Heber replied.

"*Mais oui*," one of Bordeaux's men added, "fisting, guzzling, gutting, that's all his men did, his men and women."

"*Oui*!" said Bordeaux, "whatever you Mormons be, you don't fight, you don't kill. You may cheat or steal, but you pray! But is your money good?"

Willard said, "What's the price of the boat? It may take us to Boggs' trail; but if he's on his way to Oregon, I can say by the Lord's truth that we're headed for the Great Salt Lake!"

"The Utah country is beautiful," Bonoir, another trader, said slowly. "But you'll raise nothing but greasewood there, nothing but greasewood and sage. If hoppers is thick on the Platte, crickets is chewin' by the millions on the lake. Frost comes; nothin' ripens!"

"We want a cleft in the mountains where for a time we can hide ourselves up against such as Boggs," said Brigham. "Our money is good."

"You will give me fifteen dollars for the boat?" Bonoir asked.

At this point time and timber were scarcer than money for the Mormons. They sealed the bargain.

At Fort Laramie, on the upper Platte, the company was increased by seventeen Saints from the State of Mississippi. These people had driven along the eastern foot of the Rockies from Pueblo,

where they had wintered on the Arkansas. Two of the five southern women were expecting babies within a month or two. But now from the fort on the Platte the train ascended some sharp ledges. Following the faint wheeltracks ahead, the pioneers wound over the top wherever a footing could be obtained, finally passing Devil's Gate.

When the river had at last to be recrossed, the only possible ford ran four and one-half feet deep. The current was swift and forbidding. Here the Mormons had the use of a trapper's skiff and two cowhide boats of their own. But when the boats were packed with provisions and other perishable portions of the loads from the wagons, they made slow progress against the mud-laden waves. And when the wagons, all but unloaded, were run into the stream, the Platte, as if with fierce delight, tossed them about and turned them over. One horse was drowned. Men, working at night, shivered from the wind until they could not grasp the oars of the loaded boats.

The Twelve held a council with the brethren. Steve Markham suggested hollowing out two canoes, and holding them apart with some puncheons. On these a raft could be built. Willard looked at Brigham. Brigham slapped his knee. "Send the woodsmen out at dawn. Let Burr Frost forge a rudder. Appleton Harmon can carve the wheel."

Once the outfit was completed, the reward multiplied. The Mormons ferried their own wagons successfully over the waves, heavy with the tossed brown sand. And they took several trains of Oregon-bound Missourians to the other side. For which favor, instead of insulting the Mormons and threatening their lives, the "pukes" paid them two dollars and fifty cents in supplies for each wagon ferried.

"Of course," said Markham in an aside to Willard, "flour's worth ten dollars a hundred in their own state."

Still the Mormons considered the food another token of the Lord's watch. Some of the Saints had been staring at empty barrels. Now all took their turn in stowing away the manna of beans, honey, flour, and soap. Again, all shared the luck of the few. Nine ferry-men were assigned to remain at the ford to help their own churchmen, and to profit from the oncoming hordes of Oregonites. But another brother could not resist the temptation to cut in for himself. Against counsel, he stayed on the Platte.

Beyond the ford the trail became a racetrack where the Mormons vied with the Missourians of the present crossing. The first animals to grass were the first to eat. The browse could disappear in a hurry. The springs were none too plentiful, and their stench was revolting.

Men and animals began to feed the mosquitoes until Willard said the Saints were more fed upon than feeding. That night the campground stank until he held his nose. The banks of the spring swallowed several oxen almost to the neck before men risked their own lives to drag the animals out of the mire. A homesick Englishman wrote in his journal that the danger increased the feeling against the "loathsome solitary scenery."

Nor was there any timber for fuel. The firemen scoured the whitened earth of the saleratus plain for buffalo chips. Worst of all, Brigham was wearing down. Willard took Heber aside after supper. The two counselors withdrew to a natural shelter, changed into their temple robes, and prayed for their president.

Leaving the spring behind them, the train entered a maze of chocolate-colored sandstone *genii*. Riding horseback, Willard thought of Sally, with her vivid imagination. After the hour of despair at the stinking spring, he smiled at the amusing rocks, but still he suffered a moment's longing for the warmth of the laughter in the Octagon.

Suddenly he heard a grating crash. He saw a wagon topple over. He joined the cries, "Brother Crow!" "Brother Crow!"

Willard spurred his horse to the scene, mindful of the Southerner's expectant wife. She looked out from the wreck, apparently unhurt. The wagon was soon righted. And within a few days the caravan gained the Sweetwater.

This river's soft laughter, calling through the willows, made traveling a delight. At seven thousand feet in altitude, the hunters killed four antelope. Brigham eyed with pleasure the foaming current. He cried, "Anyone is free to fish."

Willard brought in a string of trout, casting while the younger men pelted the southerners' daughters with winter missiles on this summer evening. The white banks along the river topped the wagon bows.

But now on June 27th, the divide at South Pass leveled until Willard, Brigham, and Heber rode back and forth, trying to discover where at last the tiny streams took their different ways to different oceans. And on this saddle Willard shouted with joy over the jagged line of the Wind Rivers, tilting snow-capped against the sky, moving off to the northwest.

Down the long bald brow of the continental divide the Mormons trailed. At the Big Sandy they found all the waters running west. But here the first case of "mountain fever" broke out. Men sickened from a disease that took them through some sharply painful stages, all the way from headaches to delirium.

On this river the Mormons met another mountain man, none less than Old Gabe, James Bridger himself, riding over to Fort Laramie to straighten out a trade. With Jim appeared two fur-capped, sunburned trappers. The bourgeois owned a post sixty miles west, where several forks of the Green came together at the foot of the Uinta Mountains in a graveled delta. At this broad curve on the Sandy, the Mormon wagons had double breasted. Reining in alongside the carriage where Brigham sat, Bridger, his bronzed face slightly impudent, hailed Brigham Young.

After some talk the trader said, "Why yes, you're over three hundred miles from Laramie, and only a two-days' ride a-horse from the Great Salt Lake. But God knows how long it'll take you to get those wagons through!"

Riding up and down the train, startling the oxen, getting a stare from the mules, Bridger scanned the weatherbeaten wagon wheels. Now close to Willard's and Heber's horses, he grunted in disgust.

Brigham challenged the insult. "We've a blacksmith along! Are there any wagons on this trail in better shape?"

"The devil knows how any of you get through." Bridger's teeth showed yellow between his scoffing lips. "But Oregon's easy, though it is far country, while the land near the Salt Lake is a mountain man's run, fit for Indians, trappers, and horses."

"I lost my best horse to the Indians," Willard countered. "But we've lost no wagon to the trail. We're going through the Wasatch to build a temple to the Lord."

Bridger let out a laugh.

In the short instant of the guffaw, Willard recalled a long letter he had written from Winter Quarters to the trustees at Nauvoo, who had asked, "What shall we do about selling the temple before we leave?"

Willard had said:

"... How much bread would you get after [you] had paid some millions of unjust debts, mortgages, cancelled claims, demands, attachments, fines . . . massacres, lawsuits, judgments and the whole etceteras that united mobocracy could bring against you? . . . Is the Lord so bankrupt that you must sell His House for a morsel of bread?"

Willard faced Bridger, trying to visualize the steep cut through the Wasatch. In his letter to the trustees, he had also written:

"... With regard to the 'Tail meetings' in Nauvoo, referred to . . . little need be said; if the head leaves, the tail will be likely to follow; and if it did not, it would likely become putrid like dead flesh; and if it thus died a natural death, it would of course be buried at public expense; and as the Saints are not considered part of the public, but rather outcasts, they would be saved all expenditures in the matter, and could employ all their time in nourishing and cherishing that portion of the body that remains . . ."

Turning, craning his head, Willard glanced at the last wagon, where the driver, walking beside his oxen, was all but lost. Willard recalled Brother Crow's tumble on the easy slope. But on the other hand, he saw the wisdom in the just, in the kind, though at times wrathful, eyes of the Father to whom he prayed. And he remembered the linking of little acts with great plans, deeds of no spectacular moment, uniting the steps to the future. Strangely, he recalled James Whitehead's coming to him in Preston when no other elder would enter his room to lay hands upon his head. And he remembered writing to the trustees in Nauvoo to find the means to bring Brother Whitehead to Winter Quarters, that he might move to the chosen valley another year. Willard looked at Bridger, seeing men from England populating the land fit only for Indians and trappers.

"You're wrong, Bridger!" he said. Wheeling his horse, he studied the distant peaks of the Uintas to the southwest, beyond which, he knew, at right angles to this range, and running north and south, lay the Wasatch. The Mormon wagons would go through that second range. Willard smiled, seeing silhouetted against some

western sun beyond those final peaks a new temple to the unbankrupt Lord.

Bridger asked, "What'll you find, once you get over the top? A barren, crossed only by a few streams, grass banked, the soil near the lake as dry and salt as an old lick! By heaven, I'll give you a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn you raise in that valley!"

"In that case, I'll bring you three bushel!" Willard looked at him, twinkling-eyed.

"Light," said Brigham; "bait, and spend the night with us, Bridger, you and your companions. We'll have some supper, some bitters, and some good talk."

At Fort Bridger, while still on the Colorado River drainage area, the Mormons forked away from the Oregon trail, turning like the branch of a stream to the southwest, thankful to leave the Missouri companies with whom they'd been going neck and neck.

A few days west, on the thickly-willoweds sands of the Bear River, before it circled the Wasatch Mountains, the Mormons suddenly halted. Brigham could not go on. He had turned hot with fever, as had Albert Rockwood, one of the two captains of *hundreds* in the train. Both were prostrated from a blinding headache. Willard went to Brigham, finding his agony concentrated at the base of the skull, and down his back.

Now even for the pioneers the ways must part. Several had found the mountain fever a devastating disease that left them so weak they could not stand alone. Delirium had set in for some. Yet no time could be lost for the caravan. The seeds must go into the ground the other side of the Wasatch before they spoiled. Most of the wagons had to go ahead.

The Twelve discussed the situation in Wilford's omnibus, the "Cutter," where Brigham lay abed on the floor. While the meeting was in session, another mountain man rode into camp. Miles Goodyear had brought a string of horses from California to trade to some Oregon-bound emigrants.

Brigham was so ill that he could hardly speak, but he welcomed Goodyear to the Cutter. "Light," he said, "and sit."

"You know this country," said Heber. "Come in! What's your news?"

The six apostles present crowded around Goodyear in the

wagon. Amasa Lyman and Ezra Benson had gone down to Pueblo to bring in about three hundred Mormons who had wintered on the Arkansas, battalion boys and other Mississippi Saints. But the men here pushed close together, their senses sharpening with every word from the trader's lips. He brought as his biggest news word of the two companies that had crossed the Wasatch last year with a string of wagons.

"You say that both parties met disaster?" Brigham propped himself up on his elbow.

Goodyear nodded. "Both. I tell you, man, don't try to lead those wagons of yours down the Weber. Thirty-five miles from here you'll run into Red Fork, a puddin'-stoned formation that'll cage you in like a corral for another fifteen miles. That brings you to the Weber, any man's path at that point. I know the river well. I live puddin'-in the meadows beside it, t'other side of the mountains."

"Go on." Willard shifted his stool.

"You might ride a horse up and down beside the river if he can swim and he ain't afraid of a current. But you can't drive your wagons through the canyon. Harlan and Young tried that last summer. Where she walls up, almost to the Throne of God itself, the gorge leaves ye no purchase. Straight up the shoulders o' the cliffs, Harlan tried to jig his fitouts. Men, women, and children pulled on the ropes tied to the wagons. Oxen bore down. Still, one wagon didn't make it. It must a-been an indecent sight, watchin' it go down when you still had your turn comin'. The driver made a speck on the river; his oxen, too. The flotsum was gone from sight around the bend before the screams was over. That's Horseshoe Curve above Devil's Slide in Weber Canyon. Do you still want to try it?"

For once the Mormons were silent in the face of catastrophe.

Goodyear went on. "The ones left of the party pulled over the Sierra in late October, with what oxen the desert hadn't tooked."

"I'm glad some got through." Brigham's voice stiffened. "We're not crossing that desert."

"That was Lansford Hastings for you, mappin' a road he hadn't never traveled, a cutoff over the worst desert in hell you'll ever see, the salt sink between the ranges. 'Twas oncet a lake. When I met the men of the Harlan Young party on the American River — those that got over the desert, them that was left after the Weber — they

still had the fear o' the devil in their eyes. But the Donners, least-ways nearly half of 'em, didn't live to see the American, to tell what they was skeered of."

For an instant no one spoke; Wilford then said, "Yes?" And Miles Goodyear continued.

"A second canyon in the Wasatch turned the Donners back. They'd cut their way through the willows to the mouth, ready to enter the valley. But no wagon could get through at that point. They turned back and climbed a high mountain to go down another way. They lost a month. They never did make the far side of the Sierras, not in '46. The snows fell before they got their wagons through the pass, hit 'em on the shore of a lake. Half the people lived because the other half died and gave 'em food that no man would eat if he had his choice."

No one replied. Here was indeed a showdown, Willard thought.

Goodyear finally said, "Something's got into my tongue." He picked up his tin cup. "I've talked myself into the ground, but ye asked for news. You want to know what lies ahead, don't you?"

"Do you think we can find the Donners' tracks, the trail where they cut through the pass, and then finally got down out of the mountains and into the valley?" Orson Pratt, small, leathery, homely, alive with intelligence, stared at the red-haired trader. Now that the Mormons had to break up into three divisions to get through the range in time to plant, he had been named to take the first twenty-three wagons over the pass. His men would butt out the road and find the way for the main company under Willard and George A., who had on their list more than forty wagons.

These apostles also questioned Goodyear.

The next day eight wagons kept Brigham company, with Heber and Wilford in charge, while the others went ahead. Arrangements were made for such men as Porter Rockwell and James Brown to ride back and forth with news of the progress and the campsites of the two advanced companies. And Willard planned, as usual, to "mail" his instructions for the journey in wooden frames tacked to posts.

On the plains, at ten-mile intervals, he and William Clayton had fastened buffalo skulls to signboards. The cavities provided excellent protection for the letters deposited in the empty heads. Willard would now shorten the distances between his messages.

"Goodbye, cousin, God bless you," he said when he left Brigham Young.

Willard's and George A.'s company finally entered the red-walled canyon described by Goodyear. The oxen began to low, the mules to bray. In these bright narrows the sounds repeated themselves, returning again and again as red wall echoed wall, almost coloring the sound itself. The herdsmen left the "pudding-stoned" camp to quiet the stock.

The leaders called the gorge Echo Canyon. Once having got their train beyond the lush meadows, Willard and George A. formed the wagon ring on the seventy-foot wide Weber River. That evening Willard at last felt the actual presence of the Wasatch Mountains, their gloom, their clefts, their broken reflection in the rippling water. The meandering brook of Echo Canyon had been a delight, the rosy stone of its walls a scenic splendor, while now on the late afternoon of July 19th the shadows were fast spending themselves beneath the dark wall that blocked the sun. Still, Willard loved the blue light cast by the firs on the exposed face of the limestone. He pondered the ravines where they opened from the mountains to the broad flanks of the Weber.

When evening fell, and the fire blazed within the circled wagons, Porter Rockwell splashed across the river, horseback, his braids swinging in the rush of air. His blood-curdling whoop had not died before some messengers from the sick detachment rode up, announcing the arrival of the president.

Brigham lay in Wilford's wagon. The authorities crowded round, and Port had a good audience for his story. That day Orson Pratt and James Brown had by careful searching finally discovered the faint tracks of the Donner party. The two Mormon scouts had followed them horseback, clear to the cut off. Orson had climbed the peak to the right of the saddle, and from this height had caught his first glimpse of the valley. The plain, he was sure, led from the mountains to the lake. "You should a-seen his face," said Port, "when he came back and told us about it. Up there the peaks are pocked with snow — deep wide banks. But the canyons going to the pass is clear."

"Yes?" said Brigham from his sickbed.

"Off to the left, by damn," Port continued, "Brother Orson could see into the gorge that turned the Donners back."

As if lost in vision, no longer following Port's enthusiasms, Brigham said to Willard, "You'll take Orson a note. I want him to turn north," he continued as if seeing every hoof print. More slowly still, he repeated, "I want him to turn north once he gets into the valley, to hunt out the planting spot."

Port said, "Brother Willard, we'd best get out of here early in the morning; three a.m., I'd say. Erastus Snow'll be here to guide you to the ford over the Weber, and up the canyon to the cut."

"We'll blow the horn at two o'clock," said Willard. "Let's get what rest we can tonight." He turned to Brigham. "I hate to think of your staying behind, cousin."

"Don't worry," Brigham replied, his voice deeper and fuller than an hour ago. "I'm getting stronger. All who're down feel better than when we overtook you in Red Fork. We are not afraid."

By the next evening Willard's toiling wagons had traveled fourteen miles in thirteen hours, the toughest going from Winter Quarters. Fourteen times the train crossed the creek, a dashing stream whose sharp bed proved too much for George A.'s wagon. The spokes caved in at the hub, and over she went, wheels to the sky. Burr Frost set up his forge, and soon set the spokes right, and here, not far from the evening camp ground, he repaired half a dozen wagons, pulling them out of their troubles for the next day's travel.

Willard felt concerned over three of the southerners in his company. They had sickened on this climb. He said to Brother Frost, "I hope the pass will not gut us to pieces, as this day's drive has done."

"This day's drive?" Burr suggested on a long-drawn upnote. "I've tramped every step of the way."

"Well," Willard replied, suddenly firm, "those of us who can get over will cross tomorrow under any circumstances. We've got to plant."

That night after the horn had blown for prayers, Willard could see beyond the firelight the cool white trunks of aspen and the dark branches of spruce and fir. The air was cool, the planets near; Mars was as red as the embers beside which Willard knelt.

He went to bed hungry. No meat had been brought in today. If the hunters did not show up with a bag tonight, elk, antelope, or bear, his men would start out in the morning on empty stomachs. But he had to reach the valley; the seeds had to go in the ground.

The elk was brought in, but too late for Willard's men to smell it cooking. The hunter had dressed his animal last evening, put it on his back, and started for camp. It was almost dark and he had slipped in the stream. "I knew I'd never find the trail, not even with the Lord's help. I slept on a log caught in the current, the animal propped up behind me."

The next day, July 21st, the view that had thrilled Orson from the narrow defile was now Willard's, at an altitude of nearly seventy-five hundred feet. The snow-strewn peaks in the distance caught the first sun, calm as the steady hand of God reaching forth from the skies. Willard trusted that at the foot of the slopes the plain led flat and even to the lake. He did not climb the mountain above the pass, but in his mind's eye he saw the garden spot along some grass-banked stream cutting across the valley. He bowed his heart in prayer, and then let his spirit reach out once more to the sharp summits before he turned to the descent at his feet.

To go down the first pitch, men roughlocked the wheels of their wagons; they held the carriage on either side, according to the list. Willard's commands became short and concise. No wagon turned over as the train crashed down the path.

But eventually, in the dry trace to which this pitch led, even the oxen began to fail. Willard dreaded seeing the horses still worse off. He was glad the mules held; but not until the column had traveled a canyon ten miles long did he again sight water.

All too soon the pioneers had to turn away from this sparkling stream. The second trail of the Donners, now fairly well marked and cleared by Orson Pratt's men, led up the dry face of Little Mountain. Still, in contrast to the roughness of the climb at Pratt's Pass—or at Big Mountain—the way here was comparatively smooth. But both the ascent and the descent were waterless. Again the stock suffered. Little Mountain was no hill, but rather, a long steep pull, dry as last year's sheep's hide.

A fearful run led from the saddle down to the winding canyon, whose waters the scouts had named Last Creek.

On this bright stream, Willard's company spent the night, one and one-half miles above Orson's group. In three days, Willard and George A. had brought their forty wagons nearly thirty-five miles through the range. A messenger brought word that Brigham's

party was not far behind. Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow sent messengers to Willard's company, saying that the two chief scouts had entered the valley and made a partial circuit, walking or riding, as the case might be, since the two men had only one horse between them.

In the afternoon Erastus had walked back up the canyon to his camp, looking for his coat, which he had lost along the trail. Orson had then ridden north, as Brigham had instructed, seeking the best place to plant the experimental seed.

Early on the morning of July 22nd, Orson rode up the canyon to the main camp. He, Willard, and George A. decided that Orson and George should take some men on horseback into the valley to second Orson's choice of ground for the first planting.

Willard promised to bring the wagons safely through the canyon. As he said goodbye to the scouts, his eyes lighted up. "Be satisfied, Brother Orson, with nothing less than a spot of ground where you can *hear* the potatoes growing!"

Laughing with joy, the two apostles rode away.

Down the grassy trail beside the clear stream, Willard led his people until all at once he was confronted by an impassable ledge of grey sandstone. The outcrop slanted down the right wall and rose on the left until it was lost in the base of a symmetrically steep mound that looked exceedingly dangerous. Willard thought, Maybe after the month they had lost in these mountains the Donners didn't care what happened. They must have gone up. I see no track to the contrary. Orson went over the hill, and Ras, but I'll go round.

He turned to his friend, Jesse Little. "Let's build a bridge over the creek and cut a road around the base of this circular hill."

"I wouldn't want to see a wagon roll down that one," said Jesse, measuring with his eye the bowl-steep ascent. "Look! Here's a note."

They had rounded a short curve and could see the message standing out against the green foliage of some scrub oak. "Instructions from Orson," said Willard, "to do exactly as I had planned."

He plotted the track, discovering that the creek would have to be recrossed where it ran into the valley. At four o'clock that afternoon he helped the last wagon over the second bridge. And presently he stood on a dry rim, or former shore, of an anciently great lake — Bonneville.

Behind him, on his left, rose the summits which held even on this side vast pockets of snow. Below him stretched the grass covered plain, cut by the streams which made their way to the salt lake from the clefts in the mountains. Rushes grew beside these veins of water, and grass that looked to be ten feet high. How luxuriant it is! Willard thought. At the same time he noticed in the oak brush beside him some crickets as big as his thumb, eating the foliage.

He looked at his brethren in silence. The group clustered together. With one accord those men who had been wearing hats raised them to arm's length. Men whose heads were bare lifted their hands. Everybody shouted in one voice, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

Thomas Bullock cried softly, "At last I have found my American home. Here there is no timber, but there's an ocean of stone with which to build."

Willard again spent a moment absorbing the glory of the valley. From the lake a near island rose above the deep blue like a church, its spires silhouetted against the sky. He offered a silent salute of gratitude. Every wagon in his train had come safely down two terrible descents.

That evening after supper he asked for his portable desk, a box twenty-one inches long. He took out his pen and ink, and a sheet of paper. Messengers would deliver his note to Brigham in the morning.

Willard wrote:

"We would gladly have left a good road for our President and his company to come over, but after so many wagons passing, we presume you will find some repairs necessary, and should you find it very bad, we hope you will look upon our labors with a lenient eye, for we have tried to do the best we could. The 2nd division overtook the 1st this forenoon. Since that, we have opened a road through the kanyon where it is uncertain whether man or beast ever trod before unless it be a bear or a rattlesnake, for we saw a bear's track, and killed 2 rattlesnakes and one since we arrived in camp. Also one scorpion has been seen here. We are now about four miles within the long sought valley and while the camp were making the road through the kanyon this day, Brothers Pratt and Smith & 7 other horsemen explored the valley north of this as far as possible for time, & met the camp on their return at this point. . . . Timber can hardly be said to be scarce in this region for here is scarcely enough

to be named and sage is as scarce as timber, so that if you want to raise sage and greasewood here you had better bring the seed with you from the mountains. In many places the grass, rushes, etc. are 10 feet high, but no mire. Mammoth crickets abound in the borders of the valley. . . . We hardly need enter into particulars at this time as we anticipate you will be here in a day or two and see for yourself and see much more than we have had time to look at. Our prayers are in your behalf continually that you may be strong in spirit and in body and come to us speedily, and if you have a word for us before you arrive we shall receive it joyfully. Brothers Kimball, Woodruff, and Benson are also remembered by us and while we anticipate a speedy meeting with your whole camp, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in Christ.

“Most affectionately and respectfully

“Orson Pratt

Willard Richards

George A. Smith.”

Willard chuckled as he sealed the message with a little blob of red wax. “Greasewood?” he murmured. “Sage? O Father in heaven, how sage thou art!”

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Willard went to meet Brigham, Wilford, and Heber when on Saturday, July 24th, they drew up to the garden site on the south fork of City Creek Canyon — five acres of planted land. Brigham, having recovered sufficiently to stand, climbed shakily down from Wilford's carriage, weak and wan, but with a light in his eyes that even Willard had not seen before. In the short second of their embrace, the whole of the ten years they had spent together in the Church seemed to sweep over them — wine of devotion, blessed of God.

Beside them the ring of tattered wagons spoke, and also the furrows of land which had already conceived through their will and power, and through the seed of the earth: vegetables, grains, food for the body.

And now there was a conceiving of heart and spirit that could not be so sorted. The vision lay in Brigham's eyes as he looked out upon the valley whose soil, despite the grass, had, with the first turning, broken five plows. Still, the ground had been planted; a dam had blocked the creek; its waters were even now running through the irrigation ditches.

It was well that Wilford's carriage had passed the portal of Willard's road today. Tomorrow was the Sabbath.

On Sunday, to the assembled Saints, Orson, Brigham, Wilford, and Willard preached. Orson Pratt spoke from Isaiah:

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings . . . that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.”

For this band of men and women, with their small handful of children, glory lay upon the land. In turn the apostles spoke. In this first meeting the president of the Twelve laid down the law.

Shakily, Brigham stood; strongly, he declared: "No man has at this time the right to sell land; none has the right to live upon the labor of another, though at present men shall work together."

He gave the people to understand that the law which had prevailed at Garden Grove would govern here. The pattern in that far-away place, where Willard had planted the first hill of potatoes, would fix the cooperative endeavor in this field. Here the ensign of the Lord and the Liberty Pole would be forever raised, to be redeemed only by God Himself.

On Monday six apostles, together with William Clayton and Albert Carrington, left Orson Pratt in camp to direct further planting. The group mounted a commanding hill five miles north of the farm. Entirely bare of timber on its upper reaches, the desolate slope appeared as round as the curving side of a globe. Near the top the men left their horses. Willard gave Brigham a hand for the remaining climb, the effect of his cousin's illness evident in his white face and unsteady gait. On the summit, in response to the overpowering immensity of the basin beneath — lipped by the deep bracelet of the mountains and bordered by the remnant of the sparkling blue water — Willard said, "It's as if I saw the armies of Moroni lifting their flags down there."

"And here," said Brigham, "*the mountain of the Lord's House shall be established.*"

His eyes misting as he answered the quotation, Heber said, "It's like I could hear Joseph speaking."

Himself blocked with emotion, Willard saw extending from the encircling ranges long shadows brightened by sunlight, reaching as the day zenithed and then waned from one point of the compass to the other, crossing and intertwining as though from the four corners of the earth, to lighten the dark disturbance of the world's unbelief. Once having returned to Winter Quarters, he would be called upon to write an epistle to all the Saints abroad — from the islands of the South Seas to the countries in the north — and he would portray the dream, the vision of Israel's gathering place in these last days for the peoples of all nations.

On this mound would be raised the everlasting ensign of the finger of God. And on this valley would fall the manna, the persuasion of spiritual nourishment. Here the direction of the ball and

spindle would come to rest in an ever-whirling end. Willard's heart overflowed with gratitude. No life had been lost among the Saints who, as pioneers, had, through the holy sustaining hand, found the way.

Heber said, his feelings again bared, "I expected to rear up my wife and children in the land of the gentiles, preaching to the outsiders. But the Lord designed that we should be brought here as a people. And the *Book of Mormon* would not have been fulfilled had we not come. The Lord said that when the gentiles should reject the gospel, it must be taken among the Lamanites. And we are here; the Indians have already smelled our trade."

The whimsy was brightened by a smile. The turn of the blood was not hard to make among these men. Of necessity, they had preserved their sense of humor. Praying, laughing, worshiping or despising, the leaders never felt their hearts filled half way.

Willard said, "We'll trade the Indians our gospel for their land. They ask pay for their inheritance. They want guns."

"But they'll get neither from us," said Brigham. "Else we should have to buy the whole basin. I intend by right of colonization to make it ours for the kingdom of God." He thrust his cane hard against the rocky earth. "And this mountain shall be called Ensign Peak!"

"I can hardly wait to bring my family." William Clayton, the poet, extended his hand toward the bowl. "Zion!" he said, his lips softening.

"But our first move," Wilford declared, "is to get started for Winter Quarters lest the snow halt us in our tracks. We must show these people our tails the minute we get the crowd ready to carry on by themselves."

On August 8th Willard stood before the Church under a bowery constructed on the southwest corner of Temple Square. Two weeks' time had marked the valley with well-packed events. The population already numbered nearly five hundred people. The apostles Amasa Lyman and Ezra Benson had led from Pueblo a group of Saints, including most of the battalion boys who had now been mustered out of the Army of the West.

The Church had hailed the soldiers with a cry of gratitude, and

they had shown their love of the new settlement by raising, free of charge, a brush shelter on the temple block.

Standing in its shade, Willard now asked the people to build a fort for their protection during the coming winter. Already blood had been spilled in a fight between the Shoshones and the Utes over the favor of the Mormons. And Mormon blood could be lost in these clashes. When a second exploration party had traversed the valley along the southwestern shore of the lake, both tribes had edged close to the night camps.

"We'd best protect ourselves within a fort against any raids that could occur because we can't give the Indians our last pound of flour," said Willard. "To survive the elements, to preserve ourselves for the building up of the kingdom, we must unite our efforts. At present we must unite our living quarters and put up with each other's weaknesses that in the end we may gain strength. We have taken only the first small line of march."

He looked around, recalling the plea of the messenger to the Pacific Coast by way of the Horn. Young Sam Brannan had landed his people at Yerba Buena, and had ridden horseback over the Sierras to find Brigham and his pioneers. He was bulging with his story of future wealth for the Mormons, would they but settle on his harbor.

"But it's *upper* California for us," Brigham had replied. "We want none of your fat land."

Brigham had indicated that the land for the Church was to be a barren, wanted by nobody else, with space and time for the gathering of the faithful. He asked for a desert that he could make to blossom through the sweat, the grime, and the courage of the Saints, not with the smiles of young fools who would take a land that had already flowered with the west coast's first commerce.

The past two weeks had seen the fertile margins of the rivers explored a hundred miles north of City Creek, and fifty miles south. Brigham felt well on the way to acquiring the Great Basin for the kingdom. Under whose government, since the war with Mexico, it was not known. Neither could the political future of the Mormons in the Great Basin be definitely predicted. But Willard stood before the Church on August 8th doing his best to gain approval for the fort.

Already the whirlwind of the desert had torn canvasses and blown over tents, sweeping articles of furniture in its path. A cloud-

burst had raised the forks of the creek to roaring rivers. The torment over, the corn's green still showed two inches above the earth. Fifty-three acres of ground had now been planted with various seeds. Some of the farmland had drunk the waters of irrigation from the north fork. And here between the two branches, the square — choice above all other squares — had been surveyed for the temple site.

Last evening, in the north fork, the Twelve had rebaptized each other, and had completed the confirmations, a sign of gratitude and humility for the deliverance of the Pioneer Company.

Radiating from the sides and corners of Temple Square, ranged the land selected by the Twelve for their families, their wives and children, their adopted sons and daughters, and their friends for whom they would be responsible in future emigrations. Willard's lot ran nine blocks directly south of the east half of the Square, room enough for many small farms among his particular friends.

With the vote won for his suggestion concerning the fort, the apostles laid the first adobe foundations on the south branch of City Creek, a little over a mile southwest of Temple Square. But before the first adobe or log house was finished, were born the two babies of the Southern women who had joined the caravan at Fort Laramie. Within a week, one of these new daughters lost her three-year-old brother. In the wagon of the distraught mother, Willard pleaded with her to find the courage to meet this drowning in the creek. "Death had to come," he said. "It always comes in one form or another. I'll lay my hands upon your head, and you will be comforted."

On August 21st Brigham and Heber moved their pioneer wives into the fort. On August 27th they ordained John Smith, George A.'s aged father, to preside over the settlement. And the Twelve and their party rode away, waving from their carriages and saddles. "Goodbye, everybody. Goodbye," they cried. "Farewell in the name of the Lord."

Near the continental divide, they met a company of two thousand Saints headed for the mountains. The returning leaders had crossed paths with other trains, but with nothing to compare to this multitude. In the last low cloud of dust, the wagons reached beyond the range of vision. Brigham was aghast to see so many so

late in the year. Already he had discovered the smell of snow on the morning wind.

Thus dismayed, on the Big Sandy he called the Twelve together in Wilford's cutter. When Brigham learned that the instruction in the "Word and Will of the Lord" concerning provisions had not been strictly observed by this train, he spared no feelings. Bitterly he chided the two apostles in charge of the oncoming multitude. Parley Pratt, John Taylor's senior in the Quorum, received the brunt of the scourging, but both men came in for the lecture.

Parley at first rebelled against being put on the penance list. Seeing, then, the justice of Brigham's rebuke, he bowed and asked forgiveness. "I myself will go hungry during the winter ahead."

Brigham replied, "You see, Brother Parley, I will chastize whomever I please, and whenever, that you will all love me and stick by me, and be blessed. I'm sorry to see amongst our few returning brethren hatred for each other. Some grumble if another gets a little better piece of meat. Hungry people are discontented people, and even here tempers are short."

Parley bowed.

In the intensity of the meeting, the sights, sounds, and odors of the camp had been lost to the Quorum. But the first apostle had no sooner emerged from the canvas-topped wagon than he was met by a sister. Patty Sessions stepped forward from among the pioneers headed west, to invite the apostles to dine.

Willard stood amazed at the sight of the tables under a grove of trees. In the dusty light he discovered places for nearly one hundred and fifty people laid on sheer white damask, with fine silver, porcelain, and crockery. He smiled over the bouquets of wild flowers, bowls of currants, and delicious jellies, jams, and pickles. Patty looked as proud as ever, and Willard suspected she had brought out every piece of her finest ware, every yard of linen. She cherished her friendship with the Twelve, but she loved nothing more than her special contact with Willard through the Council of Health.

After the banquet, while Brigham and Heber were giving Patty a whirl on the turf to the merry rhythm of the fiddlers' bows, Willard sought his wagon to reread the letters he had received from Amelia when he passed a small company of Mormons on their way to the mountains.

Again he scanned her first "scrap" from Winter Quarters, written when he had barely passed the Elkhorn:

"Sat. Morn, April 17th, 1847.

"We gladly received a word from you this morning, uncle Willard, to hear of your safety and health. . . . We are all well and doing well. The door yard fence is most made and we begin to look quite at home. Yesterday was my birthday—22 years old; we all took supper at Uncle Levi's; your place looked empty, but I am glad you was not there Jane [Hall] watched last night with George A's little girl that was so sick; she is not dead but much alteration in the course of the night and they expect her departure any minute.

"May God protect and bless you in your absence and bring you safe home when your mission is accomplished.

Amelia

"Rhoda Ann wants I should tell you she has been a good girl ever since you went away."

And now Willard picked up the letter that Amelia had written on June 14th:

"Good morning Uncle Willard.

"It makes me almost sick of home to see the teams rolling out so this morning [Parley's group of 2,000 people]. I want to be going myself. . . . I shall send you enclosed the letter from home . . . it will speak for itself.

". . . We have the prettiest garden in the city. . . . We get along very comfortable at home. I believe we have lived better most of the time than when you were here.

"Susannah has had the ague some but she has got over it now, and is almost the youngest of us all; you have all her best wishes &c and Aunt Rhoda's too, she says she remembers what you said about your family and little ones and has done for their comfort as far as is in her power.

"Ellen and Heber are well and good children. Ellen has worked in the field quite steady but Heber cannot stand it. He went to herd the cattle two days which brought on his old complaint since we have not put him to work at all. He is now quite well. Ellen gets her lessons almost every day, but Heber's attention is more among the men and about the farm, seeing what is done he cannot do. Sister Mercer sends a cheese by sister St. John. I am sorry but they could not get to go.

"Amelia."

Willard looked forward to seeing his family as once more he scanned the note from Ellen, his adopted twelve-year-old daughter.

"Pa: I have a picayune a week for planting and Brother Kay pays me and Mary Ann the Money. Mother is coming on next fall. Little Levi [brother Levi's son, whose parents had left Winter Quarters to fill a mission to England; Brigham had blessed Levi and Sarah for their health, but he had said he could not do that for the child, and to leave him home] was two years old last Saturday. He had a little party; we had a nice supper, a nice walk up the street, and a fine time. Come back as soon as you can and let us go over the Mountains, too, Won't you Pa.

"Your daughter Ellen P. Richards."

Willard loved Ellen's charming note. He grieved for George A., and also for the undertone of sister Nancy's letter which was enclosed in Amelia's. Nancy's condition hurt him more than the death of the Smith child. That was merely one of the cups of sorrow sanctified to God in the tears shed, and in the hearts that lifted even as they bowed — as in the cemetery at Kirtland.

But in that spare home on the hill beside the steepled church of Richmond, a jagged pain was hurting the heart of a man. Willard screwed up his own mouth over the vinegar and gall that William Peirson had drunk from his bleak table.

His son Edwin had, with his wife Clamanza, visited Winter Quarters just prior to Willard's departure last spring. And Edwin had written a very candid letter to his mother, proclaiming his opinion of the Mormon settlement.

He's rejected the truth, Willard admitted, as he reread the letter; he's given up a coat of lamb's wool for a wolf's hide.

The skin on the apostle's hand wrinkled as he held the page. His blood throbbed against his skull.

Addressing both him and Amelia, sister Nancy said particularly to her daughter:

". . . I know you feel quite as anxious . . . to know about the folks and things at home as you ever did, and I intend you shall as far as I can inform you. . . . We received a letter from Edwin stating that himself and Clamanza visited at Mr. Taylor's [at Winter Quarters]; spent the whole p.m. conversing with them and he thought he would write to us while what he told him was fresh in his mind. . . . He stated that Mrs. Hinman would be glad to come back; that she has seen and suffered enough; but . . . her husband would not. . . That brother Levi was living

in a small log house with one window and a table, tinkering watches much as he used to be in Richmond; that he thought he had grown old very fast as most of the rest of them. That brother Willard was living in a house built regular wigwam fashion, with a hole at the top to let out the smoke, one narrow door to go in at, two windows of four lights each, opposite to each other, that his house appeared warm and comfortable, and he thought at least for the present, all that were there had coarse food, viz. corn and beef as much as they needed.

“Mr. Taylor said that Amelia was keeping house for Willard; that they all called her Mrs. Richards and some of them told him she was his wife. He said that B. Young and W. Richards were dressed in fine broad-cloth mantles, fur tippets; otter caps and everything in style and seemed to be at the head of the heap in every respect. He thought you would have enough as long as any of them had anything. Mr. Taylor saw and conversed with a Mr. Greenwood, a smart, intelligent man, who speaks English, French, Spanish, and some ten Indian dialects; is an Indian trader, and well acquainted with the whole western wilderness. He thinks if there should be any failure in the first crop where the Mormons are going, the greater part must starve to death, from the fact that there is no settlement, within hundreds of miles that could supply them, and no communication, and to depend upon freighting all this from 1200 miles is out of the question. Yet Mr. Taylor, says . . . Edwin told him all the worst days were over, and in a few years all the world was-going to come . . . to the mountains, and their laws would be the laws of the land.

“Mr. Hinman told him that he expected to see a good many men’s heads cut off under the orders of their Prophet, Brigham Young, who it seems is now as much of a prophet as Smith ever was, and Willard Richards is his right hand man. Edwin then says he don’t know as he can tell us anything more now about the folks west. That he talked all the afternoon with Mr. Taylor; had a fine visit &c. &c. They were well six weeks ago.

“Brother Willard and Amelia—I will now tell you what has been one continual inquiry when the people have spoken about you, at least ever since you left Nauvoo. Has Amelia gone on with the rest? Who did she go with? Yes she went with Willard’s family. Is Willard married again? They have never wrote that he is married, has been the answer [that] I have given from then till now, saying nothing, more or less, when I could get along without; leaving the family and all others, except Susan to think and say at all times just what they pleased, for it has been one universal feeling in the family, at home and else where, that I am the sole cause of Eliza Ann and Amelia going away—that they never would have gone if it had not been for me. When Mr. Peirson has talked to me in

this way, (You may judge for yourselves how I have had to live ever since . . . you girls did leave.) I have said to him, it is more than you know to know they would have gone sooner than they did had it not been for me. I am glad they have found friends who have kindly helped them to gather with the Saints. I have never been sorry but always glad ever since you went. As to E. A's death, I would go if I knew I should die the next day after I got there—and when some not our family have been talking to me I have told them I should rather be under the clods of the mountains with the people of God than live with such a spirit as there is here. That I had rather go among the Saints and live alone than live here if I cannot live in peace &c.

“Amelia I have never been without my thoughts and feelings about your being married ever since you wrote that you should not be able to take your trunk and bandbox but your best things would go in Uncle Willard's great trunks and the rest of them in bags. If I had not been perfectly satisfied (if you are) to have it so I might have let you know it before now; but I doubt whether I should some others I could mention, for until I see different feelings manifested I have not felt myself under the same obligations I once shared.

“When bro Pratt [Parley on his way to England] was here he said brother Willard took him by the hand when he was coming away and said he might tell sister Nancy that Amelia was living with him and was doing well &c &c. Since Edwin's letter has come I have not said anything more to any one but the letter has been kept from William [Richards] and sister S.A., on account of what he wrote about brother Hinman's family. Of course no one but our family knows what he wrote about you. When anything is said about it again I believe I shall tell them I do not know but Willard and Amelia are married; if so I think we shall know it some time.

“Amelia — if you feel disposed to write something in your next letter to remove all doubts about Willard and Amelia being married you may.

“When your father read Edwin's letter he said ‘Is that lawful to marry a sister's daughter?’ He got the Bible and looked sometime but could not find the place that would disapprove it. So we see how careful he is to act Scripturally when it suits; but he has not said one word for or against its being as Edwin has written &c. &c. You ask what I think of your dream about Edwin? I do not know exactly how far he has gone; but I feel that he has a great deal to repent of and humble himself before God, even if he has not gone so far he never can. I feel that I have been as faithful to my family as I know how to be. I know they are not happy; neither can those be who do wrong, for they have had

too much light to be happy without obeying it. I feel that I could do many things to add to your comfort if I could get to you.

"Brother Willard and Amelia don't fail to inform me more particularly about your health. Don't be afraid to let me know let what will come. I hope you will all be spared to go to the valley! The place you leave, I think must seem dear on account of leaving the place where so many of the dear friends lay; but brother Willard since the first resurrection is not far distant then we hope to see them . . ."

Willard let the letter fall from his hands. He sat in silence for a moment, and then went out to share the closing number of the dance. He took Patty Sessions' hand for the last quadrille.

The next morning, when the wagons returning to Winter Quarters were ready to roll on, the weather promised the first snow at any time. The leaders offered much advice to the westward caravan. "It isn't that there isn't plenty of room out there, but will there be plenty of food, Brother Perrigrine?" Brigham asked Patty Sessions' son. "I want you to take a company ten miles north of the fort on City Creek. Build another fort. On that stream you'll find plenty of feed for your stock, at least."

Patty lifted her strong-featured face, glancing straight into Brigham's eyes. "I'm not afraid of the coming winter. We'll survive. I hope God will bless our women, those whom I shall put to bed." She gazed now at Willard.

"I shall ask God to bless all the babies born in the valley this winter," he replied.

"I cannot wait to start our usual health meetings," said Patty. "We'll hold them in your wagon, Doctor, when you return. Give my love to Susannah!"

"I'll give your love to Susannah." Willard raised his hand in farewell.

The snow fell on the caravan just beyond the continental divide. Horses had been stolen during the journey. Several frightened Mormons had gone in two's to smoke a pretended pipe of peace with some Indian chiefs. Few horses were thus regained, but the white emissaries felt that they had made friends. Still as the weather worsened, the leaders of the returning party hoped that they would not have to call upon these friends during an emergency.

At last two rescue parties rode out from Winter Quarters to meet the Twelve. One found the president's group at the Elkhorn. Brigham gladly received the much-needed supplies. The second party rode only beyond the bluff to form an escort for the worn wagons. The long-bearded pioneers finally stopped on the common in front of Brigham's house and the "Doctor's Tabernacle."

And now to her joy, Sally had someone out there her "poor nerves sool to chear."

The homecoming proved all that Willard had anticipated. Some of his "friends" from St. Louis greeted him: Nanny, Mary, Jane, and also Susan Bayless. She had come to the conclusion that she would be proud to join Willard's family as one of his wives. But now he fell ill, and the marriage was postponed until midwinter.

Still, Willard went to work on the epistle of the Twelve to the *Millennial Star*. He allowed none of the hardships or the trials of the journey to mar the glowing message. He solicited the various peoples of the world to gather with the Saints in the valleys of the Great Basin. He mentioned the plan discussed by his Quorum to continue proselyting the islands of the South Seas. He promised that missionaries would carry the gospel to India, China, and more of the tropical isles, as to the countries of Europe. He named Turkey, Malta, Italy, the Channel Islands, France, Belgium, and Germany. He also reveled in inviting all men to gather beneath the Wasatch and her sister ranges.

At Winter Quarters during these months of waiting to start West, Brigham said a reorganization of the Church presidency was in order. But when he tried to hold a meeting in a private home east of the river, in a settlement called Kaneshville, an hour before the scheduled time the house could not hold another person. Men stood at the windows and door crying, "Let us in! Let us in! If this is a conference of the Church, we claim the right to be present."

In all fairness to the people, Willard, Brigham, and Heber wished to recognize the demand. They wanted everyone on both sides of the river to have a chance to sustain the passing of the chief authority of the Church from the Twelve to a president and his two counselors.

But since the Mormons had been ordered off the Omaha lands,

Brigham thought twice before calling a large meeting in Winter Quarters. He postponed the reorganization until a blockhouse that would hold the whole population of Saints could be built east of the river. In December a three days' conference convened.

On the twenty-seventh, Willard was sustained as second counselor to Brigham Young. Heber was named first counselor. Late that afternoon, when the blockhouse had been cleared, in a new alliance of friendship Willard put his arms around his two companions. They had been loyal to him through sickness, trial, and triumph. As the men looked at the empty benches, they smiled, ready for action.

CHAPTER FIFTY

Once more seeing in vision the distant valley of the Salt Lake as a field where brothers of all nations would meet, Willard mounted his horse at the Elkhorn, July 1, 1848, to inspect the companies about to roll west. Brigham and Heber had already left the rendezvous with their immense trains.

Willard did not expect to overtake his fellow presidents. He wondered whether he could get his caravan through the mountains in time for Sarah's delivery. She was expecting her second child in October. Willard stopped beside her wagon, looked under the canvas, and said, "Do you feel all right?" He knew that as she had said little of her discomfort in Iowa, she would keep her peace while the carriage jolted toward the Wasatch.

"E'e," she said with a smile for her husband and a glance for the boy into whose mouth she was spooning some porridge. The lad was still too young to read the note his father had sent across the room before leaving for the mountains a year ago.

Reversing for a moment the child's name, Willard had written:

"Addressed to Master Brigham Willard Richards, Present:

"April 1, 1847

"Willard Brigham

Be a good boy and God

will bless you. & pa-pa

will bless you —

"Pa"

This morning, seeing his son eagerly swallowing his gruel, Willard said, "Your dish is right side up, young fellow. God's love, Sarah, teach him the joy of laughter."

To Nanny, Willard remarked, "A smile is good for the soul."

She stopped packing the breakfast dishes in the box for traveling. She put her hand on Sarah's shoulder, pleasing Willard. The

sisters gave him a look that reminded him of the moors, as he rode away to review the *hundreds*, *fifties*, and *tens* in his train. The wagons stood to the lowing protest of oxen, the smell of manure, the whirlpools of dust.

"Nanny, docthor tells us we' 'is e'e we sh' be proud of 'im, a' ree!"

"Sally, rhymin' again? Th'ast caught feyver!" Nanny's soft eyes brightened. "Lad wilt 'ave it, too. Look at 'is 'ands. A-wavin' in time, th 'are!" Nanny's own hands were moving in gentle rhythm.

Sarah suddenly turned toward the opening in the canvas. She had heard Willard call out, "Is Mormonism down?"

"Not while we roll on!" Amasa Lyman, his fellow leader, returned.

"The Church is growing like a tree of heaven," Willard said to the nearest captain of *ten*.

But the next day, nearly twenty miles farther west, Willard observed that the tree was strangely dwarfed by those too ill to stand and take part in the singing, or to kneel for the day's blessing. Before the oxen grunted into action that morning, he discovered a small girl seated on a new grave, sobbing.

"Hannah, don't cry," Willard said, touched by her loneliness. Her father, Brother Jones, had been a member of Willard's company. The child's mother had died on the Atlantic; her brother and sister, working down river from Nauvoo, had succumbed to cholera, leaving this little girl an only child.

"Brush aside your tears." Willard reined in his horse. "Put them in your pocket, every one. You can be my little daughter." He looked at the fresh grave. "And I'll give you a new mother, too." He jumped down, took Hannah by the hand, and helped her to rise. He answered the child's look of wonder by placing her on his horse, in front of himself.

In his wagon, after hearing her husband's request, Amelia said, "Of course, Uncle Willard." With a comforting look for Hannah, she dipped a washcloth in cool water and rinsed the tear-begrimed cheeks. "Would you like me to brush your hair? We can play a song on my accordion afterwards."

"It's fun to play Aunt 'Melia's music box," said Ellen P.

Three-year-old Rhoda Ann echoed, "Fun, Hannah."

But now Sarah looked at Willard, startled, finding on his cheeks

two feverish spots of color. "Nanny," she whispered later, "there's s'thing in docthor's e'e I'd as lief no' see. He's working 'isself to death."

Yet Willard held up as he and George A. led their company westward. Then on October 4th Willard purposely missed arriving in the valley for the general conference of the Church. His wagon tarried near the Weber River while Sarah gave birth to a healthy boy. A week later, Susannah said that Sally could stand alone if she'd allow it. "Bu' I'll noan hear of it." The midwife waved her patient back onto her pillow, beside the infant.

The autumn foliage along the Weber was at its height when, on October 12th, Willard jostled the child gently in his arms. Franklin, having returned from his mission to England just in time to start West in Willard's company, blessed the baby, naming him Joseph Smith Richards.

On October 19th, when Willard entered the valley, he realized that his family, together with the nearly ten thousand Saints gathered here, would suffer hunger this winter. There was little for the "old gentleman" to eat after crickets had devoured most of the harvest from some four thousand planted acres. The Council of Health met regularly in his wagon. And yet it was all that Susannah, Patty, and other midwives could do to save the starved mothers of the community, and some of the thin babies born during the bleak cold.

In the spring of 1849, people existed largely on roots, bulbs, shrubs, and wild flowers. Some families mistook poison parsnip for edible greens, causing a cramped death. Other lives were saved with the sego lily bulb, whose yellow-throated, white cup was, in Willard's opinion, a sacrament of life.

But by the summer of 1849, he was supervising his own personal domain in this fast growing city. Most of his family had moved out of his wagons into a house that ran east and west in a single row of six rooms. A simply-corniced and banistered porch shielded the cross-barred windows of the pleasant home. Built of clapboards, the house was located thirty rods south of the new bowery on Temple Square.

On the west, Willard's land was bounded by Richards Street, a road running south along the nine blocks allotted to his supervision. Together with the ample kitchen, his office occupied the

center of the home. Here he had placed his bed in one corner, his bookshelves in another, near his crowded desk. Some quills, sharpened to a fine point, stood always in a square of pith near his inkwell. His Boston rocker faced the hearth.

Eight of his wives, Sarah, Nanny, Mary, Jane, the two Anns, Susan, and Susannah, shared the compartments on either side of the kitchen and office. Willard had planted his garden to the north, next to the Council House, which had been commenced on the corner of Main Street. Already he had budded his peach and apple trees.

On the southeast corner of the block, at Main and First South Streets, in a small home of their own, sister Rhoda and Amelia lived. There Rhoda had charge of Levi Willard, whose parents were still on their mission to England; while Amelia's special charges were Ellen and Hannah.

Sarah took care of Rhoda Ann Jennetta, whose bed stood in the kitchen of the six-roomed house. Nanny helped Sarah with her chores, though she herself had borne small Alice Ann. All this, however, was personal to Willard, and nothing personal could in good conscience be allowed to interfere with his public duties.

Still, on July 24th, 1849, he mixed public and personal pleasures for the festival celebrating the second anniversary of the entrance of the pioneers in the valley. He and his family wakened at dawn to the firing of cannon beneath the hundred and four foot tall Liberty Pole on Temple Square. Six times the salute roared. Then Brother Ballo's trumpeters played, blowing every whit as fine a tune as Captain Pitt's Britishers, in their green-and-red uniforms.

When Willard was about to leave the house, Sarah said, "We'll stand across the street, near the south gate of Temple Square, to watch thi'."

"Excellent," Willard replied, handsome in his blue uniform of the Nauvoo Legion.

"We want lads to see thi' march," said Nanny. "Then we'll all go i'to bowery."

"I'll keep my eye skinned for you as I pass by." Willard doffed his plumed hat to the wives who stood on the long porch of his house.

Two blocks to the east, he approached Brigham's home. Here he saw groups of men and women, youths and girls, dressed in fancy costumes, chatting together. Among the Silver Greys—the old men of the Church—Willard spied his brother Phineas. He raised his hand in recognition, and said hello to sister Wealthy. She stood with some mothers dressed in white. Willard smiled at the young girls who were joking with the boys of battalion fame. He loved their gay laughter.

He made his way to Heber, who was proudly wearing his uniform. They went into the "White House," Brigham's home, to greet Mary Ann Angell Young. Brigham emerged from a bedroom, resplendent in his navy blue, and his gold braid. As governor of the new Provisional State of Deseret, and as president of the Church, he squared his shoulders and firmed his clean-shaved chin and thin lips. Seeing Willard and Heber, he smiled, his expression contained but proud. His smoothly dressed hair fell to the lobes of his ears. It was scrolled under at the ends.

"Your honor!" Willard bowed, his own hair dressed in ringlets. He held his hat in his hand.

Masters of the day—governor, secretary, and chief justice—the three presidents represented the state as well as the Church. Once outside the house, they walked in step to the rhythm of a Ballo march, making their way to the center of the line that was now forming in the middle of the street.

Hailing the day, the martial band of the Nauvoo Legion took turns with the Italian's musicians. To a beat, they sounded out the quickening strains. The spectators thronging the sidewalk cheered for the parade to start, but Brigham had not given the nod.

Alert for the signal, twenty-four young men in white suits with red scarves over their shoulders, and with red-trimmed white coronets gleaming in the sun, each carried a copy of the Constitution of the United States in the right hand. A sheathed sword hung at the left side of each youth.

"What a glorious union!" Willard said softly to Heber, his back stiffening. "Is there one amongst those veterans who'd have refused his life to his country? If only our wise men in Washington would stop their backbiting and honor our provisional government, we could clear the political squabbles over a benevolent state!"

"Wouldn't you think that after a whole year's begging for statehood, we could get a favorable ear in the capital?"

"M'mm," Willard replied, recalling the memorial he had written to President Polk, asking recognition, if not official sanction, for a colonization in the West.

Heber referred to the map of Oregon presented to Orson Hyde as an alternate to the once-hoped-for official assignment for a Mormon settlement. While presenting the map, Senator Douglas had remarked that with or without the sponsorship of the United States, Oregon would be a good place for the Mormons to locate. There, the senator had said, they could set up a state of their own — independent, if necessary, of their native land.

Looking over his shoulder at the copies of the Constitution in the hands of the young men, Willard replied to Heber, "Why have so many state and national officers suggested that we separate ourselves from the land we love?"

Both men knew that Governor Ford had once proposed an invasion of Mexico, where the Mormons could establish a country of their own. Surely with its great strength, he had implied, the Church could defend itself against any protest offered by the motherland.

Even Arlington Bennett had portrayed a "Mormon Empire" somewhere in the Northwest. And now, since the treaty with Mexico had been signed, and the Mormons were no longer squatters in a foreign land, even the great friend of the present day, Colonel Thomas L. Kane, had advised the Church to withdraw its petition for a territorial form of government in the Great Basin, should statehood be denied. Under territorial law, said the colonel, obnoxious officers, government appointees who had no understanding of the Mormon way of life, would undoubtedly try to exercise their authority over the Church as well as the territory.

Willard scanned the column, his eyes resting on the young men in white. "Can anyone doubt our loyalty?" he again asked Heber.

"Hang it, no! Not even though we chose the name of our provisional state from the *Book of Mormon — Deseret.*" Heber laughed, and Willard smiled.

To him Deseret was a jeweled word, picturing the honey bee, her industry and never-tiring buzzing for the good of the hive. "We'll never choose to live apart from our native land. But will she

recognize us as the better part of her sons and daughters?" Willard chuckled.

Back of the veterans that Willard had been studying, twenty-four young girls wearing wreaths of white roses and white dresses, accented by red sashes at the narrow waists, stood ready to parade. And behind the girls one of twenty-four young mothers, costumed in white, carried a banner representing her group.

Brother Ballo's trumpeters again complimented the day and, with the first officers at the head of the parade, moved into action. The crowds on the street cheered, waving flags of the United States and of the Provisional State of Deseret.

From the corner of his eye, Willard eventually saw his family watching near the south gate of the temple block. Heber John, Ellen, and Hannah waved their hands. Small Willard, two and one-half years old, called, "Pa! Pa!"

To the roaring of the cannon at the foot of the Pole, to the repeated playing of the bands, the column entered Temple Square. The First Presidency, with a few other state officers, marched down the aisle of the bowery, flanked by the escort: young men, maidens, Silver Greys, mothers in Israel.

And now in Willard's heart, as he sat on the stage waiting for the meeting to get under way, the illusion swelled that all was well with the civil development of the Great Basin. Her boundaries, as set up by the provisional government, outlined a magnificent square, bridging crest with crest of the Rockies and Sierras; and winding south from the Wind Rivers to the Rio Grande, with a corridor there leading to the Pacific.

While still waiting for the opening prayer as the throng from the street found their places on the benches under the shelter, Willard gazed at the two flags held by two young men in white. And while the congregation milled through the dust and found their seats, Willard saw in these flags a glorious complement. Superimposed upon Deseret's stars and stripes, a motto read:

"Constitution of United States. May it live forever.
Liberty and Truth will prevail."

How he hoped that statehood would be granted to the Mormon commonwealth! After the constitution of the provisional state had been adopted last March, instead of waiting for the designated

election day, May 1, 1849, the state officers had on "adoption" day been sustained by a show of hands from the assembled Church. On May 3rd, Willard had been sworn in as secretary, Brigham as governor, and Heber as chief justice. John Taylor had taken oath as one of Heber's associate justices.

The bishops of the nineteen wards into which the city was divided were that day sustained as judges of the inferior courts. The organization movement had thus jumped the constitution of the provisional state, which provided for a judiciary election.

There had been plenty of cases for the bishop-judges to try. *Forty-niners* were beginning to pass through Deseret on their way to California. Brigham had preached to his people not to wash gold from their pans to their palms lest the Saints die a spiritual death. He had told them not to touch the hard fruit of the American River, the Yuba, the Mokeluma, or any other of the streams being so greedily exploited.

The gold diggers, according to the president, were hardly "fit for the cellar kitchens of hell." Willard could at this moment see a few such travelers in the congregation, but he thought them to be not an entire curse. They gave dust in exchange for food — and that could now be spared.

His wives had brought to the banquet tables for this festival — spread beyond the bowery — beets, cucumbers, potatoes, corn, and bread made from the first wheat of his own crops; while he himself weighed much of the gold dust brought to the city from the rivers of the Sierra Nevadas.

He and Brigham grieved to see one speck of the yellow dust wasted while being weighed, but some was lost no matter how they watched. And so, authorized by the municipal council, the state's first officers had decided to print sufficient currency to cover the dust on hand. Since there was as little paper as money in the valley, Thomas Bullock was neatly inscribing the fifty-cent and one-dollar bills on the backs of the once discarded Kirtland currency.

Willard now remembered gazing at the neat scrip and chuckling to Brigham, "This makes my letter to sister Hepsy from Kirtland, way back in January, '37, good to the last particular inference." Even now, as the choir rose to open the celebration meeting, Willard could hear Brigham's laugh, recalling Joseph's promise that the *anti-Banking Safety Society* notes were just as good as gold.

"Give us time," Brigham had said in the mint, "give us time. We'll yet pay every dollar of those Kirtland debts."

Willard smiled, for now the Church was trying to coin the gold. It had constructed a mint. What if the building was so tiny that it was like a fairy hut? Some people wondered how so large a man as Willard Richards could get into the place, "for it was easier to walk onto the roof," said these people, "than to enter the low door under the eaves."

Still, Willard did enter this door of vertical brown boards almost every day of his life. In the end of the room opposite the fire for coining the gold, opposite the pots and moulds which thus far had been anything but successful, he had placed his table with its two tiers of drawers. There he kept his historical materials. And now as he caught Sarah's eye, and then glanced at the other wives, he realized that every one of them was proud of him as historian, recorder for the Church and state, and keeper of the official seal, as well as postmaster.

His dreams ran on, picturing Deseret's hope of belonging to the Union. We've named a delegate to Congress, Willard thought, seeing Brother Babbitt on his way to Washington, and seeing Wilford Woodruff and John M. Bernhisel presenting the provisional constitution, together with a memorial asking Congress for statehood. Is Colonel Kane in Washington with Wilford and Dr. Bernhisel to introduce them to the right people? Willard wondered. We do, after all, he told himself, require political standing to govern these valleys, this society. Civil law is a necessity here, as it is in the Union.

But now the Silver Greys had finished their ode and Brigham Young was well into his sermon. At length the noon recess occurred. The men honored by the escort found their seats at the first of the banquet tables. Spread before Willard was everything he could imagine to eat: corn, fully eared, new potatoes, young onions, meats of all kinds, and delicacies from the sisters' kitchens.

To Sarah, seated on his right, Willard said, "This should simply knock the eye out of Old Gabe, Jim Bridger." Sarah laughed with him. Glancing beyond the tables Willard caught sight of a group of Indians huddled together in a ring on the ground. "We eat with

them, they with us at this feast of the honey bee, of the work of the faithful.”

“Ee’,” said his wife, “it ’s work, a’ reight.”

In 1850, Willard himself gave the oration of the day. The people listened so quietly that the rustle of leaves, brushing against the now closed-in walls of the bowery, leaves from the young trees planted two years ago, could be heard during his brief pauses.

“This is the day,” he declared from the stand, “of the third anniversary of the entrance into the valley, of the day on which the plough first turned the sods of this valley, since the Records of Nephi, a day fraught with greater interest to the family of man, than any . . . since the death of Jesus, and that excepted, since the birth of Adam . . .

“This day we celebrate the birth of the Latter Day, of never-dying Freedom.”

Soon, in reference to Joseph’s martyrdom, Willard remarked:

“. . . Few, comparatively, have been the actual murderers of the Saints. Many have been accessory before the fact; many more have stepped quietly behind the curtain, as they supposed, washed their hands in self-complacent innocence and whispered in each other’s ear, ‘It was a mean act, but I’m glad he’s dead’ . . .

“Men cannot fight truth, life, or salvation without a medium of communication; consequently, when the truth was proclaimed by the Prophet, and men wanted to oppose and fight it, they had to oppose and fight those who believed and received it, who obeyed and practiced it; and thus those receiving the truth, were made the medium of violence against the truth: and the wicked vainly supposed that if they could destroy the channel of communication, that truth would cease from the earth. It has not been, it is not against the Saints, as individuals, that the sword has been drawn. Most of them have lived for a long time, like other men, respected and beloved by their neighbors . . . but when they embraced the fullness of truth, their wicked neighbors could not bear it, they must drive truth from their midst, and the only way they could accomplish it, was to drive away the individuals who had received the truth. The only way to get at the truth or falsehood, the good or evil spirit that is in a man, is through the medium of the man himself; hence every man is responsible for his own belief, faith, practice; and the spirit he harbors within himself, whether it be good or evil . . .

“The next refuge of the Saints was at Nauvoo, beautiful for situation, but a land of bushes, swamps, sloughs, mosquitoes, miasma, fever and

ague; a land depopulated by malaria, disease, and death; speedily converted into fruitful fields and gardens interspersed with comfortable and respectable dwellings for twenty thousand inhabitants; abounding with fruit and grain . . . overlooked by the Temple of the Lord. Joseph . . . and Hyrum . . . were massacred in Carthage Jail, by the hands of a daylight mob, while under the arrest and supervision of Governor Thomas Ford, and the pledge of the faith of the State, and while his excellency was satiating his appetite at the table of his murdered victim, in the city of Nauvoo. O ye Gods of Eternity, did not the Heavens think that this infernal treachery of plighted faith ought to have satisfied all hell?

"But were the sons of earth satisfied with the sacrifice? Let the burning houses and grain stacks, the murdered women and children of Hancock County answer . . .

"Persecution followed persecution, and mob followed mob until for the salvation of the Union, all the Saints, who could get away by the skin of their teeth . . . left Nauvoo in February, 1846 . . . like followers of Abraham, not knowing whither they were going, journeyed westward . . . buffeting snows, hail, sleet, wind like a tornado, sometimes not a tent left standing in camp over night; women and children on the naked earth open to the sky; creeks and rivers impassable; Sun, Moon, and Stars, not seen for eleven days at a time; without a morsel of bread, teams dying with hunger: bending their course west by south to labor occasionally in the borders of Missouri for a morsel of bread; . . . without even an Indian trail . . . through the length of Iowa . . .

"Compare this prospect with the present: see the thousands and tens of thousands of acres of wheat . . . in this, and the other valleys of the mountains. . . . President Young sought diligently to lead this people to a Latter Day Canaan . . . where men could live in peace . . .

"To the United States: if you wanted to know the value of the mountain valleys, you could only learn it through the Patriotism and perseverance of the 'Mormons:' all others were too limited to explore and settle them, and when settled, too avaricious to cultivate: they think that they can get gold faster by going to the mines. Hence, if you want to know what will preserve the union of this great and glorious Republic forever, you must learn it of the 'Mormons.'

"They are your friends, and the friends of all men who delight in doing good . . .

"Publish this, ye editors of truth, ye servants of God, ye messengers of salvation, ye well wishers to the family of man, that while Mormonism lives, and its leaders are to be found, there may be found the principles of light, of liberty, of truth, according to the Constitution of the United States of America . . .

"If the authoritative powers of States and nation will speedily . . . consider the nation one, and not a Northern and Southern two, they may yet preserve our sacred Union; but if they shall continue their present course of operation, no power on earth can save the Union, although we 'Mormons' will contend for it so long as a shoe latchet is left with which to tie it together."

Willard left this day's festival exhausted, despite his laughter at some of the toasts that followed the banquet. He could still hear Parley Pratt's quip to Deseret:

"The youngest sister of the Republic. May she be a solace, strength, and comfort to the *Old Lady* in her declining years."

Walking down Main street toward the cottage to see Amelia, who was expecting a child, Willard considered what Brigham had said privately to him, "You should speak oftener, Willard. I want you to publish your sermon in the *News*."

"My own talk in my own paper?" Above his footsteps on the sandy path, Willard — the first editor of the *Deseret News* — listened in his heart to the answer. He would never forget the day, little more than a month ago, when on June 15th he, with Thomas Bullock and two friends, pulled the first copy from the press, which had at last arrived in the valley. The Church now had an organ, a voice in the West. And its machinery, the *Ramage* hand press, was also housed in the mint.

The type for the *Ramage* was as scarce as snow in July; nevertheless, some of the letters from the missionaries abroad had been printed. And in that first issue — June 15, 1850 — besides his editorial on "Truth and Liberty," Willard had published the comments of the *New York Tribune* on the Mormon effort to achieve statehood. Which now looks more and more impossible to gain, Willard thought, as he walked toward Amelia's and sister Rhoda's house.

He saw the masthead of the *Deseret News*, with its motto: "Liberty and Truth." He saw his invitation to the missionaries in the four corners of the world to send in their correspondence. Franklin had returned to England, one day to be president of the mission there. When ordained to the Quorum of the Twelve, he was indeed also ordained to the presidency of the British mission, to serve at some future time.

Willard rejoiced that the Church was extending its stakes around the entire world. The keys had been turned in Calcutta, Bombay, Hong Kong, the Society Islands, New Zealand, Australia; and along the shores of the Mediterranean: Africa, Spain, and Asia. Mormon missionaries had made converts in Turkey, Italy, and Malta. In Europe the missions reached from the tip of the Boot of Italy to the North Cape. At the last conference in France four hundred Church members had assembled in Paris.

Willard could almost taste his foreign correspondence. "I wish to God we could get statehood here at home to support this lengthening of the horizon! We need a firm tent to tie our stakes to," he said half aloud, as he sauntered toward Amelia's. Friends and family had crowded around him at the end of the program in the bowery, congratulating him on his sermon for the celebration. He had put them all off to go down to see the wife who was not well.

He stopped at the mint only long enough to leave an item for the press, ignoring his cramped quarters in this mole's hole. Here, too, he maintained the headquarters for the post office. Willard tucked his memorandum in a drawer, and breathed heavily. Then he smiled. Here at home he was cramped for space, but his correspondents roamed the world.

I will find the rags to keep our paper going, Willard thought. He could hear his hue and cry, his appeal to the people of the settlements in the West to send in any kind of cloth they could spare for the paper mill. If they were to have the news, he must have the paper on which to print the story of the struggle for statehood.

Colonel Kane had pleaded against the petition for territorial status should statehood not be granted by the United States Congress. Before leaving the White House, President Polk had made some slighting remarks to the colonel against the state of Deseret. He had laughed at the name chosen from the *Book of Mormon*. A friend of Lilburn Boggs, Senator Thomas Benton, of Missouri, was working against statehood for the Mormons. And some of the apostates were still shouting at the doors of Washington. Joseph's brother, William Smith, once an apostle who had warred with Tom Sharp, had now sworn before a notary in the capital that certain Mormons had vowed warfare against the country to avenge Joseph Smith's death.

Willard stood for a moment beside the hand press, his temples

throbbing over the memory of his sermon. There were not many guilty of the Prophet's blood. The Church represented a movement for truth. The enemy of all truth will fight its glory by fighting the men who stand for truth! he silently but firmly reiterated.

When Willard finally reached Amelia's, she said, "You're pale." She was not thinking of herself.

But on February 20, 1851, when her son was born, Willard thought only of her for a few days. As he watched the small boy who offered no promise of life, he even forgot that he must write some additional news on the rejection of Deseret as a state. That fancy name had been withdrawn; the boundaries of the provisional state had been clipped, leaving no corridor to the sea, no flight from crest to crest between the Rockies and the Sierras, no span from the Wind Rivers to the Rio Grande. A comparatively small rectangular territory nestling at the foot of the Wasatch and running down into the desert of the Colorado Plateau had been given to *Utah*, the Mormon "kingdom" — thousands and thousands of square miles of desert, a few waterways along which men could graze their cattle and grow their scanty crops. Still, this territory would blossom as the rose, Willard emphatically told himself.

But the officers of the Church, who had once also been the officers of the civil state, now had the problem of getting along with the federal appointees sent out by Washington to keep the Mormons under control. Willard himself was not suffering for appointments. Nothing had been taken away from him except his position as secretary of the provisional state. And since the federally named secretary had already fled the valley of the Salt Lake, the apostle, editor, counselor, and postmaster still kept the records for the territorial organization.

On February 20th, Willard brushed all this aside as he held his small son in Amelia's chamber. The boy died while he watched, having lived but a few hours.

Willard shed a tear for the mother. She was so swollen with dropsy that she was fighting for breath. He nursed her for three days. But on Sunday evening, the twenty-third, she expired as quietly as a child would go to sleep. Willard saw her in life with her long smooth braids over her shoulders at night, Puritan moderate, even tempered, but unfailingly bright and happy.

How he dreaded to write to William Peirson and sister Nancy! What would his brother-in-law now have to say about the blessings of Mormonism? What scorn would William heap on Nancy and Susan, his youngest daughter, for clamoring to come "home," as Nancy had said when referring to the valley in the West.

Sister was begging God to hasten the day when either Levi, Samuel, or Franklin, all of whom were on missions to England, would stop at Richmond on his way to Deseret to fetch her and Susan to Willard.

He could not bring himself to write to the Peirsons until March 31st. He then considered it wisdom to say nothing about Amelia's child.

Willard soon learned, that sister Nancy herself had almost died that winter. Through the family letters he heard that she had had her breast removed for cancer and that she had suffered intense pain afterwards. Still she had prayed and longed to come West.

Sister Rhoda wrote to Franklin: "Don't you ever dare to come home without her." But another year passed before he was released.

At home, though Willard felt weary, he was still filling his many positions. A second secretary of the territory had been appointed by Washington; but he, too, had fled the Mormon city, and Willard was given no respite from the work for which he received no pay. And now as a regularly elected member of the legislative council, he presided over the chamber when it was in session.

His newspaper had doubled the size of its sheets, and still the editor and staff were beset by the lack of paper. Willard had found more room for the establishment. It had been moved into the building next door, but as space and news enlarged, the supply of rags and paper diminished. And at times a number was skipped, one number, or more, as the case might be. And there was a whole world to keep in touch with.

There was a small world at home to remember. When seated in his rocking chair before the fire in his office, or at his desk, he could hear through the closed doors the softly restrained voices in the private rooms, the admonitions of mothers to small children. "Be kind; be kind!" While the ink continued to flow from his pen, he might notice the expression a dozen times an afternoon.

Last June, in sister Rhoda's sitting room, he had married John Kay to Ellen Parkington, his adopted daughter. John, the son of Willard's adopted son, William Kay of Thornley, near Walkerfold, had at last succeeded in minting gold, only to have the job frowned upon by the federal government. "What a pity," Willard had said, holding a tiny two and one-half dollar coin in his hand, a bright fleck of yellow weight. How he had loved its glitter! And now in June, he took pleasure in marrying his "grandson" to his "daughter."

One day during the following November, he walked half a block west to a home on Wilford Woodruff's patriarchal lots, anticipating a call on young Rhoda Harriet Foss. In her mother's kitchen hung an embroidered motto, a Puritan saying that fitted into the Mormon ideal:

"Cards and dice are the devil's device
'Tis God's desire that they should be committed to fire."

As he waded through the season's first snow, Willard smiled at the memory. Four of the Foss girls had arrived in Utah a year ago with their mother and one brother, in their Uncle Woodruff's company. Wilford had married a sister of Rhoda Harriet's mother, where in Maine he had also converted the widow, Sarah Foss, and her children.

On the way West, in the midst of a stampede of buffalo, when the herd was galloping toward the wagon train, young Rhoda said to her sisters and mother, "Don't be afraid. No one will be injured." At that instant the beasts turned, and the yoked oxen lost their fright, slowing to their usual plodding walk.

Rhoda Harriet's Grandfather Carter had built a good home at Saco, Maine, a spacious house, representative of the skill of an able Puritan. Rhoda had taught school in her native state. Over and above her even-featured physical beauty, her fine-bridged nose with scalloped nostril, sensitive mouth, lovely, but deep and acute eyes, she had revealed a wise maturity. She had reached Willard's heart, and he prayed that he could appeal to hers.

"President Richards!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door on this November afternoon. She tried to smile as though she had not really been expecting him.

"Ezra," she said a few moments later to her brother, "would you be so kind as to fetch a basket of apples?"

Presently Willard was seated with the family before the hearth, swapping yarns about orcharding in New England and budding selected trees in Utah. He crunched a red-skinned *sop o' wine* as if he could offer no higher praise for the fruit produced on Wilford's lot. "But I can match your uncle's trees with a stand of my own," he boasted, his pride at last on his sleeve. "We picked our first fruit this fall."

On the twenty-first of the month, Willard married Rhoda in the Foss home. She looked wiser than her twenty-one years. Knowing her calm devotion to principle, Willard loved her trust in him.

Sixteen days later, on December 7, 1851, Susan Bayless bore him a daughter, Mary Ann. Last August Sarah had presented him with her first girl, Sarah Ellen. And now Nanny had mothered two daughters, the second being a year old.

What a family I shall have to present to sister Nancy, Willard thought one day in his office at home. If she ever gets here! he added.

And then, very soon, he received the letter that she wrote to Rhoda on November 12, 1851. But as he sat in his calico-cushioned chair before the fire one spring day in 1852, he recoiled from Nancy's news. Clutching the paper, he read:

"I have another tumor under my left arm about the size of a small butternut [about] which I have told no one but Susan. . . . It is sore but not very painful, hope it never will be. I have for my consolation that you at the valley are uniting with me in exercising faith in my behalf . . .

". . . The letters I received from Brother Little when in my deepest affliction have comforted me much. At that time you were all ignorant of my situation and I felt that what he wrote was dictated by the spirit of God. I have taken syrups made of various roots which has appeared to do me good partially but I think them too astringent to agree with me now, and shall make another of more laxing materials this p.m. Do not think by what I have written that I am cast down and discouraged for I feel more encouraged than ever that I shall before long be seated by the side of you and brother, and if I cannot bring my rocking chair . . . perhaps Willard will let me sit in his just to rest me a little after my journey and then we will have solid enjoyment, sick or well . . ."

A tear wet Willard's eye. He knew one thing he could do for sister.

As the summer passed the family prayers in the Richards kitchen always included a devout request for God's remembrance of Nancy.

On March 18, 1852, she had again written to Rhoda:

"Dear Friend:

"We mailed a letter to you yesterday. We had a regular North-east storm last night, and I suffered as the wind and snow blew. Not any rest at all till three o'clock morn, and but little from then till six. I felt if I could have had Brother . . . W's hand on me I should not have suffered such agony; but we have not faith enough of our own . . .

"The poison rages yet almost to disheartening; but when I get through one day I try to forget it and live for the present, hoping for the best. Last night froth enough came from my mouth to wet over a towel. It is now two o'clock p.m. and I have spit froth enough to wet another. . . . I feel like a stranger in a strange land and as unwell as I am I should rejoice to start for home the quicker the better. It would be a great charge to take care of me but we rely on the promise that as our day is so shall our strength be. . . . Susan is now in the kitchen singing and doing night chores. Sister Rhoda . . . I want you to continue to uphold us by your faith and prayers, and I feel that you do . . ."

A month later, Susan wrote:

"Aunt Rhoda:

". . . It has indeed been a dreary winter to us. Mother says 'If I could only see Sister Rhoda and unfold my heart to her she would find it swelled to overflowing.' Sometimes she gets almost discouraged; but we do not like to give up yet. I cannot make it seem otherwise to me than that we shall go to the valley together. We are hoping some of the kind and faithful Elders will call on us this spring.

"Three days ago I received a letter from Samuel dated April 2nd. . . . Franklin and he were to start the next day for London to attend a conference . . . It was not determined when Franklin would start for the the Valley; but likely some time in May . . .

"We will give you some information as to what we do and how we get along when we know ourselves . . ."

But now from Philadelphia, on May 28, 1852, Franklin wrote to his family:

"Knowing the intense anxiety of your [desire] to learn of my success in Richmond, I snatch a moment to inform you . . . that Nancy and Susan are here with me, and enroute for home; though to all human

appearance [Nancy] is more fit to start for the cemetery than the Rocky Mountains.

"... It would I doubt not in some portions of God's creation move the hearts of stones to hear her shout praise and thanksgiving for hers and Susans deliverance. . . . I had ridden all night . . . and about 10 a.m. shook hands with uncle Peirson first near his own door. Aunt Nancy had that day given up seeing me — thought I had gone west — could not speak when I went in, found her the mere wreck of a woman. Susan was just recovering from the measles, as white as a sheet; having been almost blind for some time. Levi [Peirson] had so far recovered from them as to be out at work, and as for Nancy she had not been out of the house for 5 months, nor without watchers til the week before, which gave me a prospect as bright as Babylonish darkness could well make it. I began the first day by praying, consecrating oil, anointing sealing, and rebuking, and I soon found that life and strength began to come down upon her . . .

"That evening she obtained a private interview with [her son] Levi, who is now a thorough infidel, and found she had little to hope for from him in the way of active service to promote her deliverance. He pronounced it not only the height of folly but presumption, to think of starting — had no idea she could live to reach the Mississippi river. Upon finding there was nothing to be hoped for from either side of the house . . . I immediately resolved to hold a private chat and a familiar one too with Uncle Peirson about Aunt Nancy's situation — her deep-rooted, first and last desire to go to the Valley and offered that if he felt to send them off with his free good will that I would pay their way and give every attention to render the journey as comfortable as money and friendship could make it, and that I had been led to make the offer because I saw that nothing short of that would satisfy her in this life, for she had told him she would rather die on the way, for she knew she would die if she stayed and could but die if she went. . . . The Spirit guided my words and fitted them well. He [William Peirson] agreed right on the spot, and I prevailed on him to go along to Albany which he did. This gave the whole subject the right shape in the eyes of the people of Richmond. . . . Thus I went into Richmond trembling but was brought out with a high hand and an outstretched arm. Blessed be the name of the Most High God . . ."

Susan, writing from the Mississippi, did not spare her relatives' feelings when she mentioned her mother's condition. She described the ridges on the forehead from pressure, the mouth drawn to one side, the eyes turned in different directions, and the screams which

brought no relief from the pain as a result of the indulgence. And Susan closed the description by saying her mother could not lie on her left side because of the new tumor. She concluded:

"Franklin's business . . . was so urgent it made it necessary for him to make as short a stay as possible, and I assure you we were anxious to get off before it came to be noticed abroad. It was decided to start next morning, leaving us but 24 hours to pack up our duds and start on a journey of 3,000 miles. . . . People were taken all aback. Said we were crazy, &c, but we did not give them time to speculate much before we were gone. Father went with us to Albany . . . wishing us a prosperous journey &c. We are now ploughing up the muddy waters of the Mississippi about fifty miles above St. Louis. Contrary to our expectations we have not had to lay by at all on Mother's account . . ."

Susan could not close without a word of gossip concerning Aunt Leadbetter and her Aunt Sarah, William Richards' wife:

". . . Aunt Leadbetter [nearly ninety years old] came to the wagon to take leave of Ma. Aunt Sarah sent word to me the night before, she could not bid me goodbye, so I went in . . . to bid her good morning; but Mother did not see her at all. I had but a moment to stay else I should doubtless have been favored with a grave dissertation on the impropriety of such an act; but I only gave her time to say its not right, Susan. Aunt Leadbetter said she wished us well wherever we were through life . . ."

When Franklin came through the Wasatch, he and Susan were traveling without Nancy. Franklin told the family as they gathered at sister Rhoda's house that his aunt had died near the Liberty Pole, just west of the Elkhorn.

"It was on the fifteenth of July," Susan said with a tear clouding her eye. "She was so brave; she never complained."

"But she went before we reached the Platte, uncle," said Franklin.

"Oh, if Nancy could only have 'rested herself' in my chair!" Willard wiped his own eyes. "But the Lord giveth . . ." He stopped, and Rhoda said with a look of resignation:

"We'll have dinner on the table in a moment, and it will be almost like sister was with us."

"But we can't see her till the morning of the resurrection," six-year-old Levi Willard piped up, his face serious. The boy was still living in Willard's household as an "adopted" son.

Before Levi Willard's father returned from England, sister Wealthy, Phineas' wife, died. She went in February, 1853. But now on September 1st of that year, Willard could at last address Levi in America. He addressed him at Fort Laramie, on the Platte:

"Brother Levi, Come ahead and God bless you and Sister Sarah. The cattle boy is doing as well as he can; and when you get here he will have but one Pa. Now he has two: What a loss!

"Look out for red Indians, and particularly for white Indians in the form of James Bridger and others. Keep a good guard and have no fear. I send you my last extra. There is no paper to print a Number. Expect there is some in your train. Brother Levi; Keep one eye skinned, one foot out of bed, every gun piston [cocked], and you and your company shall come in safe."

Only four weeks later, Willard wrote to his brother from the office of the *Deseret News*:

"Editor's Room

September 27, 1853

"Brother Levi. Yours of September — twenty-five miles from Devil's Gate is received today per Brother Babbitt, who says he passed you on the 17th instant, which I suppose would have been the date of your letter, if it had been dated . . . I may reasonably conclude you are as far ahead as Little Sandy tonight, only 200 miles more; almost through. Lift up your heads and rejoice.

"Brother Babbitt says your . . . camp and Brown's are on short rations, and need help."

Willard promised assistance, saying that teams would start in the morning. He advised his brother to use what food he required for his party and distribute the remainder among the sick and the needy. He sent some dried sage for tea. He had instructed many emigrants to drink warm beverages when approaching the valley, in order to keep the inner body temperature on a par with that of the hot dry air of the climate to which they would have to adapt themselves; and also to maintain their systemic moisture in order to keep well.

Willard concluded to Levi:

"Wait no further invitation . . . to come to my house and tarry till you can look around and see where you are. . . . Should you arrive at the mouth of the Kanyon in the valley late in the day but not too late to drive five miles, request leave of absence and drive on . . .

"God bless you and bring you speedily through, is the constant prayer of your Brother,

Willard."

Levi had barely arrived home when at the October conference, Brigham Young announced from the stand in a new adobe tabernacle on Temple Square, "Willard Richards has had another of his attacks. If he survives this one, he will never be well again."

Those of Willard's wives who attended the meeting, said good-bye to their acquaintances in the crowded congregation, trying not to shed tears. They had left Willard lying abed in his office, in the six-roomed house.

"'Ee' 'e's doan," Nanny admitted to Brother Whitehead, from Lancashire.

"'E looks no' too good," Sarah added.

In December Willard had recovered sufficiently to be about. But he labored against the odds of his massive, weakened frame. He wrote to Levi, who had now bought a home of his own:

"Council Chamber, U.T.

December 15th, 1853

"Levi Richards Esquire

"Sir.

I have the honor to tender you in behalf of the Council the freedom of the Chamber during its present Session.

W. Richards,

"President of the Council."

In January, on the day on which the Assembly was to open, Willard moved slowly through his winter-whitened garden toward the Council House, muffled to the ears. His cane stopped hard against the frozen earth with every step he took.

Supporting Willard's trembling left arm, Levi walked beside the president not so much as a visitor to the Chamber as a physician. Suddenly catching Willard's arm, he said, "Brother, you shouldn't have tried this."

Willard frowned, his face a curl of snow. "I'll go and perform this last duty, Levi, if, like John Q. Adams, I die in the attempt."

Levi sat alert for any emergency. He kept his eye on his stricken brother, who addressed the executive body of the territory with his lifelong manner for the right word at the right moment. But at times the words and phrases came noticeably hard.

And now, having once again crossed his cold garden, Willard took to his bed. For weeks he left his room only as he was helped to the warm and pleasant kitchen by his thirteen-year-old son, Heber John; his brothers, Levi and Phineas; or his friends Heber and Brigham. At times others of the Twelve chatted with Willard, or perhaps prayed for him as he lay abed.

But on the good days he sat beside the ruffled curtains in the kitchen, enjoying the smell of cookery and the mirth of the teakettle's breathing. Then he would joke or play lightly with his boys and girls. They came and went almost at will from their mother's apartments in the long-porched house, or from the cottage on the corner of First South and Main Streets. Calvin Foss Richards, Rhoda Harriet's son, had passed his first birthday. The wailing of the younger babies did not disturb Willard. He was tolerant of their needs, as he had been tolerant all his life of the needs of man.

Pondering before his fire in the office one afternoon, he could see the House of God established in the mountains. Brigham had asked for only ten years to secure the walls against every enemy. Willard mused that the people were here not for their own sake, but to establish the kingdom where it would have a chance to survive. He felt the peace of the silences amidst the harshness of the land. He saw the limitless space, the dark shadows but the bright hills, and the mound to the north of Temple Square, with its ensign waving to the Lord.

On a clear but windy morning, Heber John opened the door to the office, blowing on his hands to warm them after his walk through the yard. With his slight frame, dark eyes, and somewhat detached manner, yet with his probing, insistent mind, the tall lad had proved to Willard a constant reminder of Jennetta. The boy's build, his voice, his eyes cut straight through the fog of every distance.

"Pa, may I bring your slippers? Will it ease your pain if I rub your hand and arm?"

Willard nodded. With difficulty he took his place in his chair.

And then after the massage was over, he said with a smile of gratitude, "Thanks, son."

The next morning, March 11, 1854, Willard asked his stripling lad to assist him to his chair. The father moved awkwardly, having also the help of his walking stick. His breath came in short-winded gasps. He sat down, saying through his punctuating pain, "Fetch Uncle Levi, son."

With the physician, some of the leading elders arrived. Willard remained in his chair. "It's easier," he breathed. "I can't lie down."

In the quick anxiety, stimulants were administered, Thomsonian formulae; but within an hour Willard's breath came in harder, shorter gasps. His color ebbed. His pain increased until, all at once, numbness killed the feeling except for the prickling, dancing dizziness of every bone and nerve.

Heber Kimball and John Taylor prayed. Levi asked the elders to help him rub Willard's ankles and his left arm. His hand hung limp and blue. The brethren intensified the chafing, higher and harder, with some sharp slaps, and then with some more rubbing.

But now Willard's head drooped. Levi held his right wrist. The quiet of the room became a pall. The doctor put his brother's hand in his lap. "Don't rub him any more," he said with difficulty. "He's gone."

Because he, too, was ill, Brigham had not come to Willard during this last hour. Nor was Brigham present for the funeral, which was held at Willard's house. The day was cold, with a fine sleet whitening the garden. Heber C. Kimball paid his respects to his fellow-president, to his loved friend and the companion who had helped him to turn the keys of the kingdom in England.

Orson Spencer wrote the editorial for the *News*, marking the columns with heavy black lines. He described Willard Richards as one of the great men of the Church. Finally he announced that the president had been interred in his private burial ground.

Willard lay beside Amelia and her son, within a few rods of the house.

When the season arrived for the family to plant the garden, the wives dug the brown furrows, hoping for a harvest. The younger

women felt especially desolate and uneasy over the unfurrowed, calico-covered cushions of the high-backed rocking chair in the office.

One evening in April, Sarah stood beside the tidy desk. She looked at Nanny in the shadowed light and said, "This room seems so silent."

At that moment one of the children in the kitchen cried through the open door, "Ma, Ma!"

"Pa," Sarah whispered, touching the high-backed chair.

APPENDIX A

WILLARD'S FAMILY AFTER HIS DEATH

For three or four years after Willard Richards' death, several of his widows continued to live in his home on Richards Street. Facing acute financial problems, they wrote to Brigham Young on February 26, 1856:

"President Young.

"We have as a family come to the conclusion to write to you, at the same time feeling afraid to trespass upon your valuable moments. We should have written to you before now, but we hated to trouble you with any business of ours, when more important matters continually occupy your attention. Please to pardon this intrusion. That you are fully acquainted with the state of our affairs, and the doings of the administrator, we are made aware of by him giving us to understand that he has done nothing only by your Counsel, therefore upon this we have nothing to say, and have no complaints to make. All we know is that the available means that was on the Doctor's estate when he died has been disposed of, no doubt for our good in the future. And we know also that all the means this family have had in the shape of money or store orders to purchase dye stuffs, medicines, etc. is twelve dollars for each grown person, and six dollars for each Child since the Doctors death. And this we received previous to last March, since that we have not received anything from the administrator in means of that description. We do not complain, for we have got along pretty well and have had good friends.

"When you last visited us, you laid before us some things for our consideration, the object of this letter is to let you know the conclusions we have come to, all the time feeling willing to bow to your discussions knowing that you seek our welfare. You recommend that the property north should be sold, and this we have no objections to, but we desire to say that the grist mill has been a great blessing to us, and continues to be, and we have a desire you would preserve it for the family if you think it be for their good to do so, but if you conclude it is best to sell it, we wish you to postpone the sale of it until after harvest. If you wish the property north of our dwelling for public purposes it is all right to us, but we beg to be permitted to retain our homestead, for it appears almost impossible to bring our minds to the conclusion to part with it. Notwithstanding this, we are willing to abaid your decission in this as in all other things. As plantting time is near we wish to know your mind, as to wether we shall commence to plant here or not.

"We also desire you would appoint another person instead of Mr. Cain to manage our affairs, as he is sick most of the time, and unable to attend to the business."

"... The administrator ... informed us that you had Counseled him to take that course ... then we had no more to say on that point ...

"We remain as ever
Your humble and obedient
Servants in the gospel"¹

Apparently trying to be just, Brigham Young sent a reply which today appears somewhat less than sympathetic.

Some of the widows continued to live in the house on Richards Street until 1858. At times they hardly knew where to turn for financial support. They economized to the last degree. They sold in addition to other produce, some of the fruit from their orchard. One day a man walked away without paying for some apples. Sarah chased him for two blocks to collect the twenty-five cents he owed. She returned out of breath, her cheeks flushed, her hair disheveled, but with her eyes shining and triumphant.²

And yet her high spirit had been broken when one day shortly after her husband's death, Brigham Young left her house without the official papers he had come to gather. He asked Sarah to give him the records that had been in Willard's keeping. She replied that she knew nothing of them.

Doubting her statement, Brigham Young suggested that he should perhaps tear open her feather bed. She began to cry. He said to his secretary, "Come, I think those are crocodile tears." Sarah never recovered from this reflection upon her honesty.

Much later, Robert Campbell found the papers, where they had been inadvertently pushed either behind a drawer or into the top of the desk that had been removed to the Church office. But when Brigham Young sent word of the discovery to Sarah, she said to Nanny, "It is too late." Not long after that she fell ill.

According to the counsel offered them, four of the widows agreed to marry Franklin D. Richards. But one evening Sarah said to her ten-year-old boy, Willard Brigham, "Stephen [Nanny's son] is going to have a new father. Would you like a new pa?"

¹ Verbatim copy. Letter, Joy Richards collection.

² Story told by Louie S. Richards, interview, 1944.

"No, I don't want a new pa," Willard emphatically declared.

"What would you do if you had one?" his mother asked.

"I'd run away!" said the boy.

"You'll never have a new father," his mother assured Willard, taking him in her arms.¹

On January 26, 1858, the day after Willard B. turned eleven years old, Sarah died. The previous March Nanny had married her husband's nephew, Franklin D. Richards. Also he married Rhoda Foss, Mary Thompson, and Susan Bayless, perhaps on the same day. According to a special ordinance of the Church, the children born to Franklin by these mothers were, like the women themselves, sealed for eternity to Willard Richards.

In 1881 Rhoda Foss Richards was dying of a lingering disease. When her end appeared near, Franklin was called on a short mission to Southern Utah. He inquired how she felt about his going away with the other apostles. She replied, "Go, Franklin, and do your duty; all will be well with me."²

While in St. George, he received a telegram — news of her passing. Because of a heavy snow storm, he could not be present at her funeral, but she had died feeling that all was well.

As a result of Willard Richard's interest in medicine, three of his five sons who lived to maturity became well-known doctors in Utah. Their mothers were Jeannetta, Sarah, and Nanny. Three of his grandsons became nationally recognized doctors, two being surgeons, and one an internist. Among his grandsons and great-grandsons are numbered more than thirty doctors of medicine and doctors of philosophy. And in this group Rhoda Foss' descendants by Willard Richards are notable. He and Rhoda had but one child, Calvin Willard Richards. Five of his six sons became doctors; the sixth died while studying for a degree in medicine. Among the nine surviving men of this particular group, several hold positions of national recognition.

In Salt Lake City, Dr. Paul S. Richards, son of Willard Brigham and Louie Snelgrove Richards, and Dr. Paul's daughter, Dr. Lenore Richards, surgeons, have established a medical memorial center in

¹ Story told to me by Willard B. Richards, August, 1937.

² Sketch, Matthias F. Cowley.

honor of their progenitor Willard Richards. Their dream is that the center may some day become a great foundation. Their building bears a plaque giving a sketch of Willard Richards, and quoting from his first Thomsonian patent.

Willard B. Richards, Junior, has taken deep pride and satisfaction in presenting a grant-in-aid to the University of Utah Press to help with the publication of this book — the story of his grandfather's life. He has now requested that this grant should also be known in remembrance of his wife, who died in August, 1957 — Alice Coulam Richards.

APPENDIX B

THE GENEALOGY OF WILLARD RICHARDS

The Salem Quarterly Court Records and the Probate records of Essex County, Massachusetts, I:215 show the line through which Willard Richards was descended. In the following table, beginning with John Richards, of the second generation, the notes have been taken from the *Genealogical Register of Descendants of Several Ancient Puritans*, vol. III.

Mr. Archibald Bennett, librarian of the Genealogical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah, does not agree with the Rev. Abner Morse' record. Rev. Morse names Richard Richards of Salem as progenitor of the line, stating that Richard Richards may have been the progenitor. Mr. Bennett proves that Richard and Edward — Edward being second in line according to Rev. Morse, and first in line according to Mr. Bennett — were too contemporaneous to be father and son. Except for dropping Richard Richards from this line, Mr. Bennett agrees with Mr. Morse.

Beginning with Edward Richards, Mr. Bennett gives the following information:

- I. "Edward Richards, admitted a freeman of Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1641.

"A joiner.

"Lived in the western part of Essex Street, 1678. He swore that he had lived in Lynn for forty-five years. In 1645, he stated that fourteen years before he was aboard a vessel in Plymouth, Devon, being then under age. Hence he was in Plymouth, England, in 1631, but in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1633.

"In 1646 he sold the eastern mound of Sagamore Hill.

"Ann Knight, wife of Edward Richards. A record giving these names in relation to Ann's inheritance of land from her father."

Mr. A. Bennett wrote from England to Mr. C. C Richards in Salt Lake City, August 3, 1949, as follows:

"We have before us the records from many parishes in Somerset and Devon, and abstracts of numerous wills. From evidence now in hand it appears strongly probable that your Edward Richards is identical with one christened in 1621, as follows:

"Edward, son of Edward and Joane Richards, christened 3 October, 1621, at Milverton, Somerset."

"Not only is this the only Edward yet found which fits the case, but we find no record of his marriage or burial, nor of his will in England. Your Edward had a son John. This Edward had a brother John and a grandfather John. He (Edward) is of the right age.

"If this conclusion can be verified, then Edward Richards, emigrant, is the son of Edward Richards and Joan Warr; grandson of John Richards, great grandson of Edward Richards, all of Milverton. The last named was probably son of Edward Richards who was buried there in July, 1552.

"The date of this report was May 19, 1932. The registers of Milverton have since been completely searched, but nothing further has been found which could disprove the above conclusion. Nor has any further evidence been found to substantiate it."

The following material is taken from the Rev. Morse' record:

II. John.

John married Mary Brewer. A soldier in King Philip's War, petitioned for grant in Nipmuck county as compensation, settled in Lynn. Took freeman's oath, 1691.

Children: Edward and Crispus.

Edward married Mary Kidder, 6 Dec., 1703. Paid the penalty of riches and became extinct in the first generation.

Crispus, who bore the burden of his father's work, received the bulk of his estate, for he had also taken care of him in his old age and at the time of his infirmities. John a man with a sense of justice.

III. Crispus.

IV. Joseph.

Joseph received one sheep from his grandfather, John. Married Mary Bowden.

Joseph, a yeoman, came from Lynn to Southborough, where he died June 4, 1748. In his will, dated March 12, 1747-8, he gave all his stock and movables and the improvement of his lands to his widow Mary, until April 1, 1752, and the use of her third for life.

To his sons William and Joseph, all his lands in equal division, and they to pay in equal shares one hundred lb. O.T., to each of their brothers and sisters.

V. William.

Wife, 1. Elizabeth Knapp, m. Nov. 21, 1753, d. Jan. 25, 1756.

Wife, 2. Sarah Bixby, Feb. 16, 1757, who died about 1803.

Subsequent to birth of his children William removed to Richmond, Mass. Of his seven children Joseph was the fourth child, b. Mar. 16, 1762, m. Rhoda Howe of Hopkinton.

VI. Joseph.

Joseph joined Continental Army age of fourteen*, took part in siege of Boston: when he was seventeen his father removed to Richmond [from Holliston]. Joseph was already fighting in the West, for he saw action at Ticonderoga, Cowpens, Bennington, etc. But in 1781, he returned to Hopkinton, where he married Rhoda Howe.

VII. Willard Richards.

Willard Richards was the eleventh and last child of Joseph and Rhode Howe Richards. His brothers and sisters were:

Joseph, b. 29 Sept., 1782, Southboro (after marriage lived at Westboro)

Rhoda, b. 8 Aug., 1784, Framingham

Susan, b. 13 Aug., 1786, Framingham

Phineas, b. 15 Nov., 1788, Hopkinton (His own journal states Framingham)

Levi, b. 7 Dec., 1790, Hopkinton, d. 17 June, 1795

Nancy, b. 22 Nov., 1792, Richmond

(Hepzibah) Hepsy, b. 28 July, 1795, Hopkinton

Betsy, b. 17 May, 1797, Hopkinton, d. 12 Dec. 1803

Levi, b. 14 April, 1799, Hopkinton

William, b. 2 May, 1801, Hopkinton

Willard, b. 24 June, 1804, Hopkinton

RHODA HOWE'S FAMILY

From IV *N.E. Historical Genealogical Register, American Publications*: Howe family, page 63, come the following table and much of the material included in the notes:

* It seems necessary to contradict the age of Joseph Richards' enlistment in the Continental Army. The siege of Boston was terminated just as he turned fourteen. Consequently, if he took part in it he must have been thirteen when he joined General Washington under the famous elm at Concord.

"How, or Hoo, as once written, meant Hill. Time of Norman Invasion of England."

I. John Howe.

Descendant (perhaps) of John How of Warwickshire, England. Immigrant, settled Sudbury, Mass., as early as 1639.

Received a grant in Marlborough, 1655, went there in 1657.

Red Horse Tavern, his "ordinary," or the Howe Tavern in Sudbury, now the well-known Wayside Inn.

John Howe was appointed to "see to the restraining of youth on the Lord's Day. He was one of the first white inhabitants in Marlborough. He built him a cabin a little east of the Indian planting field." (taken from Hudson, *History of Marlborough*, p. 43)

"His land in Marlborough was owned by the family for several generations. It passed out of their hands and was then acquired by Ephraim Howe, a direct descendant. The history of John Howe was so closely indented with that of Marlborough as to become part of it . . . He settled disputes with perfection of justice and impartiality. In a quarrel between two Indians, a pumpkin vine grew on the lot of one and the fruit rested on the lot of the other. Like Alexander the Great, undoing the Gordian knot, John Howe cut it in half. He was known for his honesty. He petitioned to have his license for Ordinary keeping renewed. He was infirm of body and needed the tavern to make his living. He was no longer able to farm." *ibid.*

II. Samuel.

Lived at Sudbury, built a bridge at Framingham, and made a large purchase of lands. Took part in King Philip's War, was described as 'one who suffered.' Married Sarah Leavitt Clapp, widow of Nehemiah Clapp.

III. Samuel.

b. 19 May, 1668, m. 1, 11 Dec., 1690, Abigail Mixer

2, Martha Goodale, d. Nehemiah and Hannah Haven of Lynn, Mass.

lived in Framingham.

IV. Peter (One of the first settlers of Hopkinton, Mass.)

b. 17 Nov., m. Thankful Howe, d. of David and Hepzibah (Death) Howe, who was born Sudbury, Mass., 15 Dec., 1703. Died Hopkinton, 1766. She was one of the first members of the Congregational Church in Hopkinton.

Peter was a selectman of Hopkinton and was town clerk. Prior to and during the Revolution, he was on the Safety Committee,

helping through the written and the spoken word to fire the people to patriotism for the Colonial cause. Peter opened his house for the first meeting and continuous preaching of the Congregational Church. He was a brother of Joshum and David Howe.

V. Phineas.

Phineas m. Susannah Goddard, lived in Hopkinton.

VI. Rhoda.

Rhoda b. 1762, Hopkinton, Middlesex Co., Mass.

Married Joseph Richards, Dec., 1781.

Lived in Framingham, Hopkinton, Holliston, Richmond.

Moved to Hopkinton in 1790, when she and her husband joined the Hopkinton Congregational Church. [As told in the manual of the Hopkinton Church.] Her six sisters—ds. of Phineas and Susannah Howe—all of whom married sons of neighboring farmers, were:

Susannah, b. 1764, m. Phineas Brigham

Abigail (Nabby), b. 1766, m. John Young

Patty, or Polly, b. 1768, m. Deacon Elisha Morse

Ann, b. 1770, m. the Rev. Jereboam Parker, lived in Southboro.

Betty, or Betsy, b. 1774, m. John Haven, lived in Holliston.

Ruth, b. 1778, (may have married Timothy Stone of Groton, Mass.)

The four brothers were Phineas, b. 1773; Nehemiah, b. 1776; Samuel, b. 1781; and Peter, b. 1783. Peter was a doctor, with an M.D. degree. Neither he nor Phineas married.

CHAPTER NOTES*

CHAPTER ONE

The material for the background of the family scenes was gathered from the family letters, the journals of Rhoda Richards and her sister, Nancy Peirson, Albert Peirson's copybook, the *History of Middlesex County, Massachusetts Manuscripts, Massachusetts Historical Collections*, the *Century Sermon*, by the Rev. Nathanael Howe, and the *Manual of the First Congregational Church in Hopkinton*, which includes the Confession of Faith, the Covenant, and the Standing Rules, a list of officers and members, a history of the Church, and a description of the meetinghouse.

Section XI states: "... That they [regular members] in good standing are proper subjects of Baptism."

Had this Half-way Covenant prevailed in the Richmond, Massachusetts, Society, Willard Richards might have escaped the bitter crisis of his youth.

In the history of the Hopkinton Church, the home of John How [sic] is named as the meeting house for the newly-organized Society until the church could be built. The house was described as a large square house, with a gambrel roof and a stone chimney, (p. 20). It stood about 75 rods east of the present [1956] meetinghouse. In Appendix A of the manual there is a note on Peter Howe, Rhoda's grandfather, which states that his house "was opened for the first meeting in Hopkinton, and continuous preaching of the Congregational Church."

Material was also supplied for Chapter I, and the other chapters dealing with Willard's early life, from my various visits to Massachusetts, and from conversations and correspondence, as mentioned in the acknowledgments, particularly during the year 1948.

The Hopkinton Church Manual lists Nabby Howe, aunt of Rhoda Richards (Willard's mother), as a choir member.

The quotations are from *Jeremiah*: 1:5, 16; 2:19.

CHAPTER TWO

The background for this chapter was derived from the Richards family journals and letters, particularly "sister" Rhoda's journal; and the

* All references are listed in the bibliography. The bibliography consists of major references only. The research has been extended in books, magazines, pamphlets and letters too numerous to list.

In the notes certain abbreviations will be observed. Joseph Smith's 6-volume history, and volume 7 of this work will be referred to as: *Ch. Hist.* B. H. Roberts' Comprehensive History of the Church will be listed as *Comp. Hist.*; and the Historian's Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as: *Ch. L.*

minutes of the Richards-Young "Family Meeting in Nauvoo," July 1845. Up to the year 1838 (when Rhoda joined the Mormon Church) the entries clearly take the form of memoirs. However, the dates entered have been proved accurate in every case but one, when the year named differs by one from the printed sources relating to the same incident. I have a typescript of the original journal, made by the late Mr. E. T. Stevenson, husband of Rhoda Richards Stevenson.

Rhoda quotes Willard's words when he greeted her for the first time — at the age of 2½ years. I have adapted them to a somewhat less precocious level.

The fact that Brigham Young spent his boyhood in Hopkinton, Mass., seems to me adequately supported by the following evidence: In Vol. III, p. 802 *History of Middlesex Co.*, Mr. D. Hamilton Hurd writes: "John Young, a descendant of Joseph Young who came from Londonderry, Ireland, and settled in Hopkinton in 1719, was born in Hopkinton, March 7, 1763.

"He was the father of Brigham Young, the Mormon.

"He moved from Hopkinton to Whittingham, Vermont, in January, 1801, where Brigham Young was born, June 1 of the same year.

"John returned to Hopkinton and lived on Saddle Hill."

A special transcript of this quotation was presented to me by Mr. J. H. Leman. The History was written in 1890, when Brigham Young, though dead, was still generally despised by the people of his former state. Massachusetts historians are noted for their accuracy. I see no particular reason why they should wish to distort the facts — then highly establishable — for the sake of an unpopular leader.

In his History of Hopkinton, Mass., Mr. Byrle Osborn (typescript, p. 118) says: "The early part of the 19th century saw another personage, later to become famous, living in this neighborhood. Brigham Young . . . He lived on Pig Lane for several years before taking up his journey to New York and fame." (Pig Lane is now an extension of Howe Street.)

Mr. Osborn also gives an interesting note on the attitude of the neighbors toward Brigham Young and his followers from this vicinity, as inferred from the minutes of the Ladies Missionary Society of Hopkinton:

"The Ladies of this Society met at the usual place on Thursday. . . . An interesting letter was read in the Home Mission from one at the West giving a sad account of the state of society among the Mormons & of the melancholy death of some individual by their cruel hands. A prayer was offered by Mr. J. Freeland for our deluded friends among them. . . . One of their 'deluded friends' being the great grandson of Peter Howe, the first school master in Hopkinton. . . ." pp. 20, 21, *op cit.*

The late Mr. Harry A. Cheney, R.F.D. School Street, Hopkinton, Mass., wrote to me on Aug. 25, 1948: "We went over to the 'Brigham Young homesite,' found the old well, filled up. The ground surface has been largely removed. . . . This homesite is on Saddle Hill, near Basin Lake, or reservoir No. 4 of the Boston Metropolitan Water District."

In a personal interview in Hopkinton, in 1948, Mr. Cheney told me that the people of Hopkinton look upon Brigham Young's residence in this place during the early years of his life as a matter of known fact.

In the *Framingham News*, 30 January, 1946, Margaret Gahan writes: "Brigham Young used to live in Hopkinton and work in Holliston. He was a blacksmith and his shop stood right across the street from the present day fire station. . . . The near-by brook . . . was used by the Mormons as an immersion place." Miss Gahan offers no source for her statement. When I questioned her by correspondence, she did not reply. I infer that her article has not the sound basis of the above quotations.

The location of various family dwelling places in Hopkinton is determined by early maps of the village, mentioned in the bibliography.

In "A family Meeting in Nauvoo," July, 1845. John Haven, husband of Betsey Howe, said of his mother-in-law, Susannah Goddard Howe: ". . . Mother Howe was one of the finest of women. She did not speak much, but when she did, you knew her heart. In her opinions on religion there was some difference with the sects of the present day; she believed that Jacob's ladder was not yet broken and that angels still continued to ascend and descend. It was a delight to be with her and to hear her talk." *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, pp. 104-117.

CHAPTER THREE

Reference to the illness from typhus of four members of the Richards family during the winter of 1808-09 is found in "sister" Rhoda's journal. And also the story of her own illness and *death dreams*.

The story of Rhoda's journey with Mr. Damon, and of his death and burial, are based on her entries for 1811, 1812 and 1813.

CHAPTER FOUR

Willard's attitude, as indicated at the beginning of Chapter IV, is based on a letter which he later wrote concerning the projected independence of Nauvoo, Illinois, from the United States. Corresponding with Mr. James Arlington Bennett of New York, June, 1844 (Ch. H., vol. VI), Richards said in desperate mood, "Our nation may yet see its second birth." His people had been very active in the Revolution. I could do no less than assume that he had heard much concerning Massachusetts' attitude toward the War of 1812. Also, according to the records, his family was much affected by the conflict.

Phineas' status in the war is taken from his journal, as quoted by Edward W. Tullidge, *History of Salt Lake City*.

John Richards' part in the Nipmuck country during King Philip's War is described in Morse' *Genealogical Register*.

The date of the Richards family's departure for the "wilderness" is given in Rhoda's journal as March, 1815.

In the brief "History of Willard Richards" included in the "History of Brigham Young," *Deseret News*, Fillmore City, Utah, June 23, 1858, reprinted in the *Millennial Star*, vol. 27, pp. 118-120, 133-136, 150-152, 165-167, Brigham Young gives Willard's age when he started for Richmond as nine years. However, Orson Spencer, a close friend of Willard Richards from the time the Richards family arrived in Richmond, speaks of this age as ten years (Spencer's editorial on Richards' death, *Deseret News*, March 16, 1854). Since this statement coincided with the entry found in Rhoda's journal, and the time of departure seems logical, the latter age has been used in this book. Errors in copying and printing sometimes occurred, which might have been the case with the Brigham Young account.

The story of Elizabeth Howe is told by the Rev. Abner Morse, *American Publications*, under the Howe genealogy as follows:

"Legend tells us that she was carried away by the Indians to Canada. She was visiting the home of her sister, Mrs. Joslin, who was baking when a group of Indians appeared at the door of her cabin, threatening or begging . . . she took an open shovel and tried to put the first one out; another hurled a tomahawk and killed her, then the marauders killed all the children. They would have killed Elizabeth, but they had heard her singing, and they spared her life. She was redeemed three years later, and though she never got over the shock and fright of her experience, her fiancé, who had remained true to her, married her."

A statement of Jonathan Edwards' influence on the villages in western Massachusetts is found in the *History of Berkshire County*, vol. II, A. B. Whipple: "Jonathan Edwards' faith was a model for Mr. Job [Jacob] Swift."

Rev. Whipple also states: "Job Swift, the preacher from Yale College was indoctrinated by Jonathan Edwards. He left his mark on the townspeople of Richmond."

The *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 8, p. 20, says of Edwards that he was fonder of his books and his own researches into the abstractions of Calvinism than he was of the sensitivities of his congregation at Northampton, Mass. Often he dealt harshly, perhaps even unjustly, with young people for errors which most of his parishioners considered to be harmless pleasure, and eventually he was driven out and reduced to a wanderer's existence. He ministered to the Stockbridge Indians and

the people in the western part of the state for seven years. Later he taught at Yale.

In his *History of Berkshire County*, Mr. Whipple says of the geography of Richmond: "Several small streams flow from Richmond into the Williams River, which joins the Housatonic. . . . Stockbridge was the home of the white man in 1745. The settlement by whites began far down the valley of the Housatonic at Sheffield in 1735. . . . In 1750 there were a dozen families in Richmond." Mr. Whipple mentions the fact that two sachems were bought from the Indians, and the towns of Richmond and Lenox were born, the village organizations depending entirely upon the building of a meetinghouse in each place. The Church in Richmond was organized in 1765, with Job Swift installed as "preacher" in 1767.

In the *Early History of Lenox and Richmond*, p. 9, Mr. Charles J. Palmer says that there were no fires in the church during this period. He states that a house near by was warmed, and the people repaired there during the intermission to warm themselves. The preacher dressed in a warm blue overcoat to give his sermon.

Mr. Palmer also says that witch burning occurred in Richmond and Lenox, suggesting that such customs, inherited from the eastern part of the state, did not easily die out. He tells us that "a stern spirit and rigid customs prevailed in the early years of the town history. A wedding took place on Sunday; a sermon followed: 'In the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage.'"

But Mr. Palmer adds an incident that at least to us seems amusing: "William Faxon drove a four-wheeled vehicle into town on Sunday, the first that was ever seen. People stared until they were late for church. The next day a committee called on Mr. Faxon, warning him against any more such fancy Sabbath breaking."

In a "History of the Town of Richmond," included in a *History of the County of Berkshire, Massachusetts*, the Rev. Edwin Welles Dwight writes: ". . . The Rev. Mr. Swift was a member of Yale College in 1761. Here he became deeply impressed with religion, while studying with President [Jonathan] Edwards. He was graduated in 1765, and was endowed with distinguished talents. He was chosen the minister of Richmond, but was too ardent to reconcile himself to those who opposed the gospel of Christ in its true form."

Numerous references are found in Mormon records to the friendship between the Richards family of Richmond and the Spencers of West Stockbridge—or "the Village"—as, in her journal, Rhoda refers to the neighboring settlement. The Spencer store was approximately two and one-half miles south of the Richards "plantation."

Orson Spencer was a graduate of Union College, New York, in Arts,

1824, and of Hamilton Theological Seminary (Baptist), New York, 1829. [Roberts' Comprehensive History, vol. IV, p. 117].

The Richards house on Dublin Road, near the southern boundary of Richmond, is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thomas, formerly of New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas reported to me that they found the house much as it had stood for over 125 years. When they purchased it there was no passageway between the two wings of the second story — the attics — the Richards family called them. The second attic was added in 1821 (Rhoda's journal). In this wing I found Joseph Richards' work with the narrow tongue in groove planks of the arched ceiling an excellent piece of "joinering."

From this wing the Thomases have removed the partitions between the three bedchambers, and they have built a hall connecting the two attics. On the main floor the original fireplace remains in the large southeast room. The original fanlight in the hall of the south attic is intact, but the small panes of the downstairs windows have been replaced by larger glass.

Mill creek has now lost its name but, except in very dry seasons, it still flows down the mountain which faces the house. According to Mrs. Harry Clark of Richmond, the pool below the bridge is known as the "place where Brigham dipped." However, Phineas Richards did the "dipping." But it is just as well that Brigham's name has replaced Phineas'. Otherwise the pool might have lost its distinction, and I might never have found the house.

Putting scraps of information together from various sources, I knew from Rhoda's journal that she had been baptized "just below . . . her father's garden." From West's *Life of Franklin D. Richards*, I knew that Franklin had been baptized in Mill Creek. The two baptisms, on two consecutive days, were performed by Phineas. Still I found no trace of either Mill Creek or the Richards home until Mrs. Clark pointed to the pool and said, "That's where Brigham dipped." Suddenly I realized that I was standing "just below my father's garden," the spot to which Rhoda had referred. I looked over my shoulder, seeing a charming house on the mound below the small drumlin.

Mr. Ernest Thomas verified my belief that the original owner of the house was Joseph Richards. He said that Richards is named in the abstract of the property as its first owner. The abstract also mentions the four graves in the garden. Mr. Thomas supplied snapshot pictures of the house before and after he acquired the property.

In the "Dwight Collection" Joseph Richards is named as a member of the calling committee of the Richmond Temperance Society. Information, courtesy Mr. Henry Dwight, Stockbridge, Mass., correspondence, Sept., 1948.

CHAPTER FIVE

Willard's carelessness of habit and appearance is taken from the earliest known reference included in any Church work dealing with his life. This is a biographical sketch found in the "History of Joseph Smith for the year 1842" (*Millennial Star*, vol. 15, pp. 842 and 843). It was the custom of that period of the Church to include brief biographies of apostles and other prominent men in the histories of the presidents. As Church historian during the year 1842, Willard Richards was closely associated with Joseph Smith in compiling the history of Smith's life. Since the diction of this sketch is similar to that of Richards' known writing, and since he was working on the History of the Church, or that of Smith's life, it is quite likely that he himself wrote the original "biographical" sketch of his own life.

This sketch obviously provides the source for all of the brief accounts of his life which follow, such as the one appearing in the History of Brigham Young (*Millennial Star*, v. 27), the *Biographical Encyclopedia* by Andrew Jenson (v. I, pp. 54, 55), the editorial written at the time of Richards' death by Orson Spencer (*Deseret News*, Thursday, March 16, 1854), and in other places.

Mr. Spencer refers to the sketch in question as being available on page 673 of "our history," which reference itself is now unavailable. Mr. Spencer does not hesitate to mention the statement that Willard was "careless and indifferent in his external deportment." However, he also refers to the sketch as revealing Willard's "ever wakeful and untiring desire to find out gospel truth."

A list of Willard's books is derived from the makeup of the hand-bill which he wrote for his entertainment on "Electro Chemistry," for example Benjamin Franklin's *Experiments and Observations . . .* (See Ch. VII).

How he obtained his books is not known. He may have owned those he loved best. They could hardly have been available to him through the Richmond Library. In the *History of Richmond*, Mr. Edwin Welles Dwight says that this library was dissolved in 1815 and the books were sold. "Not until 1821 was another library opened; it was but a small one. The Sabbath School Library of two hundred twenty-seven volumes was in existence for the benefit of church members." Willard, not being a member of the Church, would have had no privileges there. Still he may have bought some of the books from the library that was dissolved.

The trip to the city of Hudson is based upon the fact that the Richardses were noted cider makers. The family letters mention the distillery and its importance to the family income. The Hudson River was

at that time the general route of travel and shipping between western Massachusetts and New York City.

In her journal, Rhoda describes Deacon Rosseter's *revival* of 1818. Although part of the original page is missing, including the date, her account can concern no other revival than the one mentioned in the *History of Richmond*. Through her talks with a Deacon Kellogg at this revival, she found some comfort for the death of Mr. Damon. A child named Susan Damon — apparently her late fiancé's daughter — was with Rhoda at this time.

Illustrating the severity and dreariness of the religious philosophy, Rhoda wrote in her journal: "Before Mr. Atwood [a visiting minister] left he preached took this for text (fight the fight of faith) After meeting he was sitting by the fire little Susan Damon was sitting in her little chair he looked at her sternly and said Susan is it not wicked to fight? She replied not such a fight as that sir. Previous to this the little ones like her six and seven would meet and have their prayer meetings."

Rhoda also recorded a dream that plainly reveals her satisfaction in the revival. Apparently quoting a minister, she wrote: ". . . I will set your feet upon the rock and give you water to drink from that rock and you will never thirst again. The first [another minister in her dream] thought I could not the second thought I could not be more wretched than I was I gave him my hand and sailed along over the beings that looked like devils chained down round their waists they made a mighty effort to take me I had no fears my feet were set upon the rock I drank of the pure water. . . ."

Here again we have an example of the family belief in dreams, of their faith in the omnipotence of the Church, the blessings of the favored, and of the hell of the underprivileged.

CHAPTER SIX

The record of the deaths of Phineas' first three children is found in the genealogical records referred to in Appendix A. His fourth child, the first to live, Franklin D. Richards, played a significant part in the life of his Uncle Willard Richards. (See Appendix B)

In her journal, Rhoda refers to Mr. Dwight's residence in the Richards home and to the presence of the twenty-four ministers for two or three days. She says, ". . . At another time [the family entertained] three or four ministers for some days. Then a young minister for one week. I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many. I did not find Mr. Kellogg [sic] with them. Time passed along many were quite exercised saying that I was running my feet off trying to ketch Mr. Dwight."

The revival of 1819 is referred to in the histories of Richmond as well as in Rhoda's journal.

The *Manual of the Congregational Church of Richmond, Mass.*, refers to the installation sermon by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Jan. 1819.

The date of Nancy's marriage to William Peirson, and a description of the wedding party, are given in Rhoda's journal; however, the song is not mentioned.

The incident of Willard's rejection as a candidate is based upon the letter quoted in Chapter VII, and upon the information given in a biographical sketch of Willard Richards, included in the "History of Brigham Young," *Millennial Star*, v. 27, 1865. This sketch adds to the material found in the piece concerning Richards in the History of Joseph Smith, *Millennial Star*, v. 15, 1842, *op. cit.*

CHAPTER SEVEN

The emotional intensity of the letter found in the "History of Brigham Young," *op. cit.*, without date of writing or name of minister addressed, denotes an earlier period in Willard's life than the date named by the writer of the piece for Brigham Young's history—one of his secretaries, name not given. The matter of the date will be dealt with near the end of the notes for this chapter.

I consider the anguish expressed in Willard's letter to be of a strong enough emotional intensity to justify the development of the chapters leading to this crisis.

I have searched the sermons of Mr. Dwight for some of the reasons responsible for Willard Richards' rejection as a candidate for membership in the Richmond Congregational Church. Before dealing with them, it might be interesting to note Mr. Dwight's appearance, as recorded by some of his parishioners (Dwight Collection, Stockbridge, Massachusetts). A few excerpts follow:

"It was said by his parishioners that Mr. Dwight was a saintly man, he never spared himself, he was in constant attendance upon the sick, his manner of preaching was admirable, for he was stern and uncompromising.

"He was above medium height and of fine proportions. His features were symmetrical but darkly shaded. He was not only of genial good will but of positive pleasantry in his intercourse with others." It is doubtful whether he appeared like this to the backsliders in his parish; nevertheless, I continue to quote: "His manners were graceful and easy, his natural expression was of a refined and generous nature. As a speaker his voice was pleasant, his enunciation was deliberate, and his oratory was dignified and agreeable. He was never vehement or declamatory, but

so earnest . . . that he always seemed to be wholly absorbed in the deep importance of his subject.

" . . . He never threw off anything at random. He impressed his hearers deeply with a sense of his own inward conscientious fealty to truth."

In his sermon, "What Shall a Man Give in Exchange for his Soul?" Mr. Dwight says concerning the *Things of the Mind*:

"Invention, profound research, skilful argumentation, philosophical and metaphysical discussions . . . have shown that the human mind is capable by culture of any effort which a finite intellect can compass. The work of Newton, of Locke, of Milton, and others, and a multitude of Philosophies exhibit a specimen of what the mind of man can accomplish; and faintly represent the extent to which it may reach when enlarged by the culture of the ages. . . . As the enlargement of the mind of necessity extends the capacity of enjoyment or suffering, the degree of either of which the soul will be capable, cannot be estimated, and can never be conceived.

"The future destiny of the soul proves its worth. . . . The proper and the certain destiny of the soul, treated as it should be, by its possession, is the full and perfect enjoyment of God and the light of Heaven throughout Eternity. It was made to be happy in God, and in God it can find all its needs to satisfy its boundless desires. This is a higher happiness than any other that can be conceived or could be formed."

Also in this sermon, Mr. Dwight says that the "worldly good" men seek has nothing to do with the spiritual enjoyment. It gives no food or sustenance to the soul. It has no "connexion" with a preparation for eternal life.

Moreover, he shows that he believes in no narrow interpretation of election. In this sermon, he states:

"As many as are disposed to know love and obey the truth, God is pleased to save. And if all men were willing to do this, God would be more willing, that they all should be saved. For He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. For as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked but that the wicked turn from his way and live.

"Eternal happiness then is within the reach of man. Whatever men are made capable of enjoying, and becomes theirs by accepting it, may be called . . . and is their lawful inheritance. And this is the certain inheritance of all those who do not forfeit by the love and practice of sin."

Mr. Dwight placed the state of the spirit far above the knowledge of the mind. He made virtue totally incommensurable with sin, which he

defined in its worst possible form as the *sin of forgetting God*. Quoting from the Bible, he wrote further in this sermon:

"Now consider this — ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces — and there be none to deliver . . .

"This it must be acknowledged is fearful language. It does not look as if God would always suffer his vengeance to sleep. Nor as if his *mercy* was so great that He would never execute vengeance or inflict punishment upon his incorrigible enemies . . .

"The sin of forgetting God is committed by every man that does not walk habitually in all the Ordinances as well as the commandments of the Lord. God has given His commandments to be obeyed, and His ordinances to be observed . . .

"As the moral law was not designed for the benefit of any exclusive part of mankind, so obedience to it is required *from all*. . . . As the Gospel was not designed for the salvation of any exclusive part of mankind — so all men are required to obey it or they cannot escape 'the damnation of Hell.' . . .

"A Covenanted Christian binds himself to do nothing but what every man is bound to do. Not to forget God. . . .

"A little consideration will bring home to the mind the conviction of much guilt. And this is a reason why men are so unwilling to consider. They dread a sense of guilt. But it should be remembered that a sense of guilt is tolerable when there is hope of pardon. It must inevitably come upon men either when there is hope of mercy or when there is none. . . ."

In his sermon on Job (Richmond, Nov, 17, 1833), or on the "Things of the Spirit," Mr. Dwight says:

"All those pretended spiritual illuminations which do not produce deep humility — repentance — self-abhorrence — are false and delusive. . . . We see how Christians may be brought to proper exercise of repentance and self-abasement. The only effectual method of humbling a sinner and bringing him to a proper sense of his guilt and just deserts."

After Dr. Sterling McMurrin (Professor of Philosophy, University of Utah, and now Dean, University College) had read the first part of *Intimate Disciple*, he indicated what a difference it would make in writing the book to know whether or not Willard Richards stood close to a minister who accepted the scientific attitude. This statement led me to further research, and the final discovery among the six sermons of the Rev. E. W. Dwight, his exact attitude toward the work of Newton, Locke, and Milton. Their achievements, he declared, were the product of the mind, rather than of the heart, or the spiritual side of man's nature.

The sermons reveal Mr. Dwight's liberal attitude toward the doctrine of the elect, but they also reveal the importance he placed on the sin

of "forgetting God." To Willard, a youth of lively mind, and one who was intolerant of being constantly fettered in spirit and manner, this emphasis proved agonizing. He writhed under the sense of guilt imposed upon him by hearing this sin analyzed to the last minute phase of forgetting God, and then of seeing his own sin projected into every pleasure but that of worship in the strictest sense of the word.

In a sermon composed eleven years after the one on Job, Mr. Dwight wrote:

"If men justify themselves [as] unfit to observe the Lord they must become fit. And they must remember that their fitness, or rather worthiness, is not to be found in themselves. . . . Many sins in order to be forsaken need only to be considered. And a want of consideration is the fruitful source of a great proportion of the danger and guilt that are connected with human conduct. . . . How obvious the choice which every man should make. . . . Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon Him . . . Fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in Hell."

The content of the philosophy was well designed to bring into Willard's heart the sense of damnation described in his letter.

In the "History of Brigham Young," *op. cit.*, Young says of the letter:

"How easy it would have been for Peter, or any other man with authority from God [plainly, a Mormon elder], to have said 'Willard, repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, the comforter, which shall lead you into all truth,' but instead of such a comforting declaration saluting his ears from a servant of God, he was left to believe he had committed the unpardonable sin."

The earlier autobiographical sketch states that Willard "offered himself to the congregational church in that place [Richmond], at the age of seventeen, having previously passed the painful ordeal of conviction and conversion, according to that order, even to the belief that he had committed the unpardonable sin; but the total disregard of that church to his request for admission, led him to a more thorough investigation of the principles of religion . . ."

Since at the age of seventeen Willard had embarked upon his teaching career, and had turned to the "things of the mind," and had thus doubtless escaped much of the emotional intensity that marks the letter, I placed his first petition for admission to the Church at the time of his having passed "the painful ordeal of conviction and conversion." This seemed the most reasonable time with which to associate the letter.

The facts of Mr. Dwight's home as a duplicate on a smaller order of

the mansion opposite, and as a gift of his father-in-law, are verified in *Richmond Looks Backward*, page 39.

The presence of the dolls in the show is based upon the number which includes Dr. Franklin's "Electrical Dancing Figures," as announced in the original handbill.

Mr. Dwight's seemingly reluctant recommendation of Willard as a teacher, and the dates and places of his teaching experience, are included in the "History of Brigham Young," *op. cit.*

CHAPTER EIGHT

References to the various phases of Rhoda's illnesses are found in her journal. She says in an entry dated June, 1832:

"I found myself failing in the spring yet hoping that something might be done for me the Dr. was called in he said he knew not what to do for me he did not want me on his hands. And wished my br. Wd. would go with me to the springs so left me

"My friends then called in a Dr. from a neighboring town he found me suffering from the loss of appetite a bad liver, and anguish of a remaining cancer and very soon was a great sufferer from disease upon the kidney, at times was brought very low. confined to my bed had watchers for months.

"I was treated with bleeding, blistering, tartar emetic, licuta stramoniam [sic]. A large blister was drawn on my stomach with spanish flies the skin was peeled [sic] off then covered with tartar emetic to make sores I have counted seventy scars on my stomach produced in this way.

"In the fall my disease took a different turn my cancer became seated on my right side I was able to walk about my room. At times was brought very low seldom able to ride never with any degree of comfort, when I had followed the prescription of this gentleman two years he sat by my bedside with a br Dr. and observed to him that I had no disease upon me it appeared to be debility that he had tried every possible way to have me live without medicine but he was satisfied that I could not. This same Dr. that said I had no disease upon me fed me licuta two years and a half three pills a day. And when I asked the Dr. the cause of my lying nine nights in succession in an indescribable situation in the most horrid tremour. And then the Dr. said that he had not tried the strength of the pill which produced the most awful sensation. And frequently I would say to the Dr. what does make me so near blind I shall see but little longer.

"The gentleman had not the goodness to lay it down to me as is laid down in the Hooper medical Dictionary Licuta blinds because it

destroys the sight of those that use it. It is laid down to be a very active poison producing spasms [sic] and setting of the gards [sic] also that cancers are to be cured by the licuta, cured as mine was when I swallowed the last pill it was a long time reaching the stomach the passage almost entirely closed. A system completely filled with poison Death would inevitably [sic] close the scene very soon. Then all would have been well no disease died with debility. Here comes the end of the misearned practice. And when I take a retrospective view of the past, and look at the Dr. walking to my bed side with horsehide saddle bags half eat up by the inmates I am filled with astonishment that I have so narrowly escaped the jaws of the destroyer.

"I am fully convinced of the truth of what one of my Dr. said to me that nineteen out of twenty would get well if people would let the Doctors alone. Said he did not want to practice when people come and would have him he did the best he could.

"He was the only honest one to speak out of the number of Doctors, thirty-one, which had been privileged of displaying their skill upon me, they had all but killed far from curing."

The memoirs concerning these doctors were undoubtedly influenced by Rhoda's later contacts with Thomsonianism and then with Mormonism.

Susan's death is recorded in Rhoda's journal, as is a detailed description of her own operation.

CHAPTER NINE

The autobiography of Dr. Samuel Thomson is included in the introduction to the *Practice of Medicine on Thomsonian Principles*, by J. W. Comfort, M.D. In Thomson's life Willard must have found a sympathetic background.

According to Doctor Comfort, Samuel Thomson showed his complete lack of education in the school room. Even so, through his influence—Comfort suggests in the introduction—that a bright and different light was cast upon the treatment of the sick, ranging from the doctor's stronghold in Boston to the advancing frontier in the West. The doctor considered himself a *child of destiny* (Thomson's own words). And, says Comfort, "Thomson was well suited for the task which Providence allotted to him." p. xiv, *op. cit.*

The biographer further states: "Few are aware of the opposition he [Thomson] had to encounter; received at the very outset with taunts and persecutions, stigmatised with all the opprobrious names that human ingenuity could invent, borne down, oppressed, and at one time incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, still . . . singly and alone, except when now and then cheered by the enlivening influence of a few congenial

friends, he toiled undauntedly . . . to effect the grand object he had in view; that of making known to the world a safe and effectual system of medical practice."

Here was the perfect setting for Willard's own instinct for crusading, for his own independence and fearless pursuit of a goal. The Thomsonian theory for the use of the "warm" medicines may now appear ludicrous, but in its day it cut a conspicuous swath through the wilderness of empirical medical practice. We may laugh at Comfort's statement quoting Thomson [*op. cit.*, pp. xxii] "That 'all diseases are the effect of one proximate cause, and should be treated upon the same general principles.'" Nevertheless, Thomson's plan to increase through his several formulae "the warmth of the body to combat the coldness caused by disease led him boldly to declare, 'This is the foundation upon which I have erected my fabric.'" *Ibid.*

And I might add, this use of the *lobelia-cayenne* formulae served Willard and his patients better than the *datura-henbane* cures had served some of the beloved members of his family. He was proud to be known as the doctor. Toward the end of his life he wrote from Salt Lake City to some emigrating friends, advising them as they approached the dry country to wear flannel underclothing and to take warm drinks in order to balance the inner and outer temperatures of the body.

The late Dr. Ralph T. Richards, Salt Lake City, grandson of Willard Richards, had in his possession the original Thomsonian patent owned by Willard Richards, dated Stockbridge, Massachusetts, October, 1833.

The excitement caused by Willard Richards with his "medical lectures" in Middlesex County is mentioned by Brigham Young in the sketch of Willard Richards (*op. cit.*). The facts have been adapted to the scene that has its setting in Richmond.

The incident of the lucifer matches and catcalls is taken from a story told by Brigham Young concerning his attempt to preach *Mormonism* in the Richmond south schoolhouse. When he was smoked and hissed out of the building, he told the people he had taught the Indians manners, but he had not expected to find it necessary to teach them to his friends in Richmond. (Manuscript history of the British Mission.)

For July 25, 1834, Rhoda wrote the following entry in her journal:

"I have this day bid adieu to the poison practice. I was all but dead. At this critical moment br Willard returned from Doctor Thomsons [sic] Infirmary in Boston. . . ."

Willard's six weeks with Thomson ceases to be comical as the duration of his medical studies when one considers Dirk J. Struik's statement concerning the length of schooling then required of a man to earn an M.D.

Struik tells us that in certain outlying districts of New England, several medical schools in Pittsfield, Mass., and in Woodstock and Castleton, Vermont, were established and served the area for a generation. These schools really grew out of the old idea of serving a medical apprenticeship and were developed by local physicians. The period 1812-60 saw these medical institutions copied all over the United States, and all were the reflections of one man's work. Even Harvard's medical school did not outstrip the Pittsfield one in attendance. The schools were surprisingly good for the time, offering fourteen weeks of lectures, following which the budding medicos completed their educations out in country practice. (See *Yankee Science in the Making*, pp. 176-178.)

The dates and places of Willard's medical travels are found in Rhoda's journal and also in the biographical sketch included in the "History of Brigham Young," *op. cit.*

Also the approximate date and place of Willard's discovery of the *Book of Mormon* are found in the historical sketch included in the "History of Brigham Young."

The fact that Brigham Young was in Boston in 1835, and thus near Southborough, is established not by any notation yet found in the Church Library, but by the memoirs of Walter E. Wilcox, who said: "I was born in the town of Dorchester, Norfolk county, Mass., on the eleventh day of April, 1821. In 1835 my mother was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Brigham Young, in the city of Boston. She made immediate preparations to gather with the Saints at Kirtland, Ohio, taking me with her. My mother was a widow and I was about fourteen years of age." *The Life Work of a Pioneer*, ms. memoirs in my own collection. Walter E. Wilcox married Maria Wealthy Richards, daughter of Phineas and Wealthy Dewey Richards. Walter and Maria were my grandparents.

CHAPTER TEN

Material supplied.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Nephi's Psalm: *Book of Mormon*, Second Nephi, Ch. III, p. 70 (First edition).

In the editorial written at the time of Willard's death, (*op. cit.*) Orson Spencer says: "The palsy which had followed [Willard Richards] in order to make a spoil of this noble champion of the truth ever since he began to investigate the Book of Mormon . . . at length in conjunction with dropsy, finished his mortal career. . . ."

The sketch of Willard's life states that Willard opened the *Book* and before reading half a page, declared, "'God or the Devil has had a hand in that book, for man never wrote it.'" The sketch continues, ". . . [Willard] read it twice through in about ten days, and so firm was his conviction of the truth, that he immediately commenced settling his accounts, selling his medicine, and freeing himself from every incumbrance, that he might go to Kirtland, 700 miles west, and the nearest point he could hear of a Saint, and give the work a thorough investigation: firmly believing, that if the doctrine was true, God had some greater work for him to do, than peddle pills: but no sooner did he commence a settlement, than he suffered exceedingly, and was prevented executing his design, until October, 1837, when he arrived at Kirtland, in company with his brother. . . ."

Brigham Young adds to this sketch the statement that Willard's brother Levi accompanied him to Kirtland as his physician.

The stroke which Willard suffered in July, 1836, was probably caused by a blood clot on the right side of the brain. According to a Salt Lake City physician, Dr. T. A. Clawson, a photograph of Willard taken in England in 1840, offers unmistakable evidence of the stroke. After reading part of this biography to this point, and the editorial excerpts which are quoted above, Dr. Madelaine R. Brown, neurologist of Boston, says: "I think the diagnosis of Willard Richards' illness taken from Mrs. Noall's manuscript is fairly clear: Rheumatic heart disease, auricular fibrillation, emboli from mural thrombi to the right side of the brain.

". . . He probably died of cardiac decompensation, for it was stated that the palsy followed him until he died with dropsy. I think it is probable that he had more than one embolus for I believe 40% of patients with one embolus to the brain do.

"To me the astounding thing is that with such an illness he could have accomplished so much for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" Letter to Janet MacArthur, M.D., Mass. Gen. Hospital, Boston, May 17, 1952. Dr. MacArthur was instrumental in having Dr. Brown read a transcript of the ms. with the problem of diagnosis in mind.

Dr. Clawson states that Willard Richards' penmanship would not show the effects of his disease because it would be the left hand and arm that were affected, and that it is possible he recovered from the disease to the point where the large muscles that would be affected by the thrombi would be under good control, for it is also evident that the blood clot, or clots, were absorbed.

It is only natural that Willard thought the devil's spite brought on his disease. Not only had he been reared to such a concept, his experience

with Samuel Thomson himself further prepared him for the work of the devil in the affairs of man. *Thomsonian Practice of Medicine*, *op. cit.*

Dr. MacArthur considers Willard's stroke purely coincidental with his reading of the *Book of Mormon*. If there was any connection between the two, the stroke would occur as the result of physical strain rather than through any psychological, or psychogenetic, influence.

Dr. Thomson is quoted by Dr. Comfort as saying of the *varieties* of palsy one might suffer: " 'Sometimes peculiar tingling, or creeping sensations are felt in the afflicted parts, as if small insects were creeping over them. . . . The sleep is disturbed; the patient wakes alarmed by terrific dreams . . . ' " *op. cit.*, pp. 255 and 260.

The mission of Brigham and Joseph Young in September, 1831, is mentioned by Tullidge (*op. cit.*) and in a statement of Brigham Young, *Deseret News*, v. vii, p. 386.

CHAPTER TWELVE

References to Hepsy's ability as an artist and her millinery shop in the home are found in the "family letters." A map which she drew was presented to the Utah Humanities Society, August, 1951, and was at that time reproduced in the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Fictionized, based upon source materials mentioned.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The *Book of Commandments* was published in Kirtland, 1835. The book is now issued as the *Doctrine and Covenants*, the title being changed with the publication of the work in England, in 1841.

Brigham's speech to the *Reformers* is found in the *Deseret News*, vol. VII, p. 386. It has been adapted to this story.

For the length of time required by Willard to make up his mind on his baptism, we have the testimony of Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt. (See bibliography.)

Brigham and Mary Ann Angel Young's twins were born Dec. 18, 1836.

Describing the medicines administered for the measles, Mrs. Pratt says:

"We were liberally dosed with composition, lobelia, etc. To me the red pepper was something dreadful, and taking the composition through straws did not help the matter much—and oh, how I did long for a drink of cold water. But we got well . . . and I will not condemn the bridge that brought us safely over." (See bibliography.) Documentation, courtesy Mrs. Vesta P. Crawford.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

In her memoirs, Mrs. Pratt writes: "I watched [Willard and Levi] as they departed for their baptisms, and upon their return; and when Sister Young shook hands with them and greeted [each of] them as 'Brother Richards,' I thought they were all right, especially as I did not have to take any more of their medicine. Mother with some of the others went to the baptizing to assist with the singing, and they all returned rejoicing in the new and Everlasting Gosepl. . . . Brother Young had labored so faithfully to explain the gospel to them, and, little as I was, I wondered they didn't believe it sooner." *Ibid.*

The earliest known book of Willard's personal journals, No. 4 E, contains the simple statement concerning his baptism:

"I was baptized at Kirtland under the hand of Elder Brigham Young, Dec. 31st, 1836, after the sun had set in the West.

"From this time I enjoyed uninterrupted peace of mind and continued improvement of bodily health until the eve of 5th March, 1837, when I was ordained to the office of an Elder . . . under the hand of President Beaman and Council at his house."

Referring to his confirmation on Jan. 8, 1837, Willard wrote:

"I received such a measure of the Spirit as to be sensible of the subject of the hymn sung by Elder Sherman on the Coming of Christ."

The brief note on his failure in his first *mission* ends: "The Lord pardon me in this thing."

See bibliography for source of business accounts mentioned, of the people visited, and the time of the mission, March- June, 1837.

See *Ch. Hist.*, vol. II, p. 492, for covenant made in Jan., 1837, between Heber and Willard concerning the future British Mission. Reference is also carried in Willard's journal, June 11, 1837.

Referring to his desire to go to England when he returned to Kirtland and learned of the imminent departure of the missionaries, he wrote: ". . . But I do not recollect that it once entered my mind that it would be profitable for me to go, for I was deeply involved in the Temporal affairs of the Church in company with Brother Brigham, and knew not how to extricate myself from the dilemma. So I let my mind rest over night, quite contented with the simpler fact I could not go, although months before I had entered into a covenant with Elder Kimball that I should be one of the number to constitute the *first Mission to a foreign Land.*"

Continuing June 12th, he wrote: "Made a few calls; met Elder Kimball in the street when he said 'Elder Richards I am now worthy to fulfill my engagement with you; you recollect it, don't you? I start for England tomorrow and you may go with me. Get ready,' &c. But I saw no way to extricate myself or to procure means to cross the water."

Willard then notes in his journal the developments which follow in Ch. XV.

Ch. XV reference to bearing witness, or the washing of one's garments of another person's blood, is found in *Jeremiah* 2:34: "Also in thy skirts is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents . . ." The reference is found, too, in the *Book of Mormon*, *Mormon*, ix:35: "And these things are written, that we may rid our garments of the blood of our brethren who have dwindled in unbelief."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Much of the background material for the development of Willard's part in the British Mission has been derived from the manuscript history of the mission, hereafter to be referred to in these notes as *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.* In this history I found an account of the struggles with the "evil spirits," a description of the race at the Ribble, the miracle of Ann Elizabeth Walmsley's walking from the water, the preaching at the foot of the "obelisk," Jennetta Richards' baptism and confirmation, and Heber's letter to Willard, including the remark, "Today I baptized your wife."

Willard's personal journal, No. 4-E, adds other information, giving me such expressions as "conscience-searing, heaven-daring deed," in relation to the conflict with the Rev. Timothy Matthews.

See *Doctrine and Covenants*, Sec. 110, for definition of the "mysteries" referred to in this chapter, and Sec. 76:50-80, for the reference to the "Three Glories," or the revelation called the "Olive Leaf," which offered assurance of the resurrection.

The Rev. Richards' letter is found in the *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.*

It is evident that Heber, Orson, and Willard took seriously Heber's prophecy concerning the baptism of Jennetta Richards, when he named her as Willard's future wife. This opinion is supported by Orson's letter to Willard on February 14, 1838. Without telling Willard that Joseph Smith had been forced to flee from Kirtland, Orson merely announced his and Heber's imminent departure from England. Clearly referring to what had been said about Jennetta, Orson said: ". . . This letter is written to you on the supposition that you wish to go home . . . with us. But it may be that your eye has caught a glimpse of your 'better part,' and you may wish to remain awhile. If so, you are at liberty to stay. But if not, you are as one of us to fare as we fare, etc. . . ."

In this letter, we also have the basis for the suppression of the *Doctrine and Covenants* during the early part of the mission. While asking Willard to set apart certain officers in the Bedford branches, to carry on the work, Orson said: ". . . Give the brethren such instruction as they need, according to your judgment. Teach every officer his duty according

to the covenants and articles. But keep the book to yourself. Be diligent, Bro. R., and may the Lord bless you forever, and bring you in health and peace to this place as soon as the 15th of March.

"In the bonds of the Gospel. Farewell . . .

"(signed) Heber C. Kimball,
Orson Hyde."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Jane Dawson's address is found on the marriage certificate of Willard and Jennetta Richards.

Incidents based on *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.*

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Selt, a paving stone cut the size of a jumbo brick, laid as uniformly as possible with the other stones in a road.

The following books have been helpful to me in establishing the picture of the valleys of the Ribble and the Hodder: *Wanderings in Ribblesdale, Lancashire Landscape, A Little History of Lancashire*, and the *Dalesman* (See Bibliography).

In letters written during Jan. and Aug., 1953, and Dec., 1954, Mrs. Margery Pollard gave me details of the manse and chapel as they may have existed during the Rev. John Richards' incumbency. She described the back-to-back houses of the mill hands at the Primrose Mills in Salford, Clitheroe.

Mrs. Pollard turned time back nearly 150 years to recreate the atmosphere for the interchange of ideas between converts and Mormon missionaries, and between the Mormons and those who defected or refused Mormonism. A Lancashire-born researcher in the L.D.S. Church Genealogical Library, Salt Lake City, said that I was indeed fortunate to have someone like Mrs. Pollard conduct my research, as she would well know how to separate herself from the present scene.

She found Stephen Longstroth's name on the roll of burgesses. This fact places him as a property owner. I have therefore created the cottage described in this chapter, although it is possible that he may have owned only one section in a terrace. But the house described, literally true in this location, does provide space for a cabinetmaker's workshop, and an attic for the handlooms.

The story between Willard Richards and Jennetta is derived from the references found in the *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.* and Willard's journal. For example, on March 22, 1838, he wrote: "While walking in Thornly plucked a Snow Drop far through the hedge, and carried it to James Mercer's; hung it up in his kitchen. Soon after Jeannetta Richards came in the room, and I walked with her and William Parker to Ribchester to

attend meeting w. Brothers Hyde and Kimball at Brother Clark's. While walking with them down the fell, I said Richards was a good name, I never want to change it. 'Do you?' said I to Jeannetta. 'No, I do not' was her reply and I think she never will."

Mrs. Ida Knowlton Lee, Brigham City, Utah, granddaughter of Willard and Jennetta Richards, owns some leaves cut from a volume called *Lancashire Nonconformity*, pp. 217-220 (date of publication not given on this excerpt). Section VI describes Walkerfold and Chipping chapels, and gives a brief history of the two Churches.

The one on Walkerfold includes a biographical sketch of the Rev. John Richards, stating that he was of Welsh descent, a "first-rate Greek and Hebrew scholar, and was well read in the divines." It mentions his wig, his ear trumpet, and his marriage to "Ellin, daughter of Roger Charnock, yeoman, and Jennett, his wife." (Of Kirkham, Lancs.)

The names and birthdates of the Rev. John's children are listed, and the occupations of Jennetta's brothers, John and Roger. The minister's oath is also quoted.

Mrs. Pollard found in the history of the Church at Walkerfold a description of the Rev. Richards' traits, and a paragraph stating that he held a lordly position in his parish, adjudicating even the financial difficulties of his community.

CHAPTERS NINETEEN — TWENTY-FIVE

A description of the Cockpit, called by the missionaries, "Cock Pit," and at times referred to as the "Temperance Hall," is found in the *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.* The photograph of the painting of the "Cockpit," later the Temperance Hall, at Stoneygate, Preston, may hardly be said to show it as a round house. Yet, Heber Kimball gives a complete description of the circular seats rising tier upon tier in the "cock pit," where the Mormons met. The only explanation I have to offer for what appears to be a discrepancy is this: In September, 1957, at St. Ives, England, a woman I was visiting, upon being questioned about a small porcelain figurine on the piano, replied, "Oh yes, we have a round house." She picked up the miniature, six-sided house and smiled as she held it out for me to examine. I felt that the hexagonal shape of the figurine may possibly account for what in the photograph looks like a rectangular front to the cockpit.

On April 9th, Willard wrote in his journal: "Jennetta came to Preston;" and on the 10th: "Jennetta Richards and Hannah Greenwood received their Patriarchal blessings from Brothers Hyde and Kimball. Walk in the evening with Jennetta — Brethren went to Liverpool." He continues:

"April 11th. Visit with Jennetta, took us a gait, as Brother Fielding and self started for Liverpool; staid at Longton.

"June 9th: Received a most interesting visit from Jennetta, 2:30 p.m.

"June 27th. Jennetta came with Brother Fielding in cart.

"June 28th. Was with her much of the time as she lodged at Sister Dawson's and had a most interesting and delightful visit, for which I praise my

"June 29th: Heavenly Father; it was all His doing; He should have the praise. I gave her the wedding ring [engagement ring]. We acknowledged each other husband and wife, and sealed it with our mutual kisses. 'My Heavenly Father Sanction it in Heaven and bless our union to the fulfillment of the design for which marriage was instituted . . . Amen.'

"August 6th. To Clitheroe, passing by Jennetta's without an anxious look on account of the opposition of parties.

"August 8th. Downham.—The Priest and Teacher refused to act if they could not prove the book of *Doctrine and Covenants*. We demanded their license.

"Brother Fielding was sick in the night—called me to pray for him. I arose at day and set out to the woods—powers of darkness raged. I was sick. The Church against us. I went to bed at Brother Hall's, Chatsburn. Brother Fielding prayed for me. Went to Clitheroe—Longstroth's—to bed sick—and remained till Sunday—afterwards told I was off over night, and told her many things was designed."

On September 26th, the journal reads: "Sabbath. Jennetta for the first time sat down to the table of the Lord with His children . . . [her] first conference in England in the Church of Jesus Christ."

Further entries concern the registration and marriage.

The journal fully supports the troubles of the mission, including the affairs concerning Alice Hodgson and Thomas Webster. On February 24, 1839, Willard noted:

"Jane Dawson cut off. Jennetta sick." And on March 9th:

"Brother Halsal spoke against me in council."

For March 10th, he wrote:

"Sabbath. Told the Church if any one had aught against me to come and tell me; in one week Sister Dawson had nothing against me. William Halsal acknowledged."

See *Ch. Hist.*, v. iii, pps. 276, 277, for a fuller account of the trouble with the Church over Willard's marriage to Jennetta and the dislike of the Saints for her clothing.

Willard's journal mentions the changes of residence, the death of his

son and his first intense grief and inability to meet the situation, and then his quick bowing to the will of the Lord.

He also mentions the visit to Longton and the bathing of the baby in the "sea."

A copy of the letter to Brigham Young, written after the birth of the second son, is found in the *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.* As has been shown, all of the facts dealt with in this period are well documented in Willard's journal, the *Ms. Hist. Br. Msn.*; the *Ch. Hist.*; and Roberts' *Comp. Hist.*, besides the Richards family letters.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

In addition to the Church History references, *op. cit.*, Rhoda's journal also documents the fact that Willard left his wife and son with his family in Richmond while he went ahead to Nauvoo. Both Willard's and Rhoda's journals mention the "strawberrying" incident, and the date of departure for Nauvoo.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

In Book 4-E of his journal, Willard notes the visits to the sacred places and the homes described on the journey to Nauvoo.

Numerous references are found to the Liberty Pole in the *Ch. Hist.* and the *Doc. Hist.*, also in the "Family Letters" and such journals as Patty Sessions'. It is not difficult to read between the lines of these works and discover the significance of the "Pole." See *Book of Mormon*, Alma, 46:36, for reference to the "Standard of Liberty," and also in Alma we find this reference, 46:12, 13: "And it came to pass that he [Moroni] rent his coat; and he took a piece thereof, and wrote upon it, in memory of our God, our religion, and freedom, and our peace, our wives, and our children; and he fastened it upon the end of a pole thereof. And he fastened on his head-plate, and his breast-plate, and his shields, and girded on his armour about his loins; and he took the pole, which had on the end thereof his rent coat, (and he called it the title of liberty,) and he bowed himself to the earth, and he prayed mightily unto his God, for the blessings of liberty to rest upon his brethren so long as there should a band of Christians remain to possess the land;" [1909 edition].

The word Liberty also carried strange importance for the first Mormon missionaries to England, as related in connection with the unfurling of the flag honoring Queen Victoria. We see its significance in the mast-head of the *Deseret News*, the flags of the Provisional State of Deseret, and in numerous speeches and letters.

These historical events, such as the business meeting on Sunday, August 16, and all such events are noted in the *Ch. Hist.* The *Times and*

Seasons has been used as source material for the Nauvoo period. And also the *Warsaw Signal*.

These references apply not only to Chapter XXVII but to the entire period.

A copy of Willard's letter from England to Joseph Smith is found in the *Ms. Hist. of the Br. Msn.*

See *Ch. Hist.*, Aug. 16, 1841, for reference to the apostles' visit to Joseph Smith during the noon recess of the Church conference.

The first baptism for the dead took place in the spring or summer of 1839 at Quincy, Illinois. Vienna Jaques rode horseback into the water to get a better view of the sacred ceremony.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The assignment to Warren is noted in Willard's journal, the "History of Brigham Young," and the *Ch. Hist.*, with the subsequent "closing out" of the settlement.

The account of the early conflict between Joseph Smith and Thomas Sharp, editor of the *Warsaw Signal*, was reported in the *Signal*. Sharp's sallies were lustily answered by Joseph Smith's brother William, the editor of the *Wasp*, when this paper came into existence, in April, 1842.

In the *Signal*, on May 19, 1841, Sharp wrote: ". . . On religious questions [the policy of this paper] shall remain neutral; but it is bound to oppose the concentration of political power in a religious body, or in the hands of a few individuals."

On May 26th, Joseph sent his reply, as noted.

On June 2nd, Sharp lampooned him, suggesting that he pay his bill for a year's subscription to the *Western World* (*Warsaw Signal*, vol. II, no. 4). With this altercation began Sharp's hatred for Joseph Smith.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

For a description of the "Brick Store," including the basement, see *Ch. Hist.* vol. IV, p. 491. For mention of the innermost sanctuary, see "A Tour of Historic Scenes," *Contributor*, vol. vii, pp. 296-305, Franklin D. Richards (Ch. Lib.). Franklin writes: "We went down to Joseph's brick store . . . Upon the upper floor of this building were the well known large room and Joseph's private office, consisting of two apartments. Here were prepared the political doctrines contained in 'Views of the powers and policy of the general Government . . .' and his letters to Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Here he received the revelation on the . . . plurality of the celestial marriage covenant. . . ."

The time, the place, and the method of Joseph Smith's instructions to Willard on plural marriage is conjectural. However, he must have given these instructions to Willard by November 21, 1841, else he could not have

made the statement found in Chapter XXX, concerning his friendship for Willard in *all* things.

The manner and dialogue used here for the instruction are based upon the affidavits of trusted and respected men in the Church, whose references to plural marriage were published in the *Historical Record*, vol. V, pp. 219-225, as quoted from the *Deseret News*, May 20, 1886. I have given to the Prophet some of the very words ascribed to him in the affidavits sworn by his most trusted friends.

The editorial by Joseph F. Smith introduced the subject in the *Deseret News*, *ibid.*, as follows:

"... The late George A. Smith repeatedly said to me and others, 'The Prophet seemed irresistibly moved by the power of God to establish that principle, not only in theory, in the hearts and minds of his brethren, but in practice also!' he himself having led the way. It remained an 'unwritten law' and commandment of the Almighty to the faithful *only* of His Saints, designed to be enlarged as intelligence and fidelity to the laws of God increased. . . ."

The affidavits quoted were made in 1869, 1870, and 1874, and published in the *News*, as stated, in 1886.

See *Journal of Discourses*, vol. viii, p. 266, for Brigham Young's statement on revelation of plural marriage by Joseph to the Twelve.

CHAPTER THIRTY

See *Journal History*, Nov. 21, 1841, for Joseph's statement of friendship for Willard. (Quoted verbatim in text)

Willard's journal notation on the Christmas eve dinner mentions Nancy Hyde as his partner. However, another entry notes that he was living at the home of Brigham Young. On January 13, 1842, he wrote: "Left Bro Brigham's, and began to board with the Prophet Jos. Smith."

This entry should offset Mrs. Fawn Brodie's support of a statement published by Ebenezer Robinson in his magazine, the *Return*, Oct. 1890, which declares that Willard Richards spent the winter of 1841-'42 with Nancy Hyde in rooms that the Robinson family had been forced to vacate. *No Man Knows My History*, p. 440.

Mrs. Brodie discounts completely Joseph Smith's first vision because she found no published account of it dated prior to 1834, and because Joseph did not begin to write his history until 1838, which was eighteen years after the reputed event. Actually he started his history earlier, but the manuscripts were confiscated or lost. True, Mrs. Brodie supports her doubt by the confusion of the accounts contemporary to Joseph's first statement of his vision. Nevertheless, she builds the theme of her book on this doubt. Oddly, then, she gives subtle but apparently full credit to

Ebenezer Robinson's slander of Willard's character, when the statement in the *Return* was made forty-nine years after the supposed event. *Op. cit.*, pp. 23-25.

Happily, Willard's day-by-day entries in his journal, a record which bears on every page the stamp of complete authenticity, mention the two places where he lodged during the winter of 1841-'42. Customarily, he wrote with naïve candor, revealing no attempt whatever to disguise the feelings or actions of the people involved in the recorded events.

In regard to Mrs. Brodie's statement that had Joseph's alleged vision actually occurred, some publication of it would surely have appeared, it is interesting to note that the minutes of a "Family Meeting in Nauvoo," July, 1845, quote Brigham Young as saying that such a publication did occur: ". . . It [the publication] was only about a square inch, but it stated that a young man had seen an angel who had told him where to find an Indian Bible, and it went on to inquire what would happen if it should come forth."

Willard was appointed manager of the *Times and Seasons*, Mar. 15, 1842. *Ch. Hist.*, vol. III, p. 726.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

In her journal Patty Sessions states: "I was sealed to Joseph Smith by Willard Richards Mar 9, 1842, in Newel K. Whitney's chamber, Nauvoo, for time and all eternity, and if I do not live to attend to it myself when there is a place prepared I want someone to attend to it for me according to order, Sylvia my daughter was present when I was sealed to Joseph Smith. I was after Mr. Sessions' death sealed to John Parry for time on the 27th, March, 1852, GSL City."

This entry, as interesting as it is rare, shows the confusion which at times arose in relation to the covenant of plural marriage. Since John Parry had a wife, and since Patty expresses her desire to be sealed to Joseph Smith, thus giving up for eternity her first husband, David Sessions, it is difficult to follow her belief that she could be "sealed" for time to Parry. The covenant of "sealing" implied a celestial relationship rather than one for time only.

Incidents in Nauvoo, *Ch. Hist.*, vols. IV, V.

Joseph's letter to Jennetta, *Ch. Hist.*, vol. V, pp. 40, 41.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The family letters support the fact of the Leadbetter store in Richmond as the center of gossip concerning Nauvoo and the Mormons.

Scene between Willard and Jennetta supplied.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

For the meeting place between Willard and Joseph after Willard's return from the East, see *Ch. Hist.*, vol. V, p. 182; also for Joseph's prophecy concerning the closing of the river by the ice within the month. From this time there is no mention of Willard Richards in the *Ch. Hist.* until Nov. 21st, a long enough interval for him to go to St. Louis and return to Nauvoo.

The *Wasp* refers to snow storms in Nauvoo on Nov. 11 and 12, 1842.

The date of Jennetta's removal into the new house is given in Rhoda's journal: "Nov 11, we commenced housekeeping." Notation found in "A Sketch of my journey to Nauvoo," a copy of her letter to Nancy Peirson, dated Nov. 21, 1842, in which she kept her promise to describe her trip West.

The scene between Willard and the Longstroths is based upon the following note:

In Dec., 1948, the late Mrs. Willard B. (Louie Snelgrove) Richards, daughter-in-law of Willard Richards, told me that Willard asked Steven and Ann Gill Longstroth for their daughters before he ever spoke of marriage to the girls themselves. Mrs. Richards said, "When Grandpa [Willard Richards] asked Sister Longstroth for Nanny after he had asked for Sarah, she said, 'You may have Sarah, and you may have Nanny, too, but you cannot live with Nanny until she is grown up.'"

During my visit with Mrs. Richards, she further stated that Ann Gill exacted a promise from Willard Richards that if he married Nanny at this time, he would not live with her until she was older. "Back of that mysterious we," said Mrs. Richards, "no one ever got. Yet we did hear this story: Grandma Aunt Nanny's mother knew that Willard Richards was a gentleman, and she trusted him."

The term "Grandma Aunt Nanny" was in common use by the family of Willard Richards, once his children married and the grandchildren commenced coming along.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The scenes between Sarah, Jennetta, and Rhoda, and the one showing Sarah at the dinner, are based upon the evidence found in Rhoda's journal and the church documents.

Willard's trips to Springfield, Illinois, are mentioned in the entries in the *Ch. Hist.* for this period. The court incidents are also described. The *jubilee song* composed by Willard and Gen. Wilson Law is published in the *Times and Seasons*, Feb. 15, 1843, vols. 4, 5, 6, p. 112, where mention is also made that it was sung at the feast.

The evidence that Willard married the Longstroth sisters in January,

1843, is twofold. This is Rhoda's journal entry for January 18, 1843: "Brother Wd and wife have gone to brother Joseph to partake of a splendid dinner. 15 years today since he [Joseph] was married. J. [Jennetta] took [to] her bed."

Mrs. Ethel Longstroth Goates, Salt Lake City, owns a typed notation from the writing of her grandfather, Stephen Longstroth: "She [Nanny] was married to Willard Richards in the Nauvoo Temple by the prophet Joseph Smith in 1845. She returned to St. Louis with her parents, where she resided two years."

This is a confused statement, perhaps due to an error in copying the date from the original journal, whose whereabouts is no longer known. It would be easy to confuse a "3" with a "5" in some of the penmanship of the period I have seen. In 1845 Joseph Smith was dead. In 1843 the assembly room in the second story of the brick store had been dedicated, and was being used as a temple while the Nauvoo temple was being built. It is most unlikely that Nanny's father would mistake the person who married Willard to his daughters, especially were that person the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The following additional information is interesting: The *Ch. Hist.* vol. V, page 525, offers Joseph's remarks concerning a "new house" for Willard Richards (see chapter XXXVI). After summarizing the subscriptions for the house in terms of money, labor, and materials, Joseph is quoted as saying: "I hope the day is not far distant when my clerk will have a comfortable house for his *family*." (His plural wives.)

On July 30th, three days before this statement was made, Willard had been appointed general Church recorder. He needed an office near the river for this work. Apparently he had an office in his house on the hill because on May 3, 1843, Joseph noted that he "called at the office and drank a glass of wine with Sister Jennetta Richards, made by her mother in England, and reviewed with Willard a portion of the conference minutes."

A keen rivalry existed between the two parts of the city. The business interests on the hill were apparently jealous of those on the water front, or the other way about. On February 11, 1843, the city council proposed building one or two markets in the city. Joseph advised against starting more than could be accomplished lest nothing at all result. Advocating one such center, he is quoted as saying: ". . . The council should hold an influence over the prices of markets, so that the poor should not be oppressed, and that the mechanic should not oppress the farmer; that the upper part of the town had no right to rival those on the river. Here, on the river, was where we first pitched our tents, here was where the first sickness and deaths occurred; here has been the greatest suffering in this

city. We have been the making of the upper part of the town. We have located the Temple on the hill, and they [his business opponents] ought to be satisfied." *Ch. Hist.* vol V, p. 271.

The acts of rivalry were apparently waged also on the personal level; there must needs be an office for Willard beside the river. However, these notes anticipate the events of chapter XXXVI. I quote from the above signs of a social democracy, or a "benevolent theocracy" (Joseph's own expression) in Nauvoo, merely to add to the evidence that Willard had married the Longstroth sisters earlier in the year (almost surely as indicated, in January, 1843).

Another notation, as quoted in the typed collection of Mrs. Goates, reads:

"Nauvoo, January 24, 1846

"I [Stephen Longstroth] and my wife, we boath received our Indowments in the Temple at Nauvoo and was seeled man and wiff on the 24th of January and also was adopted into the family of Willard Richards to be is son and daughter forever equal with is sons and daughters."

Also:

"Stephen Longstroth, son of Stephen and Nancy Longstroth, born Langcliff [Yorkshire], England, June 29, 1789. Baptized Mar. 4, 1838, by Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde, ordained Priest Nov 10, 1839, at Clitheroe, under hands of Willard Richards and Joseph Fielding and William Clayton. . . ." and: ". . . ordained High Priest Dec. 5, 1844, Received into High Priests Coram [sic] by Pres. Miller of Nauvoo."

This puts the Longstroth family in Nauvoo in Dec. 1844. We know from family tradition that Nanny was there in August, 1844, for she often testified that she "saw the mantle of Joseph fall upon Brigham." The incident referred to occurred after Joseph's martyrdom when Brigham, as president of the Twelve, was made virtual leader of the Church.

Nanny was only fourteen years old in January, 1843, in her mother's opinion not old enough for actual marriage. In December, 1845, when she was *sealed*, she was sixteen, a more acceptable age for marriage, by all odds.

Her return to St. Louis for "two years," as mentioned by her father, might have been the period between January, 1843, and the summer of 1845, with a visit to Nauvoo in 1844, or it might have been the two years that elapsed after Willard left Nauvoo in February, 1846, until the time Nanny joined him at Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, in the winter of 1847-1848.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

In her journal Rhoda wrote for January 28, 1843: "Brother Joseph and Sister Emma called. Brother & Sister Hyde."

The evidence of Joseph's plan to lead a mission to foreign lands is found in the *Ch. Hist.*, vol. V, pps. 255, 256. He said to his council: ". . . From the sixth day of April next, I go in for preparing with all present for a mission through the United States, and when we arrive at Maine we will take ship for England and so on to all countries where we shall have a mind to go. . . . If I live, I will yet take these brethren through the United States and through the world, and will make just as big a wake as God Almighty will let me. We must send kings and governors to Nauvoo, and we will do it."

The *Ch. Hist.* tells of Joseph's visit to the stone house at the upper landing to administer to Willard, who was living there, and was ill. There is a notation that Joseph sold Willard a cow on Feb. 14, 1843, indicating that he may have needed to provide for his second household.

The fact of his disguise as a "stout old lady," is taken from the memoirs of Rachel Woolley Simmons. Her father had been tested according to the law of consecration, or the willingness to devote all of one's energy and give one's entire possessions to the Church. Mrs. Woolley wrote: "Father still had a store and Brother Joseph came to him and said, Brother Woolley I want you to take an invoice of all your goods pack them in boxes and when they are ready let me know. Father accepted the principle by complying with Brother Joseph's request, the goods Father had to sell on commission he left on the shelves as he was told to do, the rest he packed up, closed the store, nailed up the windows and went out of the business, he sent word to Brother Joseph that the goods were ready as he had requested and the Prophet came up, looked over the invoice and the situation and saw that the sacrifice was complete and accepted it, and placing his hand on Father's shoulder he said, Brother Woolley put your goods back on the shelves you can sell them as well as I can, I was only testing you. . . .

"The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were frequent visitors at my parents home, the Prophet knew them and their worth and integrity for he had tried them and tested them. . . .

"Father's house was always a house of refuge in those early days for the brethren and sisters that had obeyed that law [plural marriage], no less a personage than Dr. Willard Richards was a guest for a time, and taking an evening walk he would go out disguised as an old lady leaning on Father's arm, and he made a very stout looking old lady indeed . . . I thought one evening as he passed through the room."

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

The historical material for this chapter and those that follow in time to Dec. 1845 is based upon the published *Ch. works: Ch. Hist.*, Roberts'

Comp. Hist., the *Times and Seasons*, the *Wasp*, etc.; also upon the Ch. "Journal Hist.," Ford's *History of Illinois*, Chicago, 1854, the *Warsaw Signal*, etc.

For Joseph's statement concerning the possibility of Willard's having to go away to save his life, see *Millennial Star*, vol. XXI, p. 24.

For the boating party, see *Ch. Hist.* vol. V, pp. 511-513.

And for Willard's letter to Brigham Young, *ibid.*

For the facts of the meeting on August 2nd, when the lot and materials for Willard's new home were subscribed, see *Ch. Hist.*, vol. V, p. 525. The list of subscriptions and the names of the subscribers are found in his journal *Memoranda*, filed with Book E.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

See *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VI, p. 134, for the incident of the serenade at the Mansion, December 24, 1843.

CHAPTERS THIRTY-EIGHT, THIRTY-NINE

The story of the nomination was written after a careful examination of the reasons supporting it, as found in the *Ch. Hist.*, Vol VI, the Constitutional Amendment referred to, and Joseph F. Smith's introductory remarks concerning the nomination, *ibid.* He declares the act was intended as a joke. I did not find this to be the case. I discovered a great deal of evidence to support an earnest campaign for Joseph Smith as a candidate for the national presidency. I also found support for Joseph's stated belief in a benevolent theocracy. His brother Hyrum made this very clear in his figure of speech, the "Green Bay Tree" (Ch. conference, Apr. 8, 1844). *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VI, p. 323.

Eliza Ann's letter, April 3, 1844, is found in the Richards family collection.

CHAPTER FORTY

Written largely from Willard's journal, Book VI, and the historical facts presented in the *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VII, and Roberts' *Comp. Hist.*, vol. II.

For Augustine Spencer's striking his brother Orson, see *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VI, April 26, 1844. The incident of the quarrel, the fines, the trial, and the appearance of the *Expositor* then follow.

CHAPTERS FORTY-ONE, FORTY-TWO

Before Joseph died, John Taylor offered to get him out of jail if he had to tear the walls down. Willard offered to be "hung" in Joseph's stead if he was wanted for treason. *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VII, p. 102.

See pp. 102, 103, *op. cit.*, for the fact that Joseph used the gun left in the jail by Cyrus Wheelock.

Miss Regina McRae gave me the privilege of duplicating her photostat of Joseph's last letter to Emma, which, I was happy to learn, explained his views on self-defense, and the defense of a man's family.

The leaders of the Hancock mob are listed by Jacob B. Backenstos. A list of the Church apostates involved in the conspiracy, including Augustine Spencer, is named by Willard Richards, *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VII, pp. 143-146.

Willard Richards "Two Minutes in Jail," *Times and Seasons*, vol. V, p. 592, has been used by all historians of the period to write the scene at Carthage. In Salt Lake City, after Richards' death, George A. Smith said something to this effect: "It is too bad Willard did not live to write the history of the martyrdom. He knew more about it than any other man alive. He stopped writing the history in 1843," meaning that Willard brought the official history to that date only. (This story was given to me by Preston Nibley.)

Jennetta Richards, writing to her parents, July 8, 1844, describes the murder of Joseph and Hyrum, probably as Willard had given the picture to her. Concerning the much-mooted question as to whether Joseph's body was attacked after he was dead, she said: ". . . Joseph received one ball in his back, and went to leap through the window when he received another, and fell on his side dead, on the outside—about 20 feet. The mob was not satisfied with this, but some struck him on his face, damning him, cursing and swearing, and then raised him against the wall of the well and shot him after he was dead. . . ."

Willard's note from Carthage jail, *Ch. Hist.*, vol. VII, p. 110.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

George Miller's expression "Fat men for patience" is found: *op. cit.*, p. 213.

During other hectic days Joseph had said of Sidney Rigdon that Sidney had always gone in more for the fleece than the sheep. But it is true that at Kirtland, Sidney had been named second in succession in the leadership of the Church, next to Joseph in case of Joseph's death.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

In his journal, book V, Willard mentions Sarah Longstroth as living at her father's house in Nauvoo. Willard also expresses his hope to move into the historian's office in his new home. He describes in detail Jennetta's illness, death, and burial, and in this journal he also writes the words of Heber John and Rhoda Ann concerning their mother's death (here adapted). Among the many helpers who came and went, sister Rhoda is not mentioned until she arrived to help make the shroud and lay out her sister-in-law.

When I first visited Nauvoo, Mr. Charles Mulch led me to Jennetta's grave. That evening in Fort Madison, Iowa, I went down to the graveled bank of the Mississippi to sit and contemplate. As the light fell, I wiped away the tear that misted my eye when I could not forget the lonely and unkempt appearance of the burial place. Jennetta's casket had been moved twice after Willard's careful interment of his wife. The man who last unearthed her remains said that her body was intact. Legend states that she was buried in the handsome silk dress she had worn at the cost of so much grief in England, and also the white gloves of her "ladyship." Yet I found nothing in the far southeast corner of the lot on White and Durphey Streets but sand and weeds surrounding the stone that bore her name. And I now know from her husband's personal journal that she was not clothed in silk but in the white linen of the temple robes.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

Books V and VI of Willard's journal add many illuminating touches to the published histories of the period, from the time of the martyrdom until the exodus from Nauvoo. They give the words on Jennetta's grave-stones, and the dates of the sealings to himself of Willard's wives and his adopted children.

Samuel Richards wrote in his journal for February 13, 1846: "Left my work at the temple and went to see Willard start on his journey west, not being quite ready, spent 3 hours in assisting him load his goods, and returned to the temple."

Willard described his departure in his journal, Book VI.

CHAPTERS FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Here the source material is again found in Willard's journal. The incident of the storm and his propping up the side of the tent with his back is taken quite literally from the account. Amelia's song is fictionized. Brigham's speeches are essentially as recorded in Willard's journal. Willard also describes the death of Eliza Ann.

Sarah's letter is copied verbatim from the original in Joy Richards' collection.

Franklin Richards gives the details of Joseph Richards' death: "A Tour of Historic Scenes," *Contributor*, vol. 7, p. 297. Tyler quotes from these memoirs in his *Mormon Battalion*, p. 118.

Willard's complete letter to Jacob Peart is found in the family collection.

Preston Nibley, *Exodus to Greatness*, quotes the full letter to Lucy Mack Smith, as found in the archives of the *Ch. Hist.'s Lib.*

CHAPTERS FORTY-EIGHT, FORTY-NINE

The substance of these chapters is based on the accounts found in the "Journal History" of the Church, with the journals of Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow occupying a large place.

Published sources: *Journal of William Clayton* and Andrew Jenson's *Historical Journal*, particularly vol. V.

Other unpublished sources: Letters: Richards family collection contains the one from Amelia to Willard, Apr. 17, 1847; the one from Nancy to Willard and Amelia. This one is undated but suggests to me the period named in the text as the only possible time when Edwin Dwight Peirson could have seen John Taylor, Willard Richards, and Brigham Young together in Winter Quarters.

Willard's letter to Brigham Young, Ch. "Journal History" of that date.

CHAPTER FIFTY

Hannah Jones was a member of Willard's family until she was married. Her husband was Theodore Rogers. Information, family letters, and also courtesy of Hannah Cropper Ashby, who gave me part of Hannah's story July 20, 1948.

Willard married John Kay to Ellen Parkington (Parkinson, Mrs. Louie Snelgrove Richards suggested, as the name for this adopted daughter), June 17, 1851. In his journal, Willard spells the name as above.

Description of the Richards home given to me by Willard's son, Willard Brigham Richards, 1936. List of wives who lived there is taken from family letters and the record of Rhoda Richards Stevenson. The list may not be absolutely accurate, as there was a matter of memory involved, and inasmuch as we know that Nanny L. Richards lived in Provo during part of this period.

Willard's July 24th, 1850, oration, Ch. "Journal Hist."

Work as editor, *op. cit.*, and Wendell Ashton's *Voice of the West*.

The dates of the birth of Amelia's son and of her death are found in the family letters. When Willard wrote to Nancy Peirson, giving her the news of this death, he did not mention the child, but I had once heard that Amelia had a child and I finally found the evidence in a letter that Jane Snyder Richards wrote from Salt Lake City to her husband, Franklin D., who was in England. On March 30, 1851, she said: ". . . I must now mention the death of . . . our dear cousin Amelia. She died on the 23rd of February after near one week's illness. Three days before she died she gave birth to a beautiful son. Which lived about 12 hours. She seemed very calm over the death of her child as she always did about everything. There was nothing lacking that could be done for her. She was prayed for by hundreds and in a Holy order too; but no it must be she had to go.

She was opened after death and her heart was drowned in water; . . . you can realize pretty well how Aunt Rhoda feels as well as many others who loved her as their life. . . ." Family letters.

Aunt Leadbetter, being blind, was forced to give up housekeeping. On November 1, 1848, her husband had died. (Nancy's journal) ". . . Of a rose cancer on his wrist; his hand had been removed," Rhoda wrote in her journal. William and Sarah Richards took possession of Aunt's house, leaving her but one room. Nancy Peirson, wishing with all her heart to leave Richmond for Utah, wrote as her last journal entry, April 12, 1851: "Received two Millennial Stars — The Great work of the last days is onward onward. Having often talked with Aunt about the things of a future state I felt desirous to talk a while with her once more . . . but I was not permitted to see her so much as one minute alone. I would that I never had had an opportunity to write this Nancy."

Franklin's letter from Philadelphia, May 28, 1852, was written to Levi, who was in England.

On May 14, 1853, while on her way from England to Utah, Sarah Griffiths Richards stopped with Levi, her husband, at Richmond. She wrote to the family in Utah, ". . . Aunt Leadbetter is quite smart for a person 87 years. . . ."

A letter from Nancy Stevenson to her husband, Edward, relates Brigham's words concerning Willard's last attack of illness, as Brigham preached from the tabernacle pulpit in October, 1853.

While his father lay ill during the last weeks of his life, Heber John used to light his pipe at the hearth and take it to him. He told this story to his daughter, Rhoda Richards Stevenson. She repeated the story to me.

There is no one into whose hands I would rather have put the published book than hers. I regret that she is no longer here to receive it. She died in November, 1956.

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Pronounced upon the head of Joseph Smith Richards: ". . . Journeying Camp of Israel, Weaver river, 12th October, 1848. Pleasant day—noon—A blessing pronounced by Bishop Joseph L. Heywood on the head of Joseph Smith while in the arms of his father Willard Richards:—Phinehas Richards, Jedidiah [sic] M. Grant, and Franklin D. Richards laying on hands also, the lad being 8 days old. . . ." (Collection, Joy Richards.)

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MAPS

Hopkinton: (a) Surveyed by Matthew Metcalf, 1831. Place names written in by the late Harry A. Cheney, Hopkinton, according to original titles, abstracts, and deeds. Permission given by Mr. Cheney to have the maps reproduced. (b) A map of Hopkinton owned by the late Mr. J. Howard Leman, of Boston and Hopkinton, also useful in locating homes, mills, and farms belonging to Hopkinton and Holliston families who lived there during the late 18th century, and the early 19th.

Richmond: Map made after the railroad was completed from Boston to Albany, showing the William Richards home after he took over the Leadbetter place. This house contained the store referred to as a gossip center. [Reproduction presented to me by Mr. Ernest H. Thomas, present owner of the original Joseph Richards house on Dublin Road.]

MEMORABILIA

"Cut-out portraits" of Joseph Richards family and Howe grandparents, paper remaining after silhouette has been removed. Pen and ink drawings indicate hair, ruffles, laces, periwig, bonnet of "Grandmother Howe."

Braided hair from different members of the family.

Albert Peirson's copybook containing maxims. [Four years after he died, at the age of ten years, his mother used the notebook for her journal. The penmanship of both mother and son is like a steel engraving.]

Papers belonging to Willard Richards. (Historical collection of the late Rhoda Richards Stevenson and Jennetta Richards Whitmore.) Partial list:

Commision to rank of Corporal, Second Regiment, Second Brigade, Seventh Division of the Militia of Massachusetts, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, September 7, 1824, signed by Ethem Janz (?), Colonel.

Handbill for the "Electro Chemistry" show, with testimonial signed by John S. Peters, Lieut. Governor, and Lyman Stong, Minister of Hebron, Hebron, Conn., February 26, 1821.

Thomson's Patent, a permit to practice medicine according to system of Samuel Thomson, issued April 28, 1834.

Certified copy of "entry of marriage" for Willard Richards and Jennetta Richards, Preston, England, 24th September, 1831.

Commission assigning Willard Richards to rank of Assistant Chaplain of the 2nd Cohort of the Nauvoo Legion of the Militia of the State of Illinois, signed by Thomas Carlin, Governor of the State of Illinois, and Lyman Trumbull, Secretary of State, October 16th, 1841.

Certificate of appointment to degree of Master Mason in the Nauvoo Lodge, June 30, 1842, signed by George Miller, Master; Hyrum Smith, S. Warden; Lucius N. Scovil, J. Warden; and Willard Richards, Sec. P.T.

Regulations of City Creek Canyon [sic]. [The following is a partial quotation: "... Observing the above regulations [mainly hauling out dead wood], you are entitled to the privilege of the Canyon, by delivering every third load at my house, or such other place as I may desire, until further notice. (Signed) Brigham Young."]

SERMONS

Edwin Welles Dwight:

Funeral Sermon: "For we know that if our earthly hours . . . were dissolved we have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." (Preached for different individuals, Feb., 1821—September, 1834, Richmond, Mass., Lenox, Mass., and G. River.)

"Mark. The things of the Mind, Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Richmond, February 7, 1823; Stockbridge, Mass., Mar., 1823; N. Canaan [New York], May 27, 1829.)

"Wisdom." (Funeral sermon but preached also as Sunday sermon, first at Richmond, Mass., May 27, 1829.)

"Being Ashamed of the Gospel, as Paul had been. Actually ashamed of human guilt and sinfulness and depravity which are definitely implied by the Scriptures." (Richmond, Mass., Aug. 25, 1833, for first time.)

"Sin of Forgetting God." (Preached first at Richmond, Aug. 25, 1833.)

[Dwight collection, owned by Winslow Dwight; in the custody of his brother, Henry Welles Dwight, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Microfilm copy of the six sermons deposited in the Utah State Historical Society, courtesy, Claire Noall.]

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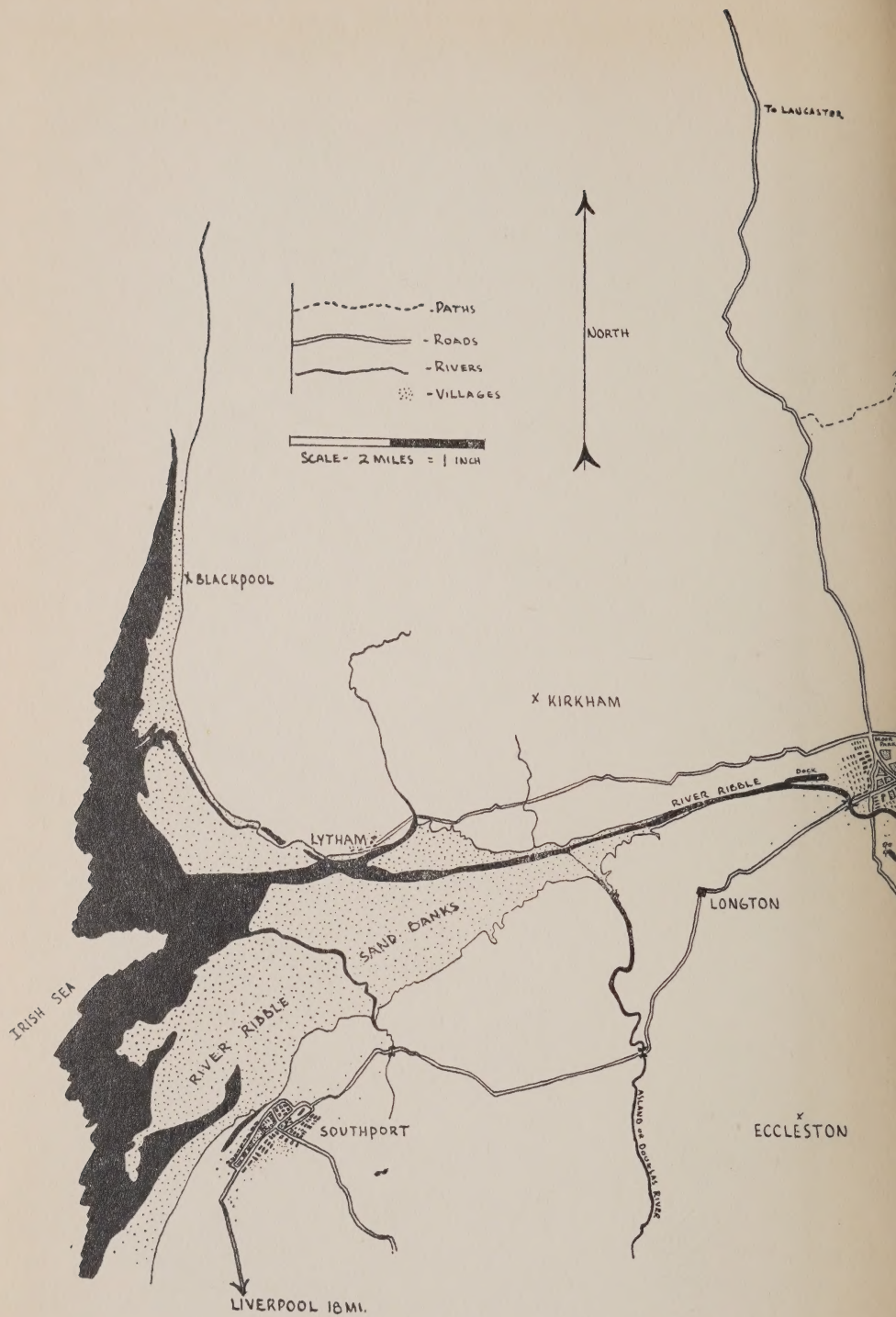
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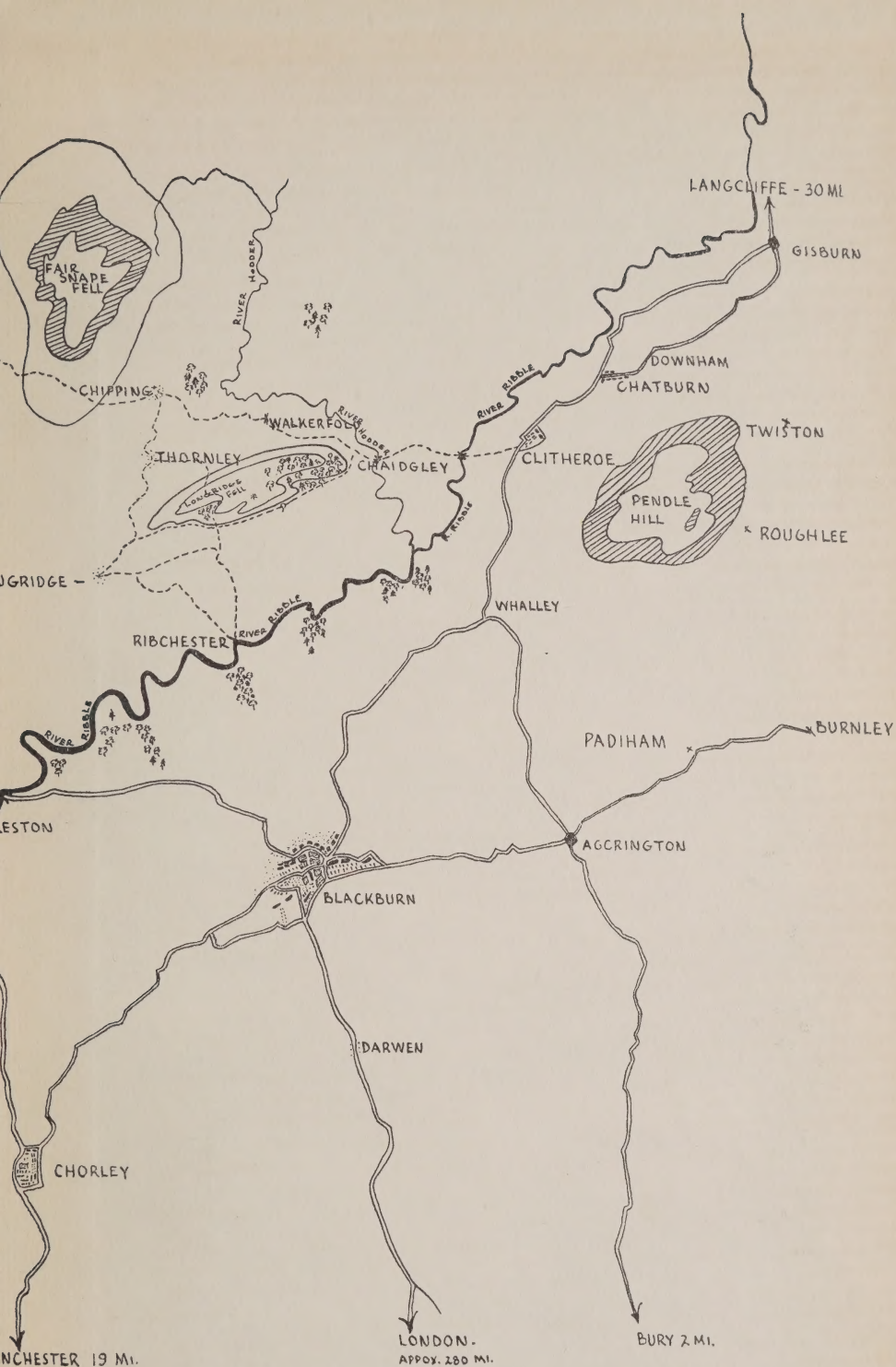
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Intimate disciple; a portrait of Willard

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